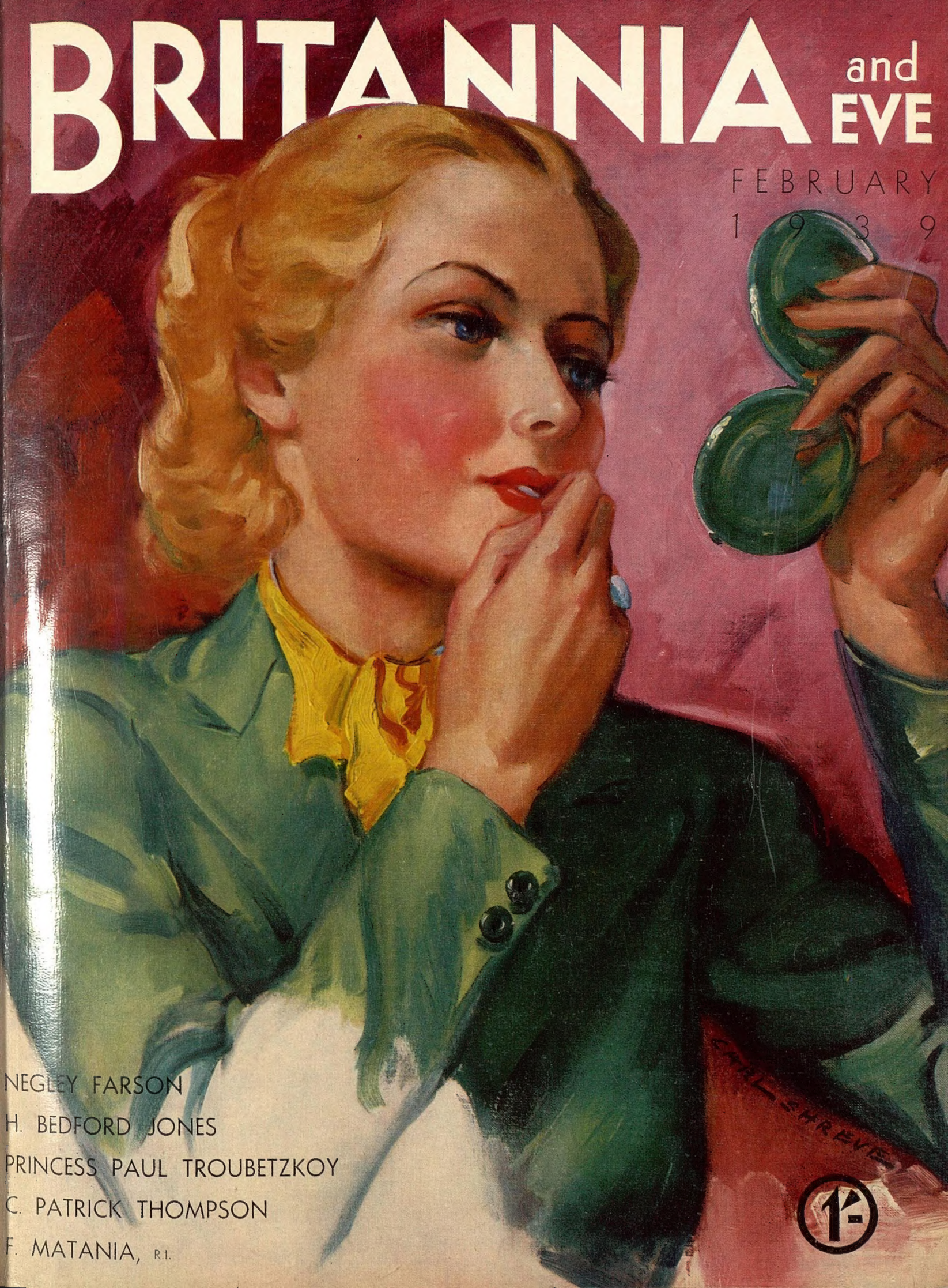
BRITANNIA and EVE

FEBRUARY
1939



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FOR some time scientists have known that when one certain vitamin is lacking from the diet, skin disorders appear. Recently doctors noticed that this vitamin, *when applied to the surface of the skin,* healed it quickly.

So Pond's had leading biochemists add this vitamin to Pond's Cream and determine the effects of this cream on the skin. The results were amazing. They found that skin faults caused by a lack of the vitamin were promptly corrected by applying Pond's Cream containing this "skin-vitamin." The skin became smooth and healthy again—within a few weeks.

Now Pond's have put this "skin-vitamin" into all Pond's Creams—into Pond's Vanishing Cream, into Pond's Cold Cream.

Start *today* giving your complexion the "skin-vitamin" by faithful use of Pond's Cream—you'll have a thrilling complexion for holiday parties . . . Pond's Creams are unchanged except for the "skin-vitamin." No change in prices.

YOUR complexion may be suffering for lack of this "skin-vitamin" — may be rougher, older-looking than it should be. For exposure to the air and washing in water take it out of your skin. So put the "skin-vitamin" back by using Pond's Vanishing Cream. Apply this cream before powdering to soften and smooth your skin and to *hold* your powder for hours.

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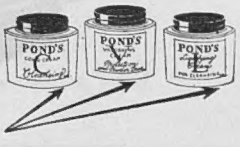
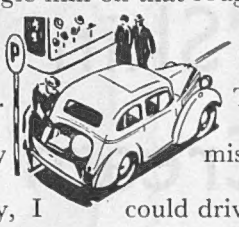
Look for a small "SV" on the label. This means the "skin-vitamin" is in the cream. This vitamin is also in Pond's Liquefying Cream, a new kind of cleansing cream that melts when applied and so is extra easy to use.



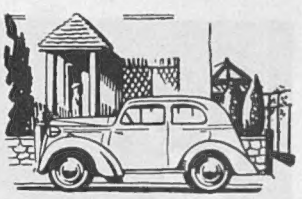
Private DIARY of a VAUXHALL 10

UP and out early to take my master to the station. He was a little cross when we started out for he turned to my mistress and said "We must be more punctual in this house." *Him* mind you! However I hurried him up station hill and he smiled and said "This new Ten is a better hill-climber than our old Sixteen."

MY mistress drove me home to pick up the children and take them to school. As usual, Master Roddy hadn't finished his homework and sat in the back copying out sums. I was very glad I had Independent Springing and so did not joggle him on that rough bit in Rectory Lane.



THEN we went shopping. There was only an awkward space left in the Car Park and the attendant said to my mistress "You can't get in there madam." But she laughed and said "Don't you worry, I could drive this car through a maze it has such a good steering lock." I felt very pleased.



IN the afternoon I took my mistress round to Mrs. Butler's to play bridge. When she came out she said "If it wasn't for you, Miss Vauxhall Ten, and the money you save me on petrol bills, I simply couldn't afford to play bridge."

IN the evening we picked up Uncle Ben and I took the five of them to the pictures. I can carry five very comfortably—three "grown ups" and two children, and there is space for lots of luggage.

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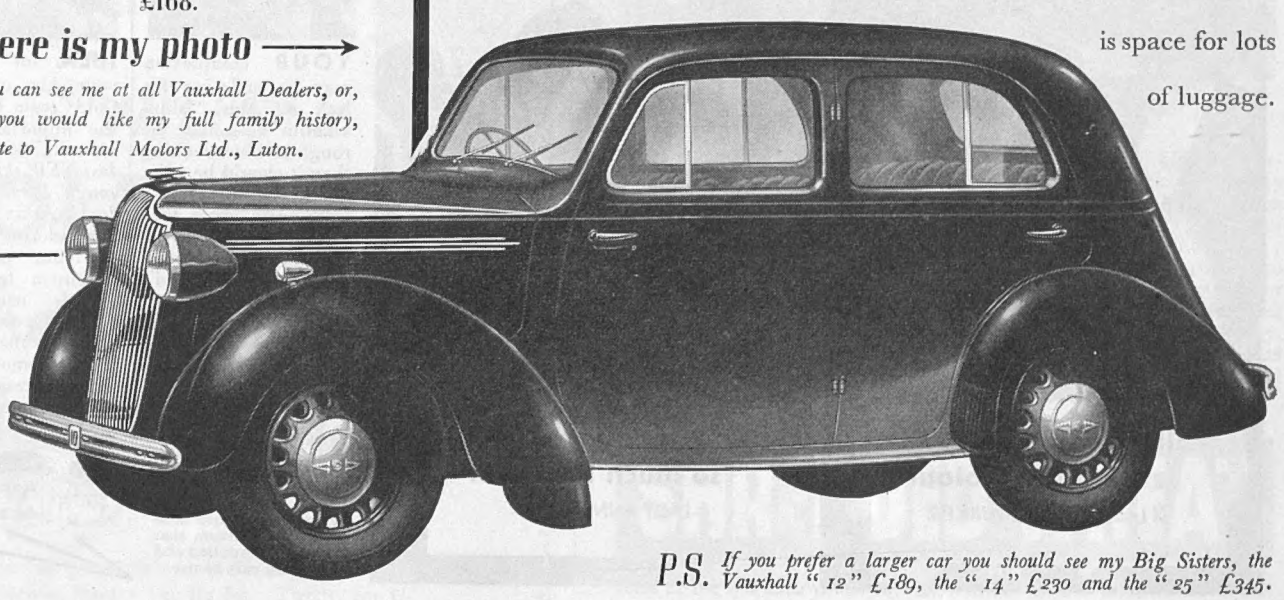
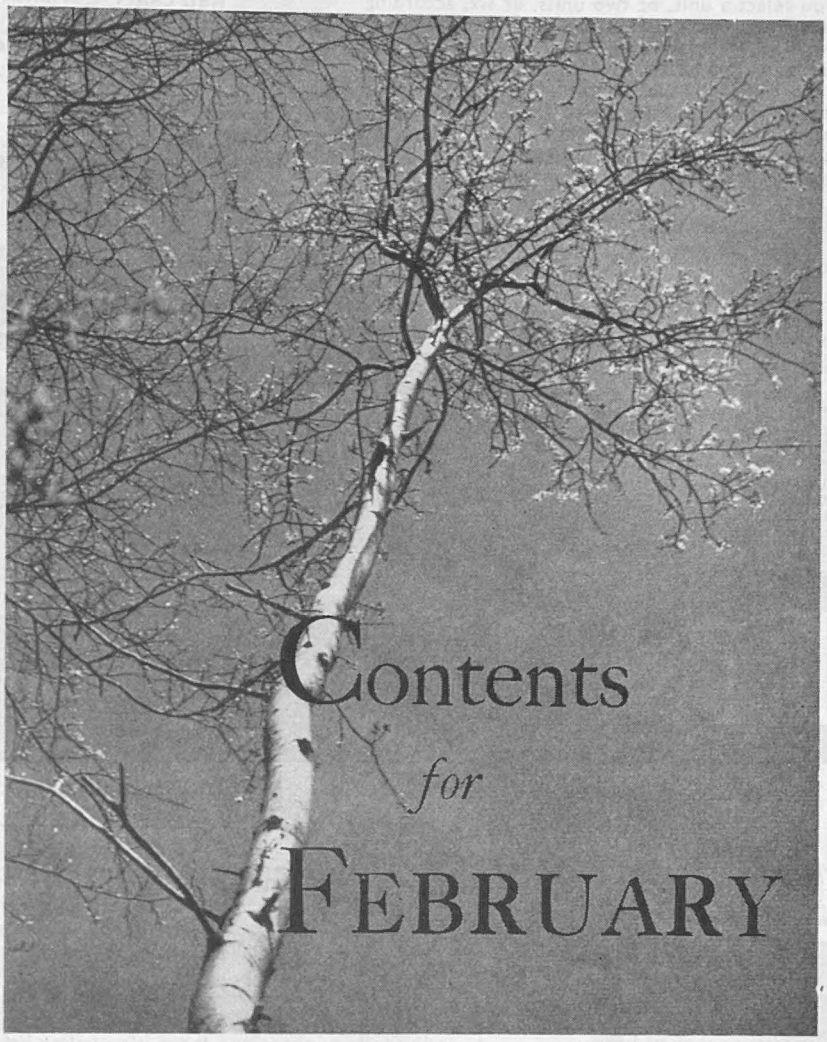


P.S. *If you prefer a larger car you should see my Big Sisters, the Vauxhall "12" £189, the "14" £230 and the "25" £345.*

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 18, No. 2. FEBRUARY, 1939



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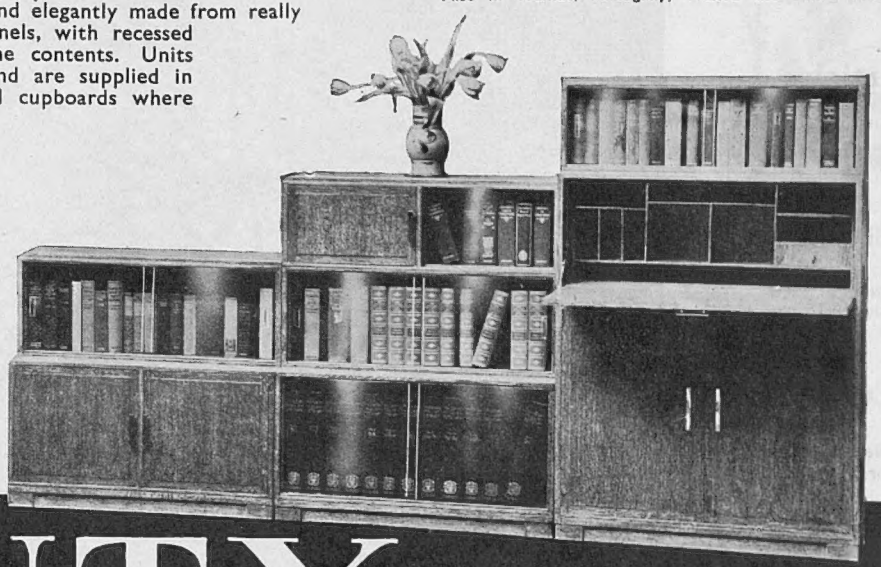

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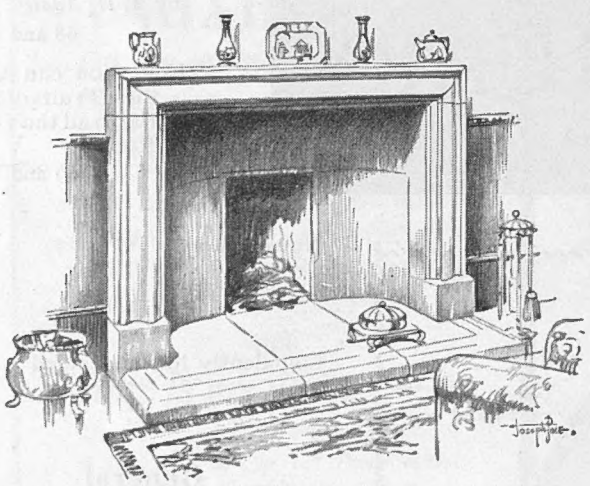

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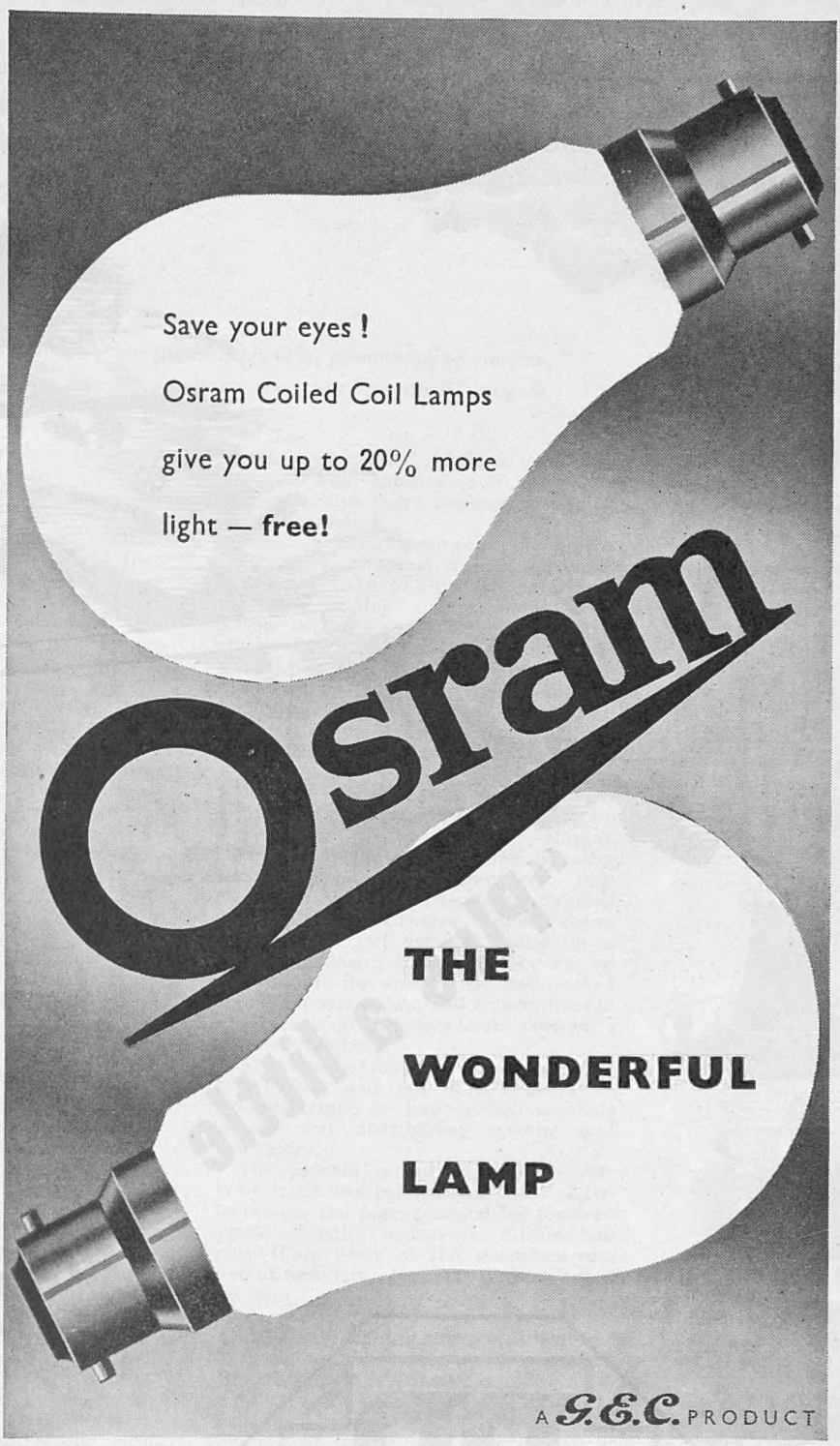

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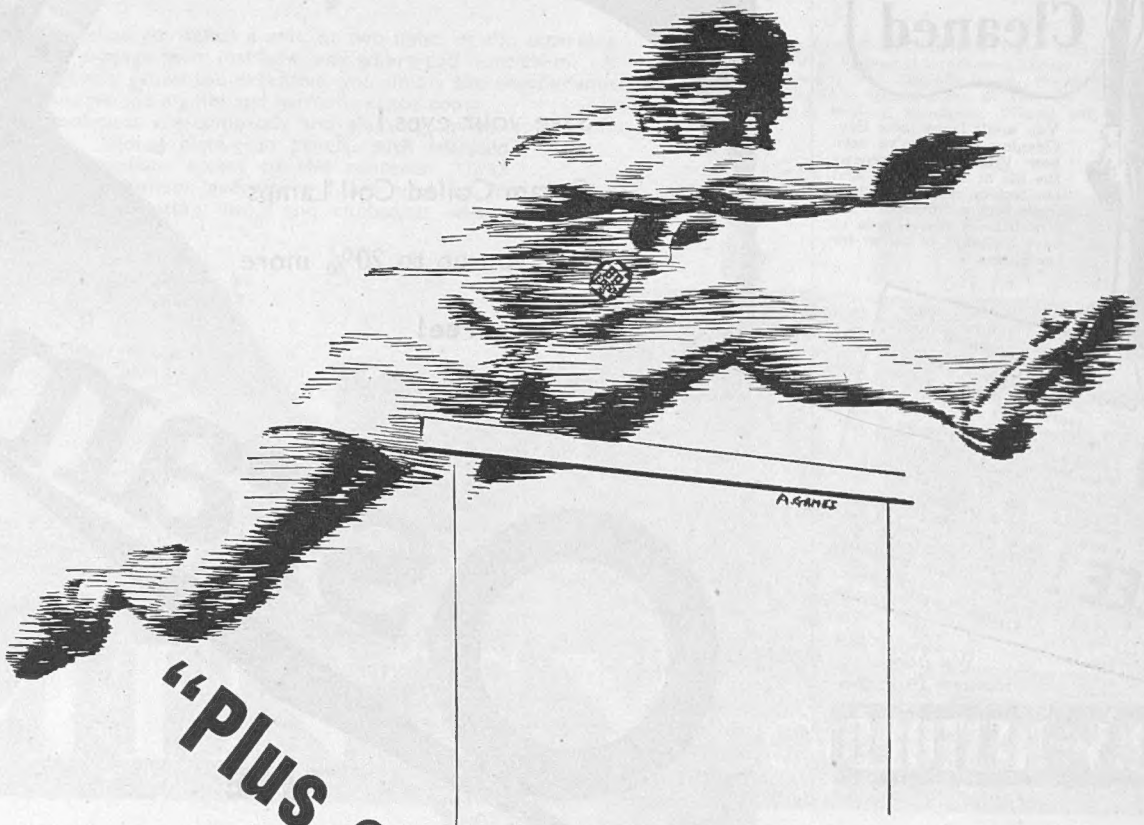
FASTEST HURDLER : *120 yards in 13.7 seconds. Established in 1936. Held by U.S.A.*



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ETHYL BRAND OF ANTI-KNOCK

THE SPORTSMAN'S PETROL

THEY MADE OUR WORLD

The comfort and convenience of our life to-day, and its promise for to-morrow, depend on a few basic inventions. Here are their "nutshell" stories

THEY shivered in their cave-home as the gods thundered in the sky and searched the nocturnal earth with flashes of light.

A million years later, grown bolder, men turned inquiring minds on to the riddle of the flashlight of the gods. They found the answer in a strain in the ether, which—since they first managed to capture this mysterious force by rubbing amber, the *electrum* of the ancient world—they called *electricity*.

Experimentalists had been probing the newly discovered force for a long time before it occurred to someone to try to make light out of it. Sir Humphrey Davy blazed the trail 130 years ago. He connected two charcoal sticks with a big 2,000-cell battery, touched the stick ends, then drew them apart. The electric current bridged the gap in a bright, sizzling spark. The scientist had made synthetic lightning.

MEN, having progressed from wood torch and oil wick to coal and oil gas, saw illuminating possibilities in the scientific toy. Faraday, in 1831, invented the magneto. This ancestor of the dynamo transformed mechanical into electrical energy. It made arc-lighting practicable. Arc-lighting plants were installed in lighthouses and to illuminate streets and exhibitions. But each arc gorged current. The light glared, hissed, cast heavy shadows, hurt the eye. It was impracticable for home lighting.

But supposing one could split the current absorbed by one arc over a number of smaller lights? Electricity might then supplant gas—which had its limitations. The main obstacle lay in the lamp. Arcs would not do. A new type glass bulb lamp was needed in which electric current heated a substance to incandescence so that it glowed. To be practical, it must be cheap and strong, with a filament which would glow at incandescence for at least 1,000 hours.

Pursuing this idea in England, De Moleyns in 1841 made a wire glow in a glass bulb emptied of air. For the next thirty-five years inventors struggled with the problem.

Then a thirty-one-year-old Dutch American telegraphist turned inventor took it up. He was exceptionally well equipped, adding to enormous work powers and matchless experience as a practical experimentalist, a solid reputation backed by his invention of a stock-ticker, the first talking machine, and the perfecting of Bell's telephone. He had an organisation, and could command financial backing. His name was Edison.

EDISON started in 1878, with a team of fifty technicians and £60,000 put up by a syndicate (in which J. P. Morgan participated) to make lighting by electricity a commercial proposition. Proceeding by trial-and-error, he constructed 3,000 different theories, tested them, discarded all but two. Looking for a suitable filament, he tried every known substance in the world. His men worked eighteen hours a day, and Edison himself often made do with two hours sleep on a laboratory table.

At the end of four years of superhuman toil Edison had not only evolved an efficient lamp; he had devised a whole supply and distributing system, and machinery.

The patents ran into hundreds—the lamp itself was patented in 1880. Lawsuits over the patents raged for fourteen years. Finally victorious, Edison had only three years of the seventeen-year patent term left. He made nothing out of his lamp.

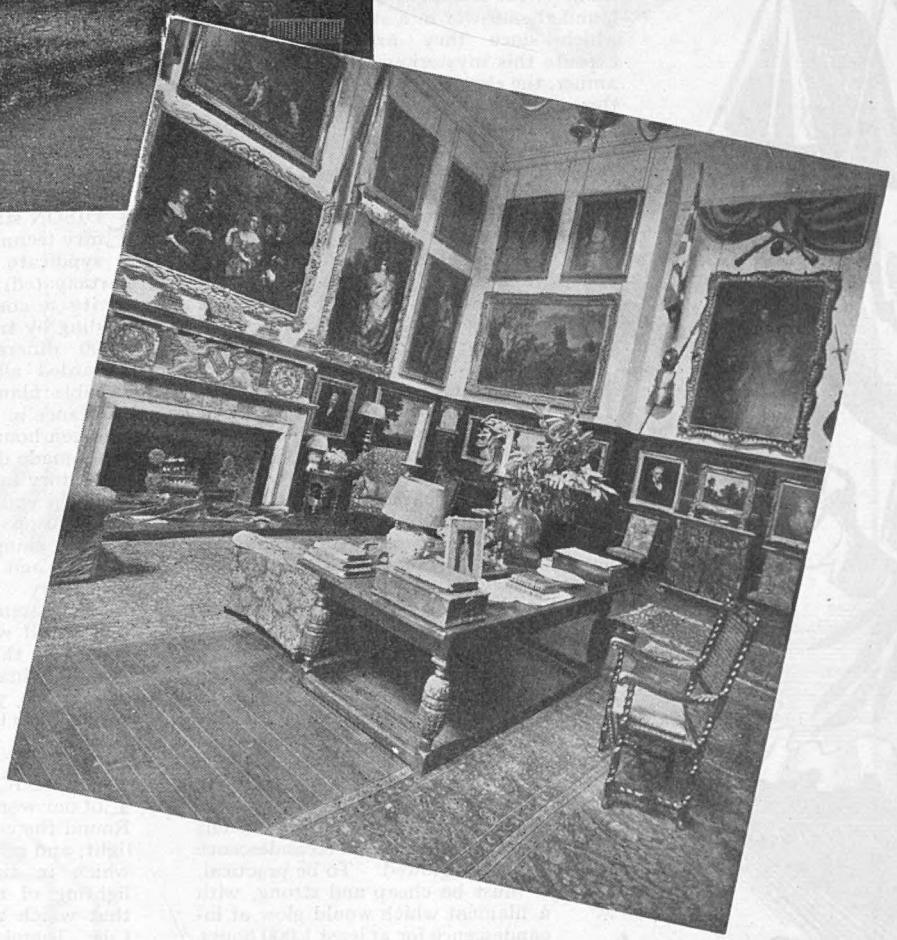
ELECTRIC light is now a commonplace of our world. But it is still imperfect. Round the corner of the future lie "cold" light, and new type generating machinery which in time will make the electric lighting of to-day look as primitive as that which replaced the gas jets in the City Temple—the first church to be illuminated by electricity—back in 1882.

THOS. EDISON

Where *the* Great RELAX

Ferdinand Tuohy

describes where and how the Great Ones of the World take their leisure



"Chequers" where the head of the State can lay down his burden completely for the week-end. This beautiful house was presented to the Nation by Lord Lee of Fareham for the use of each successive Prime Minister. (*Right*) A view of the picture-hung corner of the lofty hall.

RELAX!

In its new implication the term comes to us from the U.S.A., as might have been expected. Over there "relaxing" has become a definitely pursued affair, different from a cult, more like the set daily process of eating, or of exercise. It may be half-an-hour's relaxing, all limbs allowed to go "soft" on a couch in a down-town office or, more likely, in an uptown boudoir of milady: no concentration, either, the mind permitted to rove hazily anywhither.

American relaxing does not mean taking a nap. You consciously relax. Or it may be a much more comprehensive affair, several weeks relaxing ordered in some spot away from it all, so that the nervous system may be rebuilt for dashing anew into the rush and tumult, the feverish dollar quest of the day.

Luckiest are they who can afford to maintain a permanent relaxing retreat on some farm or hillside or sweeping estate, the only snag being that Americans find it terribly difficult not to have friends along, when it is good-bye to the job on hand, real relaxing implying aloneness, however brief. One visualises in this respect of Mr. Randolph Hearst's celebrated St. Simeon retreat in California, so immense that the guests have chalets dotted miles apart, in which they can remain the live-long day, if they choose. To St. Simeon some have come primarily to rest up from their variegated ways of go-getting, plus whoopee; so it is allowed to be.

"The rush of modern life" is of course the *cliché* advanced to explain away the necessity for relaxing. When living in New York I never could see it that way. I simply didn't rush. It earned for me the label of "the lazy Britisher." But was I lazy? I got through approximately as much work and fun as most around, but steadfastly refused to work or to have fun beyond what I deemed necessary or agreeable, whereas my American friends kept on alternately at both all the time, all their waking hours, usually eighteen or nineteen in the twenty-four. Incapable of the blessed gift of being able to do just nothing, *flâneur*, in the now defunct vocabulary of the screaming, teeming boulevard, the result would be that "every so often" there would come a casualty, somebody absent, somebody temporally withdrawn from the scene for refitting purposes. That was in the twenties, before relaxing had become an established antidote to the American whirl. To-day, as I have suggested, many moderns are comitting themselves almost in the normal way of things to the relaxing chamber or retreat. A relaxing technique is appearing side by side with inevitable specialists in the art—game.

MOVING on to a loftier plane, how much more justified is a measure of relaxing among those occupying the seats of the almighty in the present terrific war or peace problem. How easy it may be to become a nervous wreck, weighed down by obsessions, if a man know all that is going on behind the scenes, if he have access to every secret file and document! The newspapers are enough to give us the jitters. Think if they gave us the *real* low-down each morning, as the dictators and their democratic opposite numbers get it with the cereal. And then the booked-up day that follows for each relentlessly.

If it sounds improbable, given his perpetual dynamism, Hitler relaxes in

the sense that he feels it necessary and imperative to escape the vibrations of the world about him—his own phrase. Inflicted with a hypersensitiveness that can be as great a curse to him as it may prove a major asset, enabling its possessor to pierce how others are reacting or ruminating, the Fuehrer must hit the heights in order to acquire peace and such content as a solitary life can vouchsafe anyone. Berlin puts him on edge; even with the new Chancellery, in part restfully constructed after his own design, it is unlikely that the capital will see much more of him than in the past. Hitler dutifully does his stunts in this, that and the other city, yet he has small use for any of them. He is wedded to the Bavarian Alps, in large measure, because there alone can he sleep without having to take a sleeping draught. There, on the mountainside, his highly-strung system is calmed as much as anything ever will or can calm it.

Now the Fuehrer has gone one higher in search of repose from the astonishing daily drama he has woven about himself. Heretofore the world has associated him with the 3000-feet high Berghof, above Berchtesgaden. Hitler is now 3000 feet higher up again than that. My first clue to what had happened came in Vienna, when a photographer's window showed "The Fuehrer, Dr. and Frau Magda Goebbels and Children on the Kehlstein." The smiling party seemed to be on a sort of balcony with vast chasms behind and below. Where and what was the Kehlstein?

I had not long to wait for an answer. A few days later I sat opposite an old friend, G. Ward Price, in the Dunapalota at Budapest. "Wardy" has, of course, long been as much the Fuehrer's international mouthpiece as Signor Gayda is Mussolini's national exemplar. And, by a stroke of remarkably good fortune, Ward Price not only knew all about the Kehlstein, but had been a guest at its inauguration a few weeks before.

"Hitler's new eyrie," I learnt, "is perched on top of one of the pinnacles, known as the Kehlstein, of the Hohen Goll mountain near Berchtesgaden. All but inaccessible, the new retreat emerged secretly from the solid rock to the Fuehrer's order. He would not say what it cost to excavate and build, nor what labour and length of time had been (*Continued on page* 92

1. Hitler's retreat shown here is The Berghof, 3000 feet high, above Berchtesgaden. Higher still, Hitler has built another retreat on top of a pinnacle, known as the Kehlstein.

2. One of the rooms in the Hotel Matignon in Paris. This magnificent "hotel," formerly the Austrian Embassy, is at the disposal of the French Premier, for relaxation and conferences.

3. The unspectacular castle at Rocco della Caminante. Here Mussolini retires to think over the gravest affairs of state, generally in complete solitude.

4. Castel Gandolfo, on a lake in the Alban Hills outside Rome, is where the Pope goes for his annual change of scene.

5. Hardworking King Carol of Rumania spends much of his leisure at Sinaia. Here is the castle of Pelesh in Sinaia.

A LIFE FOR A DEATH

by C. PATRICK THOMPSON

Should a murderer die? Views are changing on this question as the author reveals in this article

"GUILTY of murder!"

The scarlet-robed judge reached under the ledge of his desk. His hand rose, bearing a square piece of black cloth to his head. Clumsily, his old fingers spread it on top of the white wig. The tortoise head turned; the still, deep-set, steady eyes stared at the man standing between blue-coated warders in the great square dock. The tight-lipped mouth opened, the words sounded like so many dried peas falling, one after the other, on a drum-head—a series of curiously small sounds, precisely punctuated.

"You have been found guilty of wilful murder of one of your own fellows, and therefore you must pay the full penalty and be hanged by the neck till you are dead. . . . And may God have mercy upon your soul!"

This scene is enacted from fifty to seventy times each year in the Central Criminal and Assize courts of the United Kingdom. Each time it gives a jolt to the many people who view human life as such a sacred thing that they cannot bear to think of even a murderer being deprived of his life. But in November last the British Parliament voted for the abolition of the death sentence.

An historic decision!

Our laws are man-made, although some of them claim Divine endorsement. The Bible is not entirely clear on the issue of capital punishment. The exhortations about "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" and "Whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed" seem to be qualified by such lines as "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." The old Greeks put their ideas thus:

> Blood for blood and blow for blow;
> Thou shalt reap as thou dost sow.

Which seems fair enough.

But views are changing about many things—murder among them. The death

sentence is obsolete. It presupposes that there is one crime called "murder," as there is a crime called "robbery," and a third called "bigamy." It also assumes that there is a "typed" criminal called "a murderer."

Errors both. For a start, there is no such human phenomenon as "the murderer type." Even in cases where the murderer has been adjudged 100 per cent. guilty of the crime which the law calls murder, and has been duly hanged, there is a wide diversity between types. An Armstrong may come close to a Crippen in motive, but in character the two are quite dissimilar, and neither has anything in common with a Vaquier or a Browne. Browne himself differed entirely in character and mentality from his partner, Kennedy, who was cunning and cowardly, whereas Browne was brutally stupid, violent, and untamable as a wolf.

None of the murderers named approximated in mental or physical make-up to Bywaters, a hot-blooded young fool who knifed his mistress's husband, and had not the sense to destroy her incriminating letters to him—letters which the police, moving with speed, found in his sea trunk.

AN examination of the psychology and physiology of Samuel James Furnace, the jobbing builder who committed the Flaming Shed murder in Camden Town, suggests points in common with Rouse, the cunning little lady-killing commercial traveller, who imitated a German "Phœnix-murder," picking up an obscure human derelict on a nocturnal road, and killing him and burning him in his car in the anticipation that an incinerated corpse would be taken for the remains of poor Mr. Rouse.

Neither Furnace nor Rouse, however, have points of resemblance with the febrile, degenerate Sidney Fox, who strangled his old mother, almost as unpleasant a character as her son, in order to collect the insurance money.

All these men were killed by the State as murderers. But if they had been reprieved and housed together as birds of a feather, they would have made an extraordinarily discordant group, with so little in common that they would probably have ended by trying to kill one another in order to escape the tedium, horror, or hatefulness of one another's company.

The court scene vignetted at the beginning of this article is not the last act of the murder tragedy. It is only the third act, the first being the murder, and the second the hunt and the arrest and charge.

The fourth and final act—if the murder is a full tragedy and not merely a drama—is played out on the collapsible wooden platform of the scaffold, where, for a fee of so much an execution, the hangman and his assistant (who, in the intervals between executions, are barbers, butchers, or something of the sort in civil life) adjust the hempen noose around the neck of the pinioned and hooded condemned, and pull a lever.

Greased bolts slide back; the floor drops; the wretched murderer vanishes. The slack of the rope runs out twelve feet. Then it tightens and jumps. The man who fell living into the deep, dark pit now swings with a broken neck, dead. Justice has violently thrust him from the bright life of the earth into the mysterious shades whence none return. Justice is satisfied.

The third act is decreed by law, which lays down that the murderer must suffer a felon's death. The judge has no alternative but to don the black cap and impose the death sentence, with its full, grim wording. But the fourth act is not so decreed. It is, in fact, the exception rather than the rule.

THE official criminal statistics put out by the Home Office show that for the last quarter-century murders have been running fairly steadily at the rate of 100 a year, or, say, two a week. This is a pleasant contrast to the United States, where murders run out at 12,000 a year, or more than thirty a day, and not 20 per cent. of the murderers are ever brought to trial, let alone executed.

The British figures refer to murders of persons aged one year or over. Murder of a human being who has not yet lived a whole year is still murder, but a certain difference is recognised, and the two categories of murder are separated in the crime statistics.

Infanticide, the murder of a new-born child (invariably born out of wedlock) by its mother (usually betrayed and deserted), was not legally distinguished from murder until 1922, when the granting of the franchise was speeding up long-resisted legislation (*Continued on page* 96

Illustrated by Edward Osmond

A woman running with him led him along the dark, tortuous maze, and after them poured the shouting, howling throng

PICCADILLY, on a warm evening of August, and a bizarre figure striding along amid the throngs. A figure gaunt and tall, hat jammed over eyes, collar turned up to hide lower face, as though in fear of recognition.

Street lights were dim and few in 1833. The little that could be seen of the man's features was pallid, cadaverous, terrible. His dress, however, was eloquent of wealth and fashion, with a foreign touch of colour, of glinting gold. This man, pausing to let carriages pass, was approached by a whining beggar. He fumbled in a pocket, found nothing, uttered words of pity in Italian, whereupon the beggar heartily cursed him in good round Cockney. With a careless wave of the hand, he strode on. Suddenly he halted, listening, swinging round.

In an alley entrance sat a blind man, squeakily playing an old fiddle. It was the theatre hour and many people were passing, but none dropped coins into the beggar's hat. His music was excruciating and drove his listeners on the faster.

"There," muttered the gaunt man in Italian, "there were my own destiny, except God kept me from it!"

He felt again in his pocket and again found nothing. He hesitated, then, impulsively, went to the beggar, stooped over, and touched the man's arm. Gently taking the squeaky fiddle and dirty bow he twisted the tuning pegs and then cuddled the fiddle under a strangely jutting chin. The greasy bow swept across the strings.

A gasp escaped the blind beggar. A few people paused in astonishment; more began to gather. The fiddle no longer squeaked. Under those agile, enormous hands it became alive with exquisite voices. The gaunt man was playing a few bars from the "Magic Flute," playing them over and over, but never twice alike, ever with new variations. Now the melody was haunting, tender; now it became a fast and furious jig of mirth; now it was satiric, mocking, jeering.

The throng increased. A carriage halted at the curb, then another. The beggar sat staring upward, all agape. The player, with his foot, prodded the empty hat towards the circle. A sudden savage discord rang out; he kicked again at the empty hat.

The hint was taken. A few coins came tumbling down, more clattered on the stones. As though in reward, the Mozart melody swung into an almost human voice of poignant sweetness. It melted into an angelic chorus of double-stopped notes as the hat was passed back to the carriages and returned weighted with coin.

Fingers of Satan

An incident in the life of the great violinist Paganini

By H. Bedford Jones

"Lor' lumme! It's 'im!" A sharp, strident voice burst upon the hushed obscurity. "It's 'im, the devil's fiddler! There's the Old Nick standin' at 'is ruddy elbow, mates——"

The player thrust fiddle and bow into the blind man's hands and turned to depart; he was too late. From the crowd erupted a burst of voices, angry, applauding, threatening. A surge forward, and hands were tearing at him. The voices became frenzied. His hat was knocked away.

A new howl arose at sight of his features, framed in long black hair. Cavernous, craggy features with huge jutting nose and huge jutting chin. Applause was drowned by hysterical mob-furore. Another surge; the beggar was overturned and sent sprawling, with pitiful helpless babblings.

The gutter always tries to destroy what it cannot comprehend. The gaunt man was famous; all London had been talking of him, telling fantastic and terrible things about him. Now the gutter had him, and get away he could not. Dim figures pressed in upon him, pinching and bawling, striking, shoving.

"Nicolo!" A woman's voice, almost at his side, lifted in Italian. "This way, Nicolo! Come quickly!"

A momentary opening showed. He hurled himself at it, his tall, stooping figure gaining place. A woman's hand caught his. He burst through the crowd and was guided into the alley mouth. A woman, running with him, led him along the dark, tortuous maze, and after them poured the shouting, howling throng.

"The devil's fiddler!" Yawping cries shrilled up. "Satan 'imself—fetch 'im down! Stop un, lads!"

Stones and brickbats clattered. Things had taken an ugly vicious turn.

Splattering in filth at every step, ducking around an angle, the gaunt man felt himself pulled to a halt and drawn into a doorway. He followed blindly, gasping for breath. A door slammed behind them. The woman's hand jerked him on. Up a rickety stairway, then into a room where a tallow candle guttered upon a table. The door closed.

THEY were alone. The sounds of pursuit died away. Panting, the man sank into a chair before the table. He stared at his rescuer, eyes black and enormous in those palid features.

She was not pretty. She was, indeed, of appalling ugliness; a young woman, swarthy, ill-dressed, emaciated like himself, a tattered shawl about her head. As she surveyed him, a smile that was like a repulsive grimace distorted her lips, yet her dark eyes were alight and dancing and glorious.

"Nicolo, Nicolo! The fiddler who made King William pay double to hear him!" she exclaimed in Italian. "The man who's in league with Satan! Some of these English worship you, others try to tear you apart. You assist a blind beggar; when they recognise you, they suddenly see the devil at your elbow!"

His shaggy brows drew down. Long hair tumbling about his face, he stared at her.

"Who are you, woman?"

Her laugh broke harshly. "Oh, I've heard what they say about you! Sold yourself to the devil; murderer, criminal, imprisoned for years and only released to give a concert; an inhuman person, a corpse-body inhabited by Satan! No wonder the mob nearly murdered you after your first concert here. But I, alone in all England, know the truth. Think back across the years, Nicolo! You can't remember?"

Still breathless, he shook his head silently, intently. She smiled again.

"Think! A boy, a young man already aged, kept in a room behind the shop on the Genoa wharves; tortured, beaten, starved by his beast of a father, made to slave endlessly at music, whipped, kept like an animal by that brute Antonio, that later he might make money for the brute. A boy, reaching through his barred window, pitifully, for the grapes and oranges, the crusts of bread, sneaked to him by the little girl next door——"

The gaunt man swept to his feet, arms flung wide.

"God in heaven!" he burst out. "The little angel, Graciella!"

He enfolded her in those long arms with sobs, with laughter, embracing her while tears coursed down his sunken cheeks. Then he held her off, staring wildly.

"You, my little angel! Do you know that I searched Italy for you in vain, year after year? I found your people had gone to Marseille. I searched there, searched the coast, all the south of France, vainly; you could not be found. You, the one person to whom Nicolo Paganini owed a supreme debt! You, the one unselfish creature in all his wretched life! And to-night I find you—once more a rescuing angel."

He embraced her anew, in torrential emotion. She gently

A BOY, reaching through his barred window pitifully, for the grapes and oranges, the crusts of bread, sneaked to him by the little girl next door

drew away, forced him back into his chair, and drew up a stool for herself.

"Yes, you've found me. You, the great virtuoso, the rich and famous Paganini, the man who owns all earth and heaven—you've found your little Graciella, the daughter of the fish merchant."

The acrid mockery of her voice plucked dully at his none too vigilant senses.

"Why did you never get word to me? Where have you been? How did you get to England?"

"As a dancer, my Nicolo; of all things, a dancer! Look at me, regard me well; I'm no more beautiful than yourself, and a woman. A woman, ugly as sin and damned by her ugliness. That's the end of all my dreams and ambition. Now, by working in the downstairs shop, I get this attic room and some scraps of food. I'm forced to virtue. The good God was so intent upon preserving my virtue that I was given no choice in the matter."

The bitter, fleering words drew a shiver from him.

Oddly enough he was a man of impulse, not of intelligence; in many ways he was not intelligent at all. Almost totally lacking in education, tormented over long periods by virulent illness, he knew only one thing, but it supremely—his violin. The years of suffering which had warped his body, had left his mental faculties equally warped, in a solitary magnificence of spirit. He saw nothing with the perception of other men, and did nothing after their accustomed fashion.

"Ugly? Yes, yes. What of it?" he said vaguely. He leaned forward; his eyes warmed. "You weren't hard and bitter in those days, Graciella! A little child like an angel. How I used to listen for your voice! It was the one beautiful thing my accursed life knew. Do you remember what you used to call me?"

She smiled again. A smile heightens the beauty of most women; but with this woman, a smile intensified her ugliness.

"Poveretto Nicoletto!" she answered softly. "I felt so sorry for you, little Nicolo! Sometimes I could hear you sobbing, sobbing half the night. And sometimes when you were ill and fevered, you would babble queer things about angels. I was afraid your father would find out about how I brought things to you——"

She broke off abruptly, with a gesture of warning. A door had slammed, feet sounded on the stairs. She looked up and nodded.

"The padrone, owner of the shop below. He has been in England many years; a violent, terrible man, who has committed many murders. But he pitied me. He lives in the next room."

Her voice died. Paganini was paying no attention, had scarcely heard the words. A long breath escaped him. He leaned back and his sombre features cleared.

"It's like a dream! I've found you at last. I can give you all you desire; it will make me happy. Money? I have abundance."

"I care little." She shrugged. "Strange, how some of us would sell our very souls for money, like the padrone! Yet, to some of us, how little it means! Ah, Nicolo, you've come too late to help me. Once I had great ambitions, great visions; all dead now. I hope merely to keep alive, and some day to crawl back like a dog to die in the sunlight of Italy."

He was watching her intently, plucking with his long fingers at the full, widely curved underlip. He frowned, trying to comprehend her words.

"Visions? I don't know; I have none," he said. "I know only friends and enemies—many enemies. People hear things and hate me. A man in Paris

TO the concluding strains, she tripped into the wings and nearly fell into his arms with a swift outbreak of words. "Nicolo? What does it mean? The house is empty, empty!"

tried to stab me, because Satan was in me. I'm threatened. I've had my fun with women, and that makes more enemies. Bah! I'm no beauty, as you say, but I bewitch them all with my violin. Pretty women, great gentlemen, bitter enemies—I bewitch them all!" He touched the red ribbon in his lapel. "They give me medals, honours, money, love. Why? Because I scorn them, yet my music compels them! My violin is power!"

"Very true. But I have no violin; only this, as ugly as my face."

She stood up swiftly, held her shabby dress tightly about her body in scornful display. It was no more beautiful than her features; it looked ill-shaped and awkward, with powerful flanks and legs. From head to foot, she was ugly, ugly!

Suddenly she moved, turned, pirouetted, did a few steps across the room and back. The whole impression of ugliness vanished, lost in an epitome of flowing graceful motion. With a shrug that expressed much, she resumed her stool.

"Tell me," demanded Paganini, "what one thing you most desire, Graciella."

She stared, a singular expression in her face.

"Queer you should ask that! I've heard for years of your greatness. I love music, Nicolo; with all my heart I've longed to hear you play. I could never buy a ticket for your concerts. But to-night, on the street, I gained my supreme wish. I heard you. . . ."

"That? Nonsense!" he burst in disdainfully. "An absurdity, a scratchy caricature of music! You shall hear real music from my Stradivarius, and that's not all. Hm! To-morrow morning I'm going with my manager, Laporte, to meet Alfredo Bunn, the Englishman who manages Drury Lane Theatre. I'll make him give a concert for you. If I, Nicolo Paganini, say you're a great danseuse, all London will be at your feet."

She shook her head, with melancholy finality.

"No, my poor Nicolo. These English won't look twice at me. They won't have lessons from me; no one will. They turn their eyes away, as from some hideous animal. When I try to get chorus work, they look at my wretched body and wave me away before I do a step. Besides, you can't affirm that I'm a good dancer. You've not seen me dance. . . ."

"Be quiet, be quiet!" broke in Paganini with gusty vehemence. "Could I play second fiddle in some orchestra? No. It's the same with you. I just saw you take a few steps; I know all about you. Two bars of music, two steps—I need no more to tell if genius is at work! You have the truest beauty; sureness and grace of movement. Did you ever see Taglioni without her costume and lights? Pouf! A peasant girl. But on the stage, divine! And, Graciella, you're like your name, the essence of grace. In many ways, you're like me. We're akin, you and I."

"Like you?" she murmured. He leaned forward with earnest assent.

"Like me, but more fortunate. I'm a man accursed. You've mentioned the wild stories, but you don't know half the calumny and lies that surround me. Here!" He stretched out his left hand and flexed the fingers. "Look at them: set wide apart, the knuckles big and long from pulling them each day, each hour! But people say Satan gave me those fingers. Satan! They accuse me of murder. They say I spent years in prison. They cover me with lies. But what's the truth?"

He paused for breath, and touched his right side.

"Internal ulcers. I scarcely know a well day, Graciella! I have sudden seizures. Any food I take causes frightful pains; I live chiefly on liquids. Sometimes, even in a concert, I am gripped by intolerable agony and can hardly stagger off the stage before I faint. I must spend weeks and months in complete rest; and now calumny overtakes me, they say I have gone back to prison!

"When I toured in Ireland last year, no one happened to see me arrive, so all Dublin believed that Satan had flown me there overnight. Everywhere the same; calumny, hatred, scorn, envy! Worship and praise and adulation, yes; but it does not make up for the other. People turn their eyes away from me in horror, as they do from you. Therefore, I shall help you."

She started to speak. He cut her short with peremptory words.

"Keep your mouth shut! I have an idea; let me think. There's a trick to everything. I have secrets. In three days' time I can make an ordinary violinist into a virtuoso. Money? Pouf! As you say, that's the least of all things. I owe you a greater debt. I shall pay it. These English are queer, but they have kind hearts. They love mystery." (*Continued on page* 100)

SHIPS OF THE SEVEN SEAS

by

NEGLEY FARSON

DECORATIONS BY
JOHN NICOLSON

THERE are some people who become sea-sick the minute they see a ship's sailing list. There are others who would give their souls to be on any ship, going anywhere, anytime. I'm one. I prefer a nine-day boat to a six-day boat; I prefer small ships to big ships; I usually travel tourist class—even when I have a big newspaper to pay for me. My reason is that I like the adventure of travelling on the sea. Big ships, now, are not much more than floating hotels—almost city streets, with their shops and cinemas. First class, especially on the long trips, is too cosmopolitan; there are too many people with money, bored people, travelling to see the world. Tourist second, and third, on the long trips, usually *is* the world. Down there people are going places, not as sightseers, but to resume lives, or make new ones. They aren't globe-trotters.

In a Dutch *stoomboot*, bound for the Spanish Main, I met a person who described himself as a "hard-rock man," from Manchester. He was going back to South America, after ten years, to show his wife some railway tunnels he had dug and blasted through the Andes. His wife was an Indian, whom he had married out there. But she had never seen the tunnels. Neither, said he, had he seen her relations. "I wonder how we'll get on?" he asked me, with a grin. "Well, I've been seeing your relations," chirped his fat, gay, sloe-eyed wife (I am certain her childish vitality was a tonic for him), "now you'll have to see mine." The glittering colour down in that third class, where the propellers thudded like drums beneath our feet, was a girl dressed in such vivid plumage of scarlet and green that we instinctively called her "the Parrot." She was a sullen creature, returning to her native Trinidad after six months in England, where she had failed to find a job. She loathed the tropics, and the chummy third class was in almost daily conference as it discussed her various plans for winning back to London again. She had been a tap-dancer in a Soho night club.

BUT there were other people in that ship, especially in tourist class, who were aching to get back to the Islands, as they call the West Indies. A few days after we passed below the Azores, and the waves flattened out, and the stewards took the blankets from our bunks, when the gulls glistened white as snow above the lazy sapphire sea, they changed into their white cotton drill. It was almost a uniform. And it transformed them. In London's eight millions, they had been nobody. Now they were going back to small islands where they led comparatively big lives. They were planters and traders. And one morning, off the Barbados, when I looked out my porthole to see the "flying-fish" boats standing like white butterflies on the sparkling sea, one of them came into my cabin to say good-bye: "I'm home, old boy—old England won't see me again for donkeys' years."

And from then on, as our deck-winches clatteringly slung cargoes into lighters for the different islands, one man after another left us—to vanish among the tropic crowds of the islands, as vivid as the "Shower of Gold" trees against the green, jungled hills. From the day they had changed into their white drill suits they had been men with a meaning.

THE Equator brings out personalities. Climate makes them show up just as inexorably as the chemical develops a film in its bath. On this ship, going down the west coast of Africa, we have a crowd in tourist which, at Southampton, looked to me depressingly humdrum. But when we got off the Gold Coast, and the heat began to stream in liquid waves around the deck structure, they began to develop separately from the mass. One man with a bald head that needs no razor to keep it hairless as a pill, appeared in a white tropic outfit which buttoned right up to his neck. Atop his freckles, which are about the size of sixpence, he wore a red fez. He, I am told, is an official in Portuguese East Africa. Most of the girls on this boat, while respectable passengers were still lurching about like drunks, clutching at everything to keep upright in the stormy Bay of Biscay, had already appeared in beach-trousers. This gave no more indication of where they were going than would a similar scene at Dieppe or on Brighton Promenade. But in the Gulf of Guinea some of them appeared in one-piece white suits, shimmery and flapping as loose pyjamas, which, I learned, was their daily uniform in tropic Africa. South Africans resumed their identity by appearing in broad, grey felt hats, turned up slightly at one side. And the majority of our tourist class, for this is a German ship, wore shorts with white-knitted stockings that were so lately the uniform in Sudetenland.

These people are interesting. Looking up my passenger list I discover that sixty-eight out of 300 tourist passengers are getting off at Walfischbai. Whale Bay. The same place that I leave ship. My only previous knowledge of Whalefish Bay was that it was the place where whales make love. This interesting information I gained, one starry night, on the bridge of a Norwegian whale-chaser, as we were towing an eighty-foot fin-whale we had just shot back to the Shetlands. Since that day I have occasionally wondered what Whalefish Bay looked like. Now I know that it is one of the two ports of old German Sud-West Afrika; that the coastline of that first German Colony is 830 miles long, low, monotonous, unbroken by bays or promontories—beaten all the year round by a heavy surf. Behind it, stretching the entire length of the coast, lies a blistering desert without any vegetation. The wind blows so incessantly that there is a layer of rushing sand about four feet high, and all the rocks facing inland are worn smooth as satin by this abrasive blast. There are, I am assured, only twenty-four houses at Whalefish Bay.

The sixty-eight Germans who get off here are colonists, either pre- or post-war, returning to their farms or business in the little towns among the scrub desert. The density of human population in ex-German South-West is just one-tenth of a person less per square mile than in the Sahara. Now I look at my fellow passengers with increasing interest. I look at their hands. I notice that the sporty young German, who looks like the Crown Prince, has the rough hands and thickened fingers of a farmer. It gives him a romantic *cachet* when, in his immaculate white dinner jacket, he bids six no trumps at auction bridge. The other man, who (*Continued on page* 81)

The Man for the Job

ILLUSTRATED BY CLIVE UPTTON

MAGUIRE had been farming Colin Evans for weeks before he actually broached the subject. Evans did not understand at first what Maguire was getting at. Maguire didn't mean him to.

Colin Evans admired Maguire. The only intelligent man in Penvear, he called him. Very sound in his views; a bit advanced perhaps, but Evans wished he were more advanced himself. They had had some grand talks in the past few weeks about the menace of Fascism and the inevitable coming of the Social Revolution.

That Peter Maguire, as he called himself, did not care two straws for Imperialism or Socialism, Evans had never guessed. Maguire worked impartially for whichever Government paid him the highest price, and his interest in the white-walled Cornish mining village of Penvear was not, as Colin Evans believed, in the bird life of the surrounding moors, but in the new explosive dump the Government was making in the abandoned workings of the old Blackadder tin mine.

Maguire wanted details of that dump badly, particularly of the hidden anti-aircraft gun emplacements being set up on the moors, and Colin Evans, disgruntled, disappointed draughtsman in the Government drawing office was the man to get them for him. It was on a hot Sunday morning that he opened the subject. Evans had walked out to his cottage on the outskirts of the village for a drink and a talk before dinner.

"Been to church?" Maguire said as he poured out the beer.

"What, me!" Evans's thin face expressed supreme disgust. "You don't think all that humbug interests me, do you?"

Maguire shrugged his broad shoulders.

"I don't know. You don't seem to mind some humbug."

Evans bridled.

"What do you mean by that?" he demanded.

"Your job," Maguire said bluntly. "You say you're a Pacifist and a Socialist. What are you doing helping an imperialistic government store up thousands of tons of high explosive, to slaughter innocent men and women and children in the next war. Bit of humbug there, isn't there?"

Colin Evans's face flushed.

"That's as it may be," he retorted. "What else can I do? I've got to live, haven't I? And what about you? You're a capitalist, a parasite living off dividends the workers earn for you."

Maguire grinned.

"All right. All right. Don't get heated. It's as well to look at things straight in the face now and then. Have another drink."

But Evans was not to be mollified.

"I didn't like what you said just now," he went on after a few moments. We've all got to do things we don't agree with. Even Russia. It's the only way, after centuries of this accursed capitalism. It's the same with me. If it was only myself I'd starve rather than do this work. But it isn't——"

Maguire broke in patiently: "I know. You needn't explain. You are thinking of your family."

"I am. I've got my two boys' education to think of. And they're going to have a better chance than their father had. And there's my poor wife—how could I pay her doctor's bills——"

"If you lost your job?"

"What?" Evans looked up in fear. "Don't even suggest that, Maguire."

Maguire stroked his beard and shrugged his shoulders again.

"Wrong—it's all wrong," he said.

"I know it is."

"And I suppose if you liked you could make thousands," Maguire said in a thoughtful sort of way.

MAGUIRE leaned forward and looked him straight in the face

"What, me?"

"Yes, you."

"How could I make thousands?"

"All this hush-hush business down at the dump. And these places for guns they're supposed to be making out on the moors——"

"How do you know that?"

"Why, the whole village is talking about it. It's all so damned silly. There are men—I've met some of them in my time—who'd pay you a pot of money for plans of this dump. And what for? To file away in some musty office in Berlin or Tokio or Moscow. The fools. If they like to chuck their money away like that I say let 'em."

Colin Evans's face had grown curiously hard.

"I don't agree with you there," he said sharply. "Spying, if that's what you mean, is one of the most detestable and anti-social products of capitalism——"

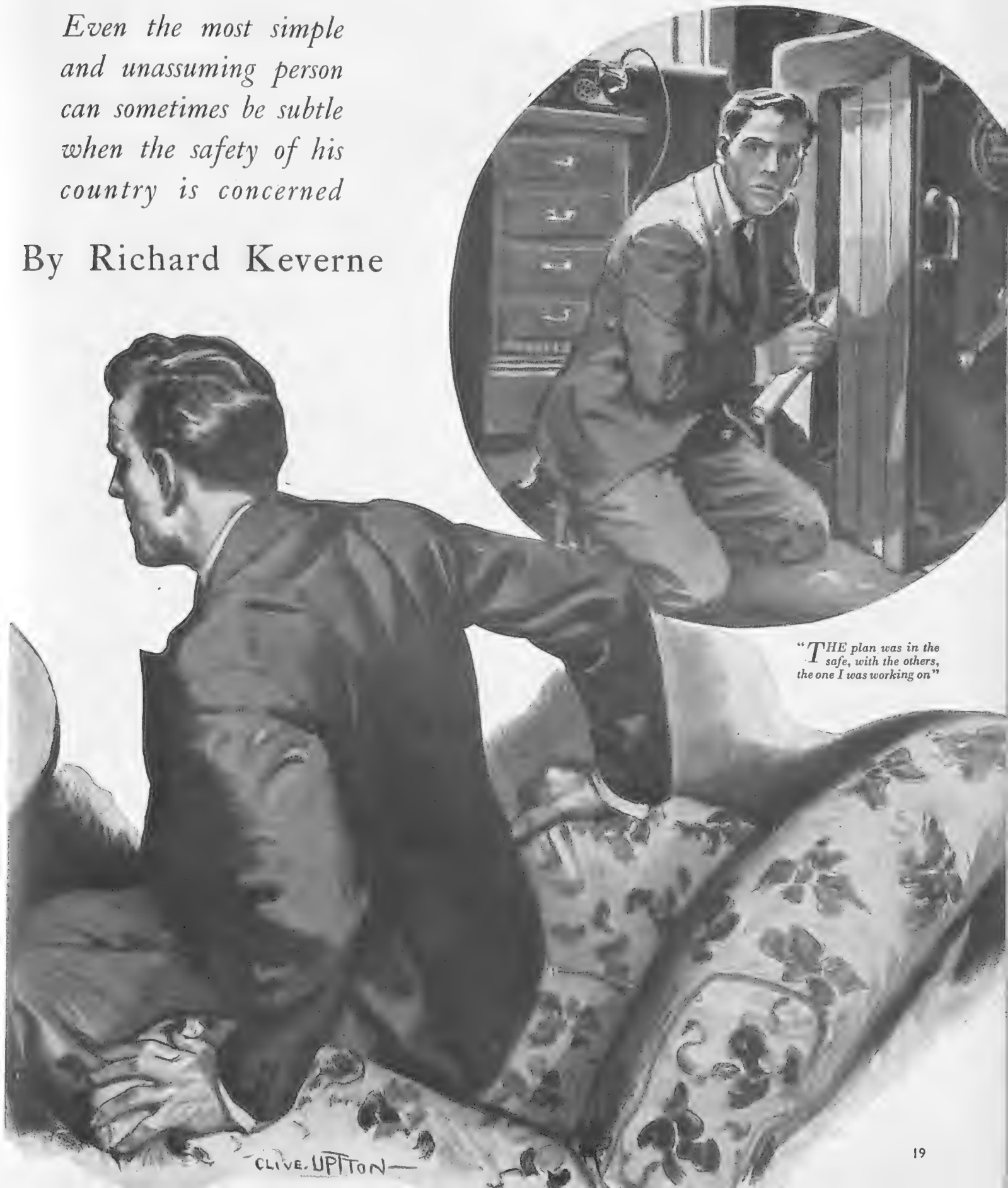
"Rubbish," Maguire broke in. "No one's brought it to a finer pitch than our comrades in Russia. And you know it."

"That's different," Evans blustered. "They have to—it's the only way to fight their enemies. Once the new state is built up——"

Maguire checked him with raised hand.

Even the most simple and unassuming person can sometimes be subtle when the safety of his country is concerned

By Richard Keverne



"THE plan was in the safe, with the others, the one I was working on"

"Oh, for God's sake don't talk such rot," he protested. "Why can't you be honest, man, and look at things as they are? I don't condemn the spy. I accept him as a necessary evil. But what I do condemn is the folly of the system that makes him. Take this dump for instance. What harm would it do if you were to photograph the plans and sell them to all the countries in the world? You could do it. You'd probably make thousands out of it and no one would be a penny the worse, and your family would be that much to the good."

"Well, I don't want to make my money that way," Evans said angrily.

"Of course you don't; but logically you'd be a fool if you got the chance and refused it."

Evans looked about him uneasily.

"Look here, I don't like this conversation," he said.

Maguire laughed.

"Don't worry; there's no one here to listen: I look after myself on Sundays."

"I know. But I've got my job to think of. I think I'll be going." He rose.

"You admit my point though?" Maguire said quietly.

"Logically, perhaps."

"But if you were offered, say, a hundred quid for a copy of those plans, you'd refuse."

Evans gave a nervous laugh.

"Nobody's made me the offer yet, so I can't say," he answered trying to speak lightly. He felt perhaps that he was behaving rather priggishly. Maguire liked making these points for the sake of argument—he didn't mean all he said. "They say every man has his price, don't they?" he added.

Maguire leaned forward and looked him straight in the face.

"Well—what's yours?" he said.

EVANS laughed again; a high pitched hysterical cackle.

"What's my what? I don't follow you, Maguire."

"I'll make it plainer." Maguire took a cigarette from his pocket and regarded it meditatively. "I'm asking you how much you want to get me photographs of those gun emplacements."

Evans swayed. His eyes opened wide like those of a child in terror.

"You—you're a spy!" he exclaimed faintly.

"Some people call it that, I prefer intelligence agent." Maguire lighted his cigarette in a casual way.

"But—but—good God! man. You can't be serious."

"I am—dead serious."

"But—but—supposing I were to inform about you. I——"

"You won't inform," Maguire shook his head. "Think I'd have told you if I wasn't sure?"

"It's my duty."

"Sit down." Evans dropped limply again into his chair. "Maybe it is your duty, but you'll lose your job if you do it—and you'd go to gaol."

"What do you mean by that?" Evans asked in a strained voice. "I've done nothing dishonourable."

"No, but they would think you had."

"Rubbish. Absurd. You can't intimidate me, Maguire."

Maguire spoke patiently.

"Let me tell you what would happen if you gave me away," he said. "It's your word against mine and they couldn't prove anything. At the worst they might give me six months, and when I came out I'd still have my job to go to. But they'd give you two years, perhaps more. And when you came out—how would you keep your family."

"You're mad." Evans broke in. "Why should they send me to prison? Bluff! Maguire."

"Because they'd search me when they arrested me and they would find your

"I EXPECT you've seen him sometimes at the 'Queen's Arms.' He generally goes in for a drink when he's over here"

receipt for a hundred pounds on me. They'd want to know why I'd given it to you."

"A hundred pounds!" Evans's fingers were twitching. Maguire must be mad. "You never gave me a hundred pounds. You gave me three pounds last week for that bicycle you bought off me——"

"Have a look at that—no, not too close."

Maguire drew a paper from his pocket and held it just out of snatching distance before Evans's startled eyes. Evans gasped. It was his receipt right enough, written on his own note-paper, but the wording of the amount had been changed, and the figure.

"It's been forged," he said angrily.

"Maybe, but you'd have to prove it."

"Oh, my God! This is devilish." Evans's face was pallid and sweaty. "It was a trap all along."

"It was a trap all along," Maguire echoed. "So now how are you going to get out of the trap?"

"I am going straight off to report the whole of this incident to the police," Evans said with a show of determination.

"Get on with it then. I'll wait here and prepare my tale for the policemen when they arrive. It will be a good tale, Evans; a damned sight better and more convincing than yours. Do you really think they are going to believe your story about this hundred quid. Or do you think they're going to think two crooks fell out? Anyhow you'll lose your job."

Evans made no move. With head bent down he stared at the ground while the full meaning of the situation grew clearer in his frenzied mind. Maguire let him brood. Presently he spoke persuasively.

"It's a dirty trick, I know," he said, "but then we've all got to do dirty tricks at times. Anyhow there it is. You get those photographs for me and you get that receipt back and a hundred quid. And you won't have to give a receipt for that." He smiled bleakly. "Think it over, Evans. It isn't as if you were going to do anybody any harm. There's no war on. By the time the next one starts all this will be obsolete. It's just that some damned fools are prepared to pay for those photographs, and I'm offering you a share in the money. That's the way to look at it."

Evans seemed to come out of a trance. He was not a man who habitually swore, but he cursed savagely.

"Seems to me that's the way I've got to look at it," he said at last. "I'll think it over." He rose awkwardly from his chair. "I'm going for a walk. I'll look in again about six."

"Wait if I'm not in," Maguire said. "And don't decide to do anything silly. You think what you could do with a hundred pounds—that's better than doing two years and ruining yourself."

Evans cursed again.

MAGUIRE watched him stride away along the rough path up to the moors, and considered him dispassionately. Evans's reactions had been much what he had expected. The man was a fool and a windbag. All his Socialistic talk was mere blither; at heart the fellow was an ordinary tame little bourgeois type, full of inherited inhibitions, and craving for security. A coward too; he had put up very little fight. Maguire felt pretty sure that he would never take the risk of giving him away. There was just the chance the man might kill himself; that type did sometimes when faced with a sudden overwhelming problem. But greed would counteract that—the prospect of a quick hundred pounds. Maguire knew human nature well—on the whole he was satisfied. Once the little fool had got over the shock to his pride he would see sense.

Evans's figure grew smaller. Maguire gazed after him waiting to see him swing away to the right at the top of the hill, but he swung left and Maguire frowned. What the devil was the fool doing? The path he had taken led only to the dump. Maguire's frowned deepened. In his precarious life he had learned always to suspect the unusual. Evans couldn't be mad enough to go and try to do the job now. And yet—Maguire knew the routine of the Blackadder dump rather better than the officer in charge.

At this time on a Sunday morning there would be nobody there bar the usual watchmen and Harris, the burly keeper, at the big gate in that ten-foot, unclimbable barbed wire fence that enclosed the dump area. Maguire had often peered through that fence, belly to earth in the heather, powerful field-glasses to his eyes—"bird watching." It would be a damned daring move but just the sort of thing a fool like Evans might get away with. Yet somehow

SHARMAN'S great fist raised and he caught Maguire on the point of the jaw. The man went down with a crash

Maguire felt less easy. There were important instructions he had intended to give Evans before he started work. And suppose he got caught. Maguire swore coldly; this looked like wrecking everything. Then, with the instinct which is second nature in his trade, he began to think of his own skin.

If Evans were caught the weakling would squeal and that might mean police at the cottage before the afternoon was out. Maguire considered his position. That fake receipt; that mustn't be found on him. The forgery wouldn't deceive an expert for a minute, and it would support Evans's story. Maguire meant to profess an absolute ignorance of any tale Evans might tell; say the fellow had dropped in as was his usual custom on (*Continued on page* 88)

THE GENERAL

By Ernest Betts

IN a perfunctory way we all know him. He may be a stranger, of wide and mysterious powers, or he may be an intimate friend of the family. Whatever he is, miracles are expected of him; they must be conjured like rabbits from the little black bag. A sore throat, a touch of fever, a stab of pain in the side, or Aunt Susanna's attack of nerves, and the "G.P." is dramatically summoned. Of the years he has spent equipping himself, of the sleepless nights and sacrificial days he spends in our service, we know nothing—or very little. The point about him is that he is always "there"—a man of authority, consolation and magic.

It is six years before a G.P. is qualified to feel your pulse, or at the other extreme, nip out an appendix. He can, it is true, practise with the lowest possible qualification—the L.S.A., or Licentiate of the Society of Apothecaries. As a rule, however, he studies further than this, aiming first at an L.R.C.P. (Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians) and the M.R.C.S. (Member of the Royal College of Surgeons). These, the result of prolonged and, of course, sanguinary study, in which the student is frequently "ploughed," give him a certain eminence.

But if he is ambitious and can afford it, he will spend three years at one of the eighteen universities in Great Britain having a medical school. With a rough idea of how Man is constructed and the repairs which can be done to him, he trudges off to another three years at hospital; and here, having studied at first hand all the ills that flesh is heir to, from the common cold to childbirth, he becomes an M.B. (Bachelor of Medicine) or a Ch.B. (Bachelor of Surgery), in the celebration of which he probably wakes up next morning with his first case—the common "hangover."

THESE preliminaries, for the five or six years involved, will cost his parents about £1,200 in fees and living expenses, and they are optimists if they think they will get it back. It is not an investment in stocks or shares, but in humanity, and the profit is in the betterment of the human race.

The young man, with his little bag, and perhaps a brace of degrees, can now practise medicine, surgery and midwifery. He adds his name to the 60,163 doctors at present on the Medical Register, and this will cost him £5 1s. 0d., with another £1 1s. 0d. for each additional degree he takes.

Every step he takes costs him money. With the possible exception of the diplomatic service, the career he has chosen is the costliest in the world. Consider the little bag and its contents. At first it will contain just the essentials—a stethoscope for £1 1s. 0d., which he has bought at hospital, a few drugs and bandages. But he will build it up until it becomes a miniature surgery.

A successful G.P. with a large practice will have the following on the three "floors" of his bag:

On the ground floor: a machine for estimating haemoglobin—that is, the red content in the blood cells; an auroscope, for looking at ears and ear drums; various injections for heart failure and kidney failure; drugs, consisting of morphia and strychnine; a pleximeter, for testing reflex action (when the doctor thumps your knee); a box of emergency dressings; a leather case containing emergency instruments, scissors, forceps, etc.

On the second floor: an ophthalmoscope or instrument for examining the eyes; several hypodermic syringes; a box of hypodermic needles; a blood-pressure machine; an electric lamp for looking down the throat, with wooden spatulæ that can be destroyed; a metal case containing sterile knives and scalpels; a thermometer, a box of rubber finger-stalls; a stick of silver-nitrate for cauterisation.

On the third floor: a stethoscope, a block of prescription forms and a tablet for taking notes.

With this formidable gear, costing him about £30, and over a thousand pounds' worth of knowledge in his head, the young G.P. plunges into the fight against death and disease. Besides his medical qualifications he must be endowed with pity and understanding and yet not yield to sentimentality; and this may be his hardest task. With a wider experience perhaps than the specialist, a closer intimacy with all types of men

PRACTITIONER

Life Story of a Miracle Man

and women, the G.P. sees deeper into the human heart than the X-ray, deeper far than the knife, and no secret of the human soul, the meanest or the noblest, is withheld from him.

THE young doctor, anxious to start his assault on the citadel, has a baffling choice before him, even as a G.P. (for I exclude the possibility of his becoming a specialist). At the hospital where he qualifies only a certain number can obtain house jobs as surgeons or physicians or anæsthetists—less than twenty, say, out of fifty candidates.

A house appointment ruled out, the G.P. is faced with the problem: How am I going to live? If he likes—and he won't like it—he can earn £200 a year examining school children, but the chances are that he will consider this unworthy of his talents.

Alternatively he can go to a provincial hospital and as a medical registrar earn the princely sum of a hundred or two a year. He can enter the London County Mental Service. There are nine mental hospitals in London where salaries range from £300—£400 a year for assistant physicians to £700 a year for a deputy superintendent and £1,200 a year for a superintendent. If he chooses the Public Health Service he will start at £600 a year, and as medical officer of health in a town of over 600,000 inhabitants can rise to £1,800 a year. But there are not many towns of over 600,000 inhabitants.

Of course, he can throw discretion to the winds and set up as a physician in Harley Street. But Harley Street, to the G.P., is practically a closed shop, and unless he is exceptionally well off or lucky he will certainly starve. He is an intruder among specialists.

So only one course is open to him and that is to put up a plate of his own and work up a private practice. He can augment this with a panel practice, from which he will earn about eight shillings per patient per year. Many G.P.'s undertake both kinds of work, and I know of one doctor in Birmingham who had 2,000 panel patients in addition to a flourishing list of private patients. Needless to say, he worked himself to death.

AT the outset of his career the G.P. will start doing "locums" and holiday jobs, or he can buy a partnership on the not-so-easy payment system. Whatever he does, he is in for a tough time. There's the brass plate: *John Smith, M.B.*, and magnificent it looks; but where are the patients? Either they are singularly well, or indifferent to his existence. They may even resent it. He has a pleasant consulting room on which, by mortgaging the fees from the non-existent patients, he has spent already £100 in equipment. After idling away the time in this room, he creeps back to an obscure attic in a back street to reflect on the folly of mankind and the meanness of his neighbours. It will be many weeks before life becomes sweeter for him and he can take his true place in the community he hopes to serve.

ASSUMING he is a man of personality and brains, he will soon find himself working overtime, day and night, and on Sundays, too.

Let us look at the diary of a successful G.P. with, say, 2,000 patients on his books. He has a car, and as he makes about 4,000 calls in the course of a year and sometimes drives thirty miles a day through the city streets, he needs it.

To-day he has twenty-two visits in his medical diary. He starts work at eight-thirty with telephone calls which keep him till his first case at ten minutes to nine—administering a vaccine to a patient with boils. At nine-fifteen he administers gas to a woman having a tooth out. Next, he sees a professor who has suddenly lost his voice and has to give a lecture. By some miracle he must restore the voice in twenty-four hours. From here he motors to the bedside of a man who is dying of a malignant disease. It is a grim date. He must advise on treatment and he must comfort the wife. He must not think or feel too much, for this bringing of light into the darkness is the routine of his profession, kindly but impersonal.

His next two patients suffer from diabetes and pneumonia. The first is an intolerably fussy customer who drearily repeats the stories he has told the doctor before. Ten or fifteen minutes are wasted here before the G.P. roars up the street to Colonel Blimp, who has had several thyroid operations, and wonders now whether a quack remedy might not be better. (Thyroid glands, by the way, produce goitre.)

He deals with Blimp and pushes on to a sex-starved woman who imagines herself suffering from a thousand complaints, none (*Continued on page* 84)

Decoration by Ray Toby

Imperial

"MY son, naturally you are a good king. You resemble your sainted father. The people love you as they loved him—God rest his blessed soul"

SIX royal trumpeters stand in a row. Six gold trumpets are raised. The call rings out: the piercing, triumphant call. Women fling open their windows, shout to each other across the cobbled streets. The tankards of the men clang together. Banners wave bravely in the wind. Now there is a roll of drums. It draws nearer, grows louder, like a swiftly approaching storm; and on the crest of the wave is borne another trumpet call, splintering the air.

To-day is the birthday of His Majesty King Nickolaus Konstantin Alberich Theodor August Dionysius of Imperial Freudenburg.

It is a day of dancing and feasting; of processions and displays of physical culture; of laughter and military bands. The sun shines in a sky of Mediterranean blue, the tankards clang. Always the same toast: *"Seine Majestät, der König!"* or a variation, like an air on a ground bass: *"Der heilige Nickolaus!" "Nickolaus der Grosse!"*

The people of Freudenburg are happy.

But His Majesty is not awake.

TWO Nubian giants guard the door which gives access to the royal bedroom: two rigid caryatids.

Inside the room a tall thin young man, darkly clad, has drawn aside the curtains.

Now he stands at the foot of the bed.

"Majestät!"

His voice is English; it has a contralto quality.

"Majestät!"

The figure beneath the oyster-grey satin bedclothes does not move.

Then—in a piercing, hissing whisper:

Illustrated by W. Smithson Broadhead

Birthday

By Sidney Young

A King disdains tradition as he discovered that love was the sweetest thing

"Nickolaus!"

There is a sudden tumult, a heaving of the great eiderdown, an impatient exclamation, a sigh of resignation, and His Majesty King Nickolaus Konstantin Alberich Theodor August Dionysius, of Imperial Freudenburg, is awake.

Heavy eyelids droop over hard, enamel-blue eyes. The fair hair has tumbled over the broad forehead. There is more heaving. Massive silk-clad shoulders appear in front of the pillows. Then His Majesty sees the Englishman—and smiles.

"Richard!"

This smile, above a deeply clefted chin, gives him a curious, faun-like appearance:

mischievous and mocking, he is like a satyr, a god of the woods.

The Englishman bows.

"Has Your Majesty forgotten that it is Your Majesty's birthday? The Queen Mother awaits you, and the people are clamouring at the castle gates."

The satyr frowns.

"*Um Gottes Willen!* Let the Queen Mother wait! Let my people clamour—they love to clamour. Sit down, Richard. No! Not there! Sit on the bed!"

The Englishman obeys, and a huge hand grabs his hair; at which he laughs, springs to his feet, cries:

"No more foolery, Nickolaus! You must get up. Quickly! Dietel and Berger are waiting. You are to wear the white and silver uniform of your own so important, so imperial regiment!"

A pillow hurtles through the air.

But Richard is used to this sort of thing.

THE Queen Mother stands by the long window. She awaits her son. She wears a wimple of Mechlin lace: an ivory frame encircling her white, white face. She is very beautiful—this tall, gracious lady. Her eyes are like rain-washed gentians, and her wide, tender lips are always toying with a smile. She has cherished the soul of her childhood, as others will cherish a specially beloved teddy bear, a musical box, or the first string of coral. She has never known age.

Nickolaus will come—her splendid Nickolaus. She will give him her blessing. But now she is remembering how, thirty years ago, she climbed the stairs which led to the night nursery, dismissed the nurses, and rocked her baby, her *prinzchen*, to sleep in her arms; singing an English lullaby.

She can still remember the words:

"Oh, hush thee, my baby, thy cradle is green,
Father's a nobleman, mother's a queen. . . ."

Her shoulders sway gently from side to side. Her *prinzchen* is in her arms again.

Now she is but twenty-five years old.

THE valets, Dietel and Berger, gaze with ecstatic reverence upon their completed masterpiece, the King.

He surveys himself critically in the triple, full-length mirror. He has a duty to his public. But Dietel and Berger are trusted servants. The gleaming white uniform is moulded to his large, athletic limbs. One can observe the ripple of well-exercised muscles as he moves. One knows instinctively that he is an expert horseman and a superb dancer, that he has no rival when holding a rapier.

He smiles approvingly, raises inquiring eyebrows at Richard.

The latter answers the unspoken question, and his voice is eager:

"*Es er herrlich, Majestät.*"

The King is pleased. He links his arm through Richard's, says irrelevantly:

"Your accent is charming, my friend. It makes me laugh."

The heels click sharply together.

He bows stiffly from a silver-belted waist. His lips touch her hands.

"*Guten morgen, liebe Mutter.*"

The Queen Mother gently raises his head.

"God bless you, Nickolaus."

Richard, standing apart, feels himself to be exactly what he is: a dark, flannel-clad Englishman. He is new to court. He is apt to become speechless when in the presence of the Queen Mother.

She moves towards a high-backed gold and crimson chair. She is a brave galleon in full sail, rocking and billowing across the mirror of the polished floor. The rustle of her black brocade is the unbreakable soft surge of deep sea waves.

Richard loves her way of walking.

She smiles at them, then—to Nickolaus—she speaks.

"My son, naturally you are a good king. You resemble your sainted father. The people love you as they loved him—God rest his blessed soul. But the time has come for you to choose a wife. I am growing old. I find the opening of garden fêtes a little irksome. So many items to remember . . . prize cabbages, prize beauties, prize bullocks, prize yodellers! Only the other day I gave a metronome to a doting mother of prize twins when I ought to have given it to a darling peasant who could actually whistle through his left ear! And that is not all! I caught a terrible cold whilst presiding at the last cat show. Cats, dear Nicky, are the devil's own bearers of infectious diseases. Never allow yourself to be made president of the cat society. For you, a king, the risk would be too great. Leave these minor duties to your wife—*when* you have chosen her!"

She shakes a reproving finger, continues:

"I sent you to London—and what did you bring back?" Here she smiles kindly, humorously, at Richard. "Your shadow! A charming young man, I admit, and he plays the piano divinely; but what of the English princess?"

His Majesty's arrogant, clefted chin protrudes a little further than is usual.

"The princess had what the English call 'a mind of her own'," he replies stiffly. "Such a match would have been impossible."

Richard makes a curious gurgling noise in his throat.

His Majesty glares.

But the Queen Mother persists.

"I sent you to Venice. Surely the—er—Grand Canal——? Not even by moonlight . . .?"

The hard, enamel-blue eyes twinkle.

"The Grand Canal was wonderful. The Venetian nights, dear mother, are fashioned from magic, they are exquisite, they——"

"Say no more, Nicky! I understand."

There is a pause. Then:

"What of Paris?"

His Majesty frowns, replies hotly:

"The French princess was like the rest of her race: deceitful!"

The Queen Mother holds a delicate wisp of lace in front of her nostrils, shrieks, turns to Richard.

"We are in deadly danger! Nicky is going to tell us all about the French! I implore you to change the conversation, Herr Englander, ere it be too late."

Richard blushes, can find no words.

"He has lost it!" exclaims the King.

"What has he lost?" asks the Queen Mother.

The King retorts:

"His tongue!"

He tweaks Richard's ear, and Richard —feeling very hot—stares at the Queen Mother and stammers the truth.

"Your Majesty is so beautiful."

At which the Queen Mother claps her hands together, cries joyously:

"Nickolaus! I *swear* that your charming shadow is in love with me!"

Her laughter is gay and silvery, like a young girl's.

The King's fists pummel Richard's chest.

Richard retaliates.

"*Aber zum Teufel!*" shouts the King.

The Queen Mother's feet tap the floor.

"Nickolaus! Richard! This is not the boxing ring!"

Silence.

The heels click together.

Now she can only hear the faint echo of silver spurs.

Clink . . . clink . . . clink. . . .

She is alone again.

THE twisty main street of Freudenburg is lined on each side by eager, chattering crowds. They have been waiting for many hours, these people, but they can still laugh. He is worth waiting for, their *heilige* Nickolaus, they say. He will drive over these cobbles on his way to the Lustplatz, where he has graciously consented to give autographs —this being the imperial birthday.

And now comes another call, played by the six royal trumpeters. It is longer and louder than those which have gone before. It comes again.

The gigantic gates of the castle swing open. The familiar car slides noiselessly

SHE stands in the doorway her lips parted a little in surprise. Then she sinks to the stone floor in a deep curtsy

forth—a gleaming, steel-blue Mercedes Benz : a proud, merciless *König des Autos*.

His Majesty sits in the driving seat. The sun shines on the glittering silver helmet. He drives slowly,

remembering his people. He is kind. With his left hand he controls the steering wheel. With his right hand he acknowledges the wild, tumultous cheering of his subjects.

The Englishman sits beside him. He shouts through the din :

"Nickolaus !"

"What now?"

"Anyone would think you were a film star !"

The King laughs gaily, waves his hand to a young girl who has just tossed flowers into the back of the car.

"Film stars and kings ! Their lives are very similar. Only the film stars work harder than the kings, so they tell me."

And now the road is covered with flowers : yellow, white, purple, blue and crimson. Daffodils, snowdrops, violets, and hyacinths. A springtime carpet for the *König des Autos*.

A woman throws a bunch of violets into the roadway. The great tyres slide over them. One almost expects to hear the tiny, wailing death cry of flower voices. The woman stoops down, snatches them back again, holds them to her lips. Her dark shining eyes are drawn towards the King as steel is drawn towards the magnet.

But His Majesty has not seen.

He is saluting a group of young men, students who have sprung to attention. Only Richard has seen.

He thinks : "She will press the violets between the pages of Uhland's poems, and she will remember how they were crushed by the weight of Nicky's car, how—by her own will—she sent them to their death. Then the light which is now in her eyes will come again . . . perhaps a hundred times."

A DAIS has been erected in the centre of the Lustplatz. On this dais is a great table, beside which the King is seated. Richard, too, is there. He refills the red lacquer fountain pens. The King uses them alternately.

The people pass along the opposite side of the table in single file, each bearing a picture postcard of their sovereign. "*Danke-schön, Majestät,*" "*Danke-schön, Majestät,*" a droning, ever-recurring theme.

But His (*Continued on page* 104)

ACCORDING to the Government Travel Bureau at Ottawa, American tourists spend an average of £4,000,000 every year travelling through Canada to visit the Dionne quintuplets. If we capitalise this annual expenditure at a modest four per cent, the Quints may be put down as the Dominion's fourth largest industrial enterprise, with a minimum capital value of £100,000,000 !

That without consideration for the fact that in the fifty odd months of their existence they have also been responsible for the rebuilding of their native town, for the saving of a nearby city from municipal bankruptcy, for the building of over a hundred miles of modern roads, for a boom increase in real-estate values approximating over a million pounds, for the taking of hundreds off the relief rolls, for a yearly personal expenditure, in food, clothing and staff salaries of over £5,000, and finally for another odd million pounds that is invested in businesses subsidiary and dependent on their existence.

Few, if any, enterprises have been built to such colossal and far-reaching proportions in so short a space of time, and, without meaning to be facetious, none have sprung from such small beginnings. If ever there was romance to Big Business, it is in the history of the Quints who first saw the light of day in Callander, Ontario, on May 28th, 1934.

Well known, now, is the epic history of that first day, when tousle-haired, phlegmatic little Doc Dafoe found himself faced with one of Nature's rarest jokes—the birth of five humans at one delivery. Of how he packed his charges between cotton wool, in a receptacle that had served both as clothes and dog basket in its time, and kept them miraculously alive with a fountain-pen filler for feeding purposes and a solitary hot-water bottle as his heating apparatus. Perhaps not so well known, since ultra respectable, prohibitionist-inclined Ontario has taken care to hide the awful fact, is that the early lives of these five sisters were saved by comparatively liberal doses of "ole demon Rum."

ALL these brave efforts might have been forgotten, however, with but a communal gravestone to mark the episode had not Leon Dionne, the brother of the worried and awed father, felt a touch of avuncular pride and rung up the editor of a local paper to ask whether he could get a reduction on the announcement of his sister-in-law's feat in the paper's birth column.

At that the story was nearly missed, for the editor refused to believe the news, and only the fact that Leon reiterated his willingness to pay for the announcement convinced him. French-Canadians might like their jokes, but they had never been known to pay hard cash for one, and, after taking down details, the editor confirmed uncle Leon's opinion that this was indeed a day of miracles by refusing to accept any payment at all for the announcement.

Thus, in a prosaic forty-seven word announcement, calmly sent by Eddie Bunyan, editor of the *North Bay Nugget*, over the wire to Toronto, was the world informed of the Quints' arrival. The announcement read :

North Bay, May 28th. Mrs. Oliva Dionne, residing within a few miles of Callander, nine miles south of here, gave birth to five girls to-day. All were healthy, said Dr. A. R. Dafoe, Callander attending physician. Mrs. Dionne is 25, and has previously given birth to six children.

By the night of the 28th, the message had flashed around the world, and, toward eight o'clock of that evening, the "stick" of news, relayed from the Associated Press, was casually discovered on the news editor's desk of the *Chicago American*, where, incidentally, the writer; engaged in the higher planes of foreign news, was shown the announcement and loftily remarked "So what?"

The Dionne Quintuplets become acquainted with the joys of winter. A picture taken during the winter of 1938. With them is Nurse Mollie O'Shaughnessy

Right: Tourists flocking to see the famous children at play in the playhouse built for them, where they can be seen without knowing it

QUINTS Ltd.

If ever there was a romance to Big Business, it is the history of these five children

By Arthur Phillips

As a matter of fact, it was only after the "stick" had gone to the sub-editing bench, and not one of the four "subs" could think of the Latin prefix for five, that the news editor, and particularly Charlie Blake, the paper's ace newshound, sensed the import of this crazy piece of information.

"See if they're still alive," shouted the news editor, and, somewhere around ten that night, tired and irritated, Doc Dafoe was standing in his nightshirt at the phone telling Charlie Blake that as far as he knew they were, and would the *Chicago American* please let him go to sleep.

But Charlie had no intention of letting Doc Dafoe go to sleep; once he got his bulldog teeth in the pants of a story he never let go, and, grabbing five hundred dollars from the cashier, he put his first expense item down for a taxi ride to Dr. Bundesen, who was Chicago's baby expert. That five hundred dollars, by the way, was to grow into four thousand before Charlie returned to Chicago, and represented the world's first investment in the Quints.

Doc Dafoe had hardly got himself warm before the telephone rang again. This time it was Dr. Bundesen talking, and the little Doc, who didn't yet realise the sort of guy he was up against in Charlie Blake, told Dr. Bundesen and the *Chicago American* to go to hell, and would they please let him sleep. Then Dr. Bundesen said something technical about premature babies and the need for an incubator and Doc Dafoe, who had left his brood still crudely ensconsed in the one one-time dog basket, forgot his warm bed, and the fact that his slipperless feet were freezing, and pricked up his ears. Sure he needed an incubator, but there wasn't one within a hundred miles of Callander, and if he had one he couldn't use it because the Dionne residence was more than a mile from the nearest electricity supply.

A half-hour's conversation followed, and when Doc Dafoe eventually got back to bed; he settled down to sleep with the comforting knowledge that Charlie Blake was on his way, by plane, with a water-heated incubator.

THE next day saw the arrival of Charlie Blake at Callander; not, however, before the Canadian Customs had held him up at the Toronto airport, deeply suspicious of the contraption he said was a baby incubator, and finally passing him after payment of four dollars duty. From a journalistic point of view, Charlie was not a minute too soon, for, an hour after his arrival, the *Toronto Star* reporter, Keith Munro, appeared on the scene, and with him a photographer named Fred Davies.

If the newspaper men thought they had come to Callander for the sole purpose of getting a story, they were quickly disabused by the indefatigable little doctor. Three intelligent men, with automobiles and a newspaper expense account that was probably larger than the loose change all Callander could muster, were just what the doctor ordered, and, between moments of batting out their stories, Charlie, Keith and Fred were kept busy as auxiliary nursery attendants. (*Continued on page* 108)

The children preparing to welcome Jean Hersholt and Dorothy Peterson who appeared with them in the film *Reunion*

BOOKS: Reviewed by Alan Seymour

AT last—at long, long last—I have been told exactly how to walk downstairs wearing spurs!

To Mr. T. N. White, author of a delicious volume entitled *Burke's Steerage* (Collins & Co., 6s., illustrated—also deliciously—by the author) the whole conglomeration of sportsmen within the span of social extremes is under an irreparable debt of gratitude.

And if it comes to that, so is every one who can read, for Mr. White has given us one of the choicest literary morsels of recent years.

Not since the immortal *1066 And All That* has any book so dug me in the ribs.

To devotees of huntin', shootin' and/or fishin' this book will be a joy, but (paradoxically) I believe that those who do not engage actively in these pursuits will find it positively irresistible.

I confess I am undecided whether the book is more witty or helpful, for it contains so much rich humour and so much sound advice that those two characteristics are constantly vieing for ascendancy.

"The upper classes," says Mr. White, "are much more interested in doing the right thing than in doing the thing right."

In this book, however, he shows them—and every other class—how to do the right thing right and in his own inimitable way he derives an illimitable amount of fun out of pointing the moral by means of a series of examples of doing the right thing wrong and doing the wrong thing right—but never on doing the wrong thing wrong, for two negatives of this sort would make a positive, and the whole charm of huntin', shootin' and fishin' appears to be that one can never really be positive about anything!

Do get *Burke's Steerage*—it is first-class entertainment—just the sort that is "wanted on voyage" in the troublous seas of modern existence.

LAST month I reviewed Anton Dolin's book on the ballet. Now there lies before me another book dealing with that same tempestuous world-of-its-own, written by another of its young and famous exponents—it is *Ballet, Traditional to Modern*, by Serge Lifar (Putnam, 15s.), excellently translated by Cyril W. Beaumont.

Serge Lifar advances views—often quite controversial ones—in authoritative tones. He is Maître de Ballet, Premier Danseur l'Étoile du Théatre Nationale de l'Opéra Paris, and is accepted as one of the great dancers of the present century.

In this book he presents a critical study of the nature of dancing and a survey of the evolution of ballet from the sixteenth century to the present day.

Even if the art of the ballet does not arouse your responsive ego, I believe you will still be greatly interested by this history of the intelligence of the feet.

IN a crazy age even *Straw in the Hair* (The Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.) seems crazy.

This anthology of nonsensical and surrealist verse is compiled and edited by Denys Kilham Roberts and illustrated by Victor Reinganrim.

The range of this book is remarkable, contributions from the pens of many famous writers being included, among them being William Blake, Lewis Carroll, Hilaire Belloc, G. K. Chesterton, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Walter de la Mare, Edward Lear, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, Sir John Squire and Edith and Osbert Sitwell.

The nonsense verse is positively highbrow judged by the surrealist standard of other of the verses included. Indeed, I feel that there must have been straw in the hair of the Bodley Head to have bothered to set up some of the items.

Nevertheless the book is diverting, and will appeal to those who tire easily—and for this reason I recommend it as a bedside book.

We who sit snugly in our armchairs at home and think what a terrible thing it is that one man like Hitler can bring the misery of insecurity to the whole world really employ a wretchedly parochial outlook.

What we are prone to regard as "the whole world" is (*Continued on page* 82)

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

"Anthony Eden"—A Biography. Author: Alan Campbell Johnson. Publisher: Robert Hale. Price 15s.

MR. ANTHONY EDEN recently declared to an ecstatic audience of American business men: "I believe that the State was made for Man, not Man for the State."

A tremendous ovation was accorded him by his audience, and surely any one who disagrees with the fundamental principle of that statement is a fool.

It takes a clever man to evoke ovations by the reiteration of the obvious, but it takes a courageous man to stick to his guns even to the point of sacrificing one of the world's most coveted posts.

We salute Mr. Eden for his courage, and I do not think it fair to condemn him because he is clever.

The sort of courage Mr. Eden showed is, as I see it, begotten of sincerity of purpose (a quality all too rare in present-day European statesmanship), and it is just possible that Mr. Eden's reiteration of the obvious springs from the same source.

At any rate, I am prepared to give him the benefit of the doubt.

And so, I gather, is Alan Campbell Johnson, his biographer who, at the age of twenty-five, is Political Private Secretary to Sir Archibald Sinclair.

This biography, if it errs at all, errs on the side of attempting to persuade us that two men and two men only have ever gone into the House of Commons with the right idea, and that these two men were Anthony Eden and—Guy Fawkes.

Certainly Mr. Eden's verbal and tactical fireworks blew the House up more effectively than his cruder and less effective forerunner's gunpowder!

Of Mr. Eden's recent past so much is known that repetition of it here would be redundant.

Of his immediate present it may be said that he is working harder to-day than ever before, and that he is wholeheartedly for peace provided that its attainment does not involve the sacrifice of honour.

In the concluding words of this exceedingly able and interesting biography: ". . . no answer to the riddle of the immediate future would be complete or trustworthy that did not give full weight to a renaissance in British democracy identified in the minds of millions who wait only for the word with the name and the initiative of Anthony Eden."

We wonder!

By *Princess Paul Troubetzkoy*

THE WOMEN I MEET

A Month to Month Commentary

MISS AVERIL LOYD

I HAVE always heard it said that the "Woman's" city of the world is Paris; and certainly most women flower into loveliness there. Perhaps it is because gallant courtesy is paid to charm more noticeably, and in that atmosphere of homage which may be synthetic, all that the world can produce in exquisiteness appears laid at feminine feet.

That is indubitably pleasurable but it does lead to a certain standardisation, whereas, it seems to me, it is in London, to-day, that women have such opportunities to develop individuality and personality, and seldom, elsewhere, do you see so many varied types of beauty.

There is the orchid type of loveliness in AVERIL LOYD, Mrs. Ralph Stobart's enchanting daughter, who is just leaving London to stay with friends in Cairo and avail herself of the opportunity to see Mr. Marsham Townshend, the young man she will be marrying shortly, on his next leave from his regiment, the Scots Guards, which is at present stationed there.

Averil Loyd has much in her of that glamour which haloed Mrs. Charles Sweeny, in her débutante years, into becoming an adjective in social language, for to say that a girl is the "Whigham of her year" makes further description unnecessary.

She has dark hair, naturally curly, which she sets herself at a moment's notice into any fashion whim–infuriating to her women friends, worn out with sitting under the hairdresser's dryer. She has a figure as graceful as a pliant birch tree and, dancing, looks like a Tanagra statuette which has come to life.

She wears her clothes with all the poise and courage of the sophisticated *mondaine* of Paris if they are town clothes, at Ringwood, her mother's Hampshire home, or in whatever aspect of English country house life, she has the utter naturalness of "tweeds and flat heels" so difficult for any but the "English" to achieve, and still remains as decorative as ever.

And not only does the mere sight of her add colour to Life. She has a vivid vitality in her and is that rarity — an excellent conversationalist. Also, even more rare, she can listen, which means, of course, she has the perfect manners which make the perfect companion.

There are moments when her eyes are dreamy and she looks down at the big sapphire on her left hand, but you do not grudge her then, a momentary inattention. You know that she is living a little in the past—she is watching again the Trooping of the Colour and someone carrying the Colours in the brilliant pageantry—she is hearing, once more, a certain tune to which, one special night, she danced at Ciro's—and she is a little in the future where not only the romance of Egypt and the East is awaiting her arrival but her own.

LADY DIANA BETHELL

LADY MARGUERITE STRICKLAND

I must say she will make a pretty bride!

SO will another of a very different type but with her own, very individual charm: DIANA BETHELL, an important bride of this month, who is the daughter of Captain Adrian Bethell, until this month joint-M.F.H. of the Holderness.

Hers is one of the prettiest faces to be seen in London with its delicate features, her dark grey eyes and dark hair — *coiffée à l'ange.*

She is very slim, tall, and dresses with a difference, for she chooses her frocks with much concentration and invariably

MRS. PHILIP HILL

alters the original design to suit her own self. There is no exaggeration of fashion in her ideas, and she never makes the mistake of selecting any style which is not utterly simple and youthful, and, above all, neat in the extreme.

She has a gentle way with her and a tiny breathless hesitancy when she speaks, which is very endearing, and which I feel, has a great deal to do with her popularity,

(*Cont. on page* 86)

VISCOUNTESS BUCKMASTER

MRS. GEOFFREY WHITWORTH

Old Tales Re-told

Demaratus: *When Delphi's Oracle Lied*

Written and Illustrated

By F. Matania, R.I.

AT a distance of about two miles from Sparta, on the left bank of the River Eurotas, there stood a hill totally clothed with the luxuriant and varied vegetation characteristic of the rich soil of that region. The summit, being quite flat, provided a beautiful and strategically commanding position for the towers and mighty buildings of a city which for three centuries had successfully withstood the growing power of its greedy rival, Sparta.

The time of our story is the second half of the sixth century B.C., when the discipline and order of the Sparta of Lycurgus had slackened considerably.

Terapne was the name given to the summit of that hill. Many temples, tombs and monuments had been erected in that enchanting place. Every stone had a meaning or a tale. In the silent temples, of which the studded doors were open night and day, it seemed as if the air was saturated with romantic stories and legends of ancient Greece. Even the tombs had an air of something immortal rather than mortal. Generally darkness and cold is the fit background for death, but there the vaults were dry and warm and light. Heroes and heroines of legendary times were peacefully resting covered with golden leaves of laurel and golden coins of past kings. There rested Agamemnon and Cassandra, their story still palpitating in the atmosphere so that the imaginative beholder almost saw the beautiful virgin on whose lips Apollo had left the treacherous kiss and who was rescued by Agamemnon from the violence of Ajax. One felt the presence of that unhappy princess who had been the happy slave of a king of kings with whom she ended so tragically under the double axe of Clytemnestra and Igistus.

There, too, just above the Phœbeum (a precinct sacred to Apollo), stood the temple of Helen. She, as the daughter of Jupiter and Leda, was a semi-goddess and, as such, she was venerated with considerable faith.

IT was in this temple that a woman was noticed entering every morning. In her arms she carried a bundle of clothes whose movements betrayed a child. The woman used to come all the way from Sparta, and after having deposited on a tray her daily offering, she would stand before Helen's image holding the bundle as if offering it to the goddess and at the same time murmuring a prayer.

One day, coming down the stairs of the temple, she was stopped by an old woman who asked her if she might see the child she was carrying. The request was refused with the following words: "I am the nurse of this little girl who belongs to very wealthy parents. They are extremely unhappy, for in spite of their perfect health, youth and comeliness, their child is terribly deformed and so ugly that I have orders not to show it to any one. I am imploring the goddess, hoping that she may improve the appearance of this little girl."

The old woman, with the obstinate inquisitiveness of a gipsy, insisted on having a look at the child until she eventually succeeded, and when the nurse opened the bundle the old woman gazed upon and touched the child. A moment later, with the most encouraging and confident smile on her face, the woman told the nurse: "Tell your masters not to pine any further, nor to pay heed to deceiving appearances, this child is going to grow into the most beautiful woman that has ever lived on Spartan soil."

WHEN the nurse opened the bundle the old woman gazed down upon and touched the child

Bewildered and incredulous, the nurse went away, pressing to her bosom a

poor little being that surely would never attain to anything like the old woman had prophesied.

But it seemed that from that day on, the child's looks began to improve, and this unhoped-for change so steadily increased that, before the girl had reached the age of puberty, her figure and face could have already served as a model for the most perfect representation of juvenile feminine beauty.

NATURE often plays such tricks with the Southern races, but then the influence of the semi-goddess whose beauty had turned the Hellenistic world upside-down, and the touch of the mysterious old woman were considered the only factors contributing to this miracle.

Every year added fresh charm to the growing beauty who aroused an irresistible wave of fascination, especially when she was taking part in the public games, where, according to custom, beauty of form was freely exhibited.

The lucky man who succeeded in arresting her interest happened to be one Agestus, a personal friend of the king Ariston, and his right-hand man in many affairs of State. This marriage with a man in such a conspicuous position brought this astounding beauty still more into the limelight.

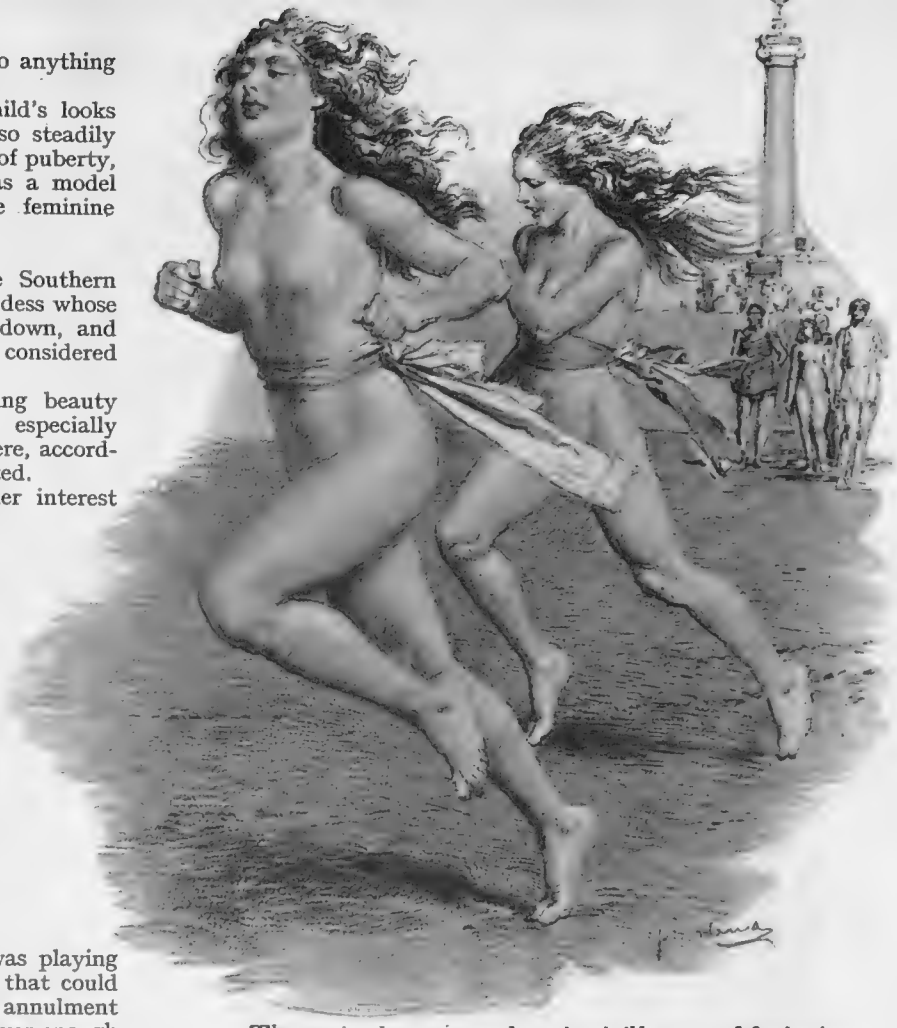
The king was living a rather disappointed life. Twice married, neither of his wives had given him any children, whilst Cleomenes, his colleague in the kingdom, had already succeeded in continuing the direct line of succession to the throne.

Ariston felt this inequality of fortune with his rival very deeply, and was almost convinced that he would die without any offspring.

When his friend Agestus introduced to him his wife, the vision of her beauty impressed him so strongly that the poison of an extraordinary idea began to insinuate itself in his mind.

TIME was passing, and a steady infatuation was playing havoc with his heart. There were no laws that could be twisted in a way so as to offer a loophole for the annulment of Agestus's marriage. He had, however, been clever enough to thoroughly disguise his passion.

Agestus was a rich man, and his undeniable taste for beautiful things was not limited to women only. It appears



The growing beauty aroused an irresistible wave of fascination, especially when she was taking part in the public games, where, according to custom, beauty of form was freely exhibited

that his house was full of treasures, and often the king had expressed his keen admiration for Agestus's collection. Invariably Agestus had asked the king to choose freely, for he would have been only too pleased to place at his disposal all he might have desired. It is quite probable that Ariston's mind must have dwelt considerably on those offers, and drew from them the inspiration for an appalling trick.

On one of those occasions he said that he could not deprive his friend of any valuable object without reciprocating with something equally agreeable. So they decided to make an exchange and choose freely from each other's treasures, giving their word to put no limit to their requests.

Owing to the richness of the king's possessions, Agestus was sure that of the two he who had the better chance in this bargain was himself.

The historian, who relates the event only sixty or seventy years after it happened, does not tell us in detail on what kind of object Agestus's selection fell, but whatever he might have chosen, he never anticipated the amazing request that Ariston was about to spring upon him.

With all the serenity and carefulness of a connoisseur he went through the king's wonderful collection of historical relics, works of art, and masterpieces of jewellery. Through his hands passed golden cups of the most exquisite Mycenæan workmanship. Ivory fans chiselled for Pharaonic rulers; chariots wholly veneered with golden incrustations and studded with precious stones; embroideries brought from India; Persian tapestries worked with ivory needles; harnesses made from Assyrian beads; precious

With all the serenity and carefulness of a connoisseur he went through the king's wonderful collection of historical relics and works of art

Arising from the bed, and with the most angelic smile, the queen asked the reason for such astonishing wanted to know the reason for such an unusual attire and who had given her those garlands. The

panels of Babylonian enamel; and Sicilian mosaics, statues, vases, furniture, and everything that taste, labour, industry and wealth could beautify up to the last limits of human power, were all there for the asking.

Ariston seemed to be in the most generous mood, as he encouraged Agestus not to refrain from taking freely, whatever the value of the object.

ONE half of the bargain completed, the king went to Agestus's house, where the most lovely things that he possessed were displayed to their best advantage. Ariston, before giving the slightest glance at anything, turned to Agestus and said: "You want me to name what I desire in exchange? Well, I ask you to allow me to carry to my home your greatest treasure, your wife."

Agestus, when he heard the request, stood aghast, and thought that the king was joking, but the seriousness with

behaviour. Ariston replied with another question. He smile still on her lips, she said : " You gave them to me "

which Ariston insisted made him realise that he had fallen victim to a trick without parallel. He protested that the pact had not included his wife. Ariston, in his turn, demonstrated that their arrangement was for whatever either would have chosen without putting any limits to their separate requests, and if there was to have been any exclusion, that should have been made clear in advance.

Agestus felt his brain reeling, for Spartan absolutism did not leave much ground for argument. He had no escape, and the cruel deception followed its course.

No need to add that women at that time had very little voice in such matters, and the beautiful wife of Agestus had to leave her home for a throne that she was not seeking.

Ariston hastened his divorce from his second wife, and with all due formality the third marriage was performed, placing on the throne Venus's most worthy daughter.

The event gave new hope to the population, and the general jubilation deafened any voice that may have arisen in defence of the wronged husband. In fact, the name of the unlucky Agestus does not appear again in history. Probably he disappeared himself, having every reason to relinquish his duty in public life and to leave Sparta for good.

During the first days of Ariston's marriage an unexpected and mysterious episode marred the serenity of this union, although at the time no one would have anticipated the sad consequences that would evolve from it.

It was the third night after the marriage. Ariston entered the queen's chamber, and as he approached his wife, he noticed that she wore around her head a garland, and others on her breast. For a moment he stood wondering what was the reason for this eccentric decoration.

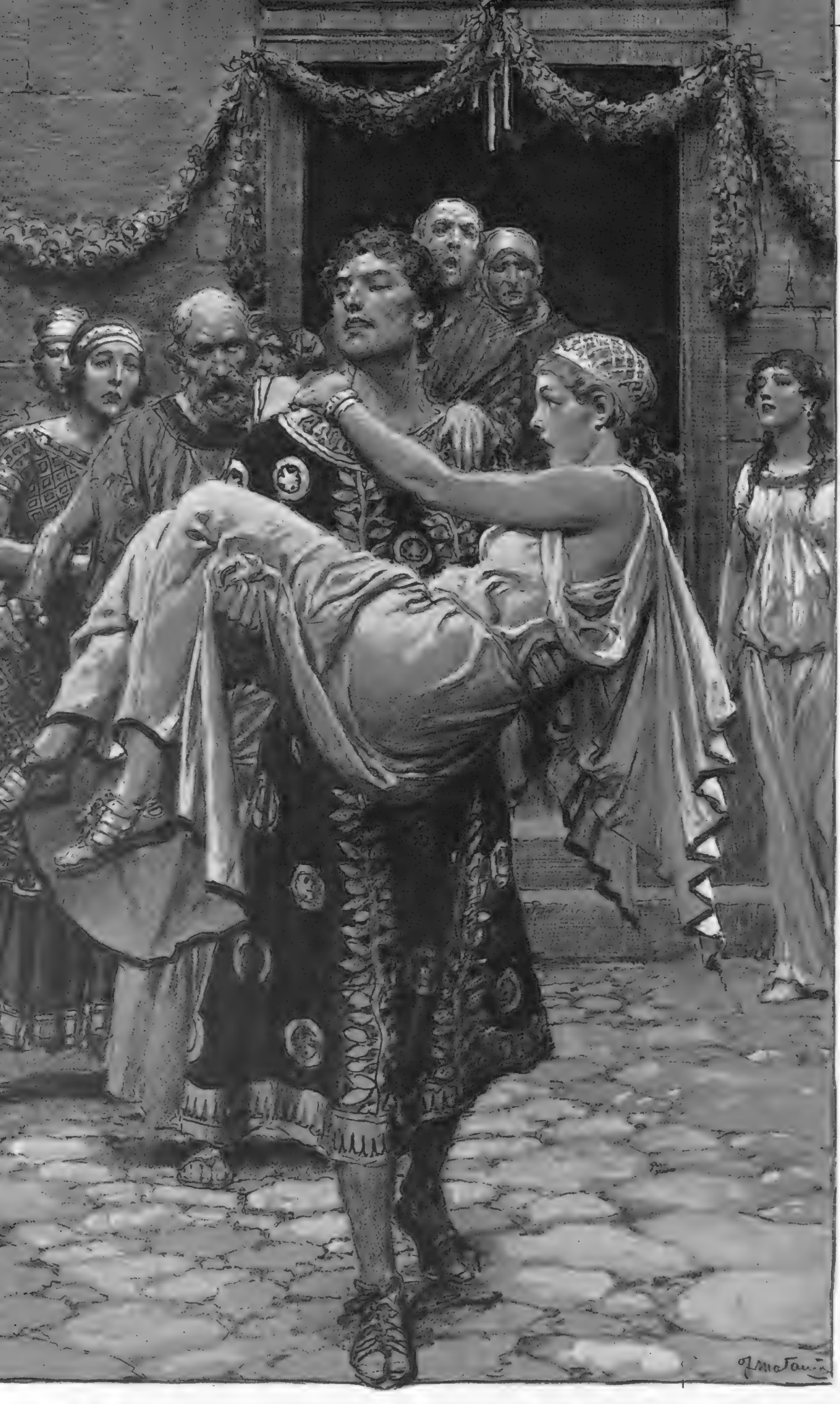
In a corner of the room there was a little niche containing a statue of Juno, in front of which burned a tiny flame. Ariston stood for a few seconds undecided in the semi-obscurity of the room, then he rushed outside, grasped a triple candlestick and hurried back with it to the queen's chamber.

Arising from the bed, and with the most angelic smile, the queen asked the reason for such astonishing behaviour. Ariston replied with another question. He wanted to know the reason for such an unusual attire, and who had given her those garlands. The smile still on her lips, she said : " You gave them to me."

Ariston swore that this was the first moment that he had approached her chamber that night. With equal earnestness, she swore that what he said was impossible, and related with every detail his visit to her.

The king was trembling with rage and jealousy. At the same time a strange fear seized him at the thought that something supernatural was interfering with his married life as a punishment for the foul way whereby he had obtained his third wife.

The absolute serenity with which the queen had behaved, and a careful examination of several circumstances made him altogether exclude the suspicion that the queen had deliberately betrayed him. As a matter of fact, if she had, she would not have awaited her husband with the garlands still around her, for they were the only incriminating evidence. A subsequent investigation proved them to be



Demaratus planned to carry away the bride of one of his relatives called Leotychides. The trick was brought to completion with the same undisputed success with which his father had usurped another man's wife

wreaths and garlands of golden leaves originally awarded to the winning charioteers of the Olympic games and other races, which were afterwards offered to the temple of Astrabacus.

This ancient hero had become a divinity and was worshipped as the protector of the horse, trainers, stables and everything in connection with that noble animal. It was from this temple, not far from the palace, that these garlands had been taken and brought to the chamber of the queen in the very moment that, fresh and perfumed from the bath, she had been left by her maidens for the night. She had only seen the outline of the man who had brought these garlands, and in her opinion it had unmistakably been Ariston. Neither had spoken a word, and when he rose he had taken the garlands and placed them around her head and neck, and, still without uttering a word, had left the chamber.

TIME passed, and Juno at last granted Ariston the realisation of his ambition. The queen was an expectant mother, and, if the issue was a male child, the succession to Ariston's throne would be uninterrupted.

Public joy found sincere and loud expressions all through the kingdom. The mysterious episode had been forgotten by everybody, and apparently also by the king.

But something came to prove how true it is that nothing lives so long as that which remains without an explanation. So Ariston's true feeling showed itself one day spontaneously, unexpectedly, and fatally.

He was sitting with the council of the Ephors, giving judgment on some cases in dispute, when a messenger arrived with the tidings that the queen had given birth to a son. Before the council had time to express their joy at the happy event, Ariston gave way to the most surprising outburst, so loudly, that it was heard by everyone. He shouted: "The boy is not my son. Only ten months have elapsed, I am not the father!"

Then he fell into an absolute silence, and left. The members of the council looked at one another, and wondered

what on earth he meant by saying that only ten months had elapsed. Nor could anyone perceive anything improper in the birth of a child ten months after marriage.

There may, however, be a mistake in recording the words of the king, a mistake that the historians have perpetuated without daring to alter the original record. At any rate, even if there is, the point is irrelevant, and does not alter the structure of the story. The episode, like anything that has the flavour of a scandal, spread rapidly, and reached the ears of Cleomenes.

He naturally expected that such a grave inference as the repudiation of paternity on the part of a king could not fail from having drastic consequences, but his expectations were disillusioned, because nothing happened. Every echo died down with time, and even the king himself showed that he was repentant at having uttered such untimely and unfair remarks.

THE boy was named Demaratus. This name had been derived from two Greek words meaning—the people prayed for—king. In fact, the favour with which Ariston was looked upon by his people was considerably higher than that which Cleomenes enjoyed, and the successor to the line of Ariston had been most sincerely and enthusiastically welcomed.

The boy grew strong and handsome. He developed such a passion for sport and games that at an early age he already promised to become a celebrity, especially in equitation.

He was already a grown up young man when his father died, and he stepped on the throne.

The tension between him and Cleomenes had increased, and Demaratus lost no opportunity in making his colleague feel the pinch of his hostility. At first their enmity was subdued by the deceitful veneer of diplomacy, but with time it lost any disguise, and there was not an action that did not provoke bitter criticism on either side.

It appears that destiny had arranged the same sort of marriage for Demaratus as for that of his father, for he also practically snatched a bride from another man's arms and made of her his wife.

IT was an old custom of Sparta that one of the formalities of the marriage consisted in the so-called seizing of the bride. A performance still inspired by the old idea that the young woman could not surrender her freedom and her virgin purity if not compelled to do so by a form of violence from the stronger sex, and Demaratus, availing himself of his authority, planned to carry away the bride of one of his relatives called Leotychides. The trick was brought to completion with the same undisputed success with which his father had usurped another man's wife.

Cleomenes, in spite of being considered a bit mad, had too much experience of life not to know that the bitterest enmity that one man can conceive against another is that created by the jealousy for a woman. He sought the occasion of becoming an ally of the wronged Leotychides, and found him burning for revenge, and when the latter heard that Cleomenes had made up his mind to overthrow Demaratus and place him on the throne of Sparta, Leotychides did not hesitate to devote all his activities to the achievement of such a bold ambition and such a crushing revenge.

In spite of the time that had elapsed the question of Demaratus' paternity cropped up again. The words uttered by the late king at the Council of the Ephors were used as evidence and endorsed by witnesses. So the scandal that had seemed to be buried under the ashes of the past was aflame again, but the scale of evidence did not show any difference in favour of either's argument. It was therefore unanimously decided to submit the dispute to the Delphic Oracle and to abide by the reply, for the words which were uttered by the sacred lips of the Phitoness of Delphi were considered as being the most unquestionable gospel.

The legal decree was issued and Sparta sent the sacred messengers to Delphi. Every formality in conjunction with the sacred Oracle was strictly observed, and the question was placed before her. The reply, often enigmatic, this time was short, simple and clear: Demaratus was not Ariston's son. . . .

The bombshell left Sparta spellbound, there was nothing more to add.

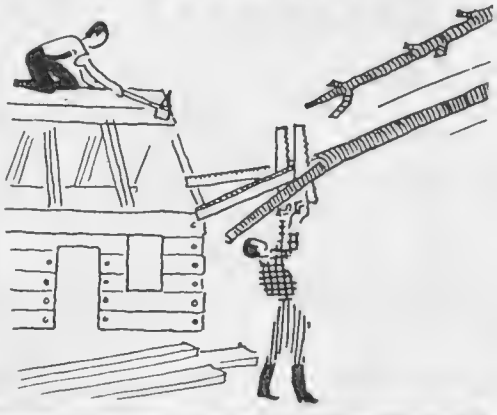
Demaratus, stunned by the cruel blow, mentioned this delicate subject to his mother for the first time, imploring her to tell him the truth of his birth, whatever it might be. She consented, and told him the story that we already know, ending by saying: "And now, my son, I have told thee all thou wouldest fain know. Either thou art the son of that hero—either thou mayest call Astrabacus sire; or else Ariston was thy father. As for that matter which they who hate thee urge the most, the words of Ariston, who, when the messenger told him of thy birth, declared before many witnesses that 'thou wert not his son, forasmuch as the ten months were not fully out,' it was a random speech, uttered from mere ignorance. The truth is, children were not born only at ten months, but at nine, and even at seven. Thou wert thyself, my son, a seven-months' child. Ariston acknowledged, no long time afterwards, that his speech sprang from thoughtlessness."

There was still a dilemma, and if the prophetess was right, he was the son of a divine spirit. Not being the son of the king he had no right to the throne and was compelled to abdicate in favour of Leotychides. Demaratus, however, was not the man to be so peacefully resigned to the position of a deposed king, especially when a rumour reached him insinuating that the reply given by the Oracle was not genuine.

He left Sparta (*Continued on page 84*)

DEMARATUS managed to win the Olympic prize of the four-horse chariot race. He was the only Spartan king who ever won such an honour

WOODEN



For sheer charm there never has been anything to beat the wooden house. It has the qualities of substance and of romance as well. It is the most English of things, and yet it has practically died out as an institution in this country.

Strange prejudices have grown up around the house of timber construction, yet hardly any one of them can be substantiated. Everyone likes them and practically nobody has them.

At least, that has been so for a good many years until recently. Now, the timber house is appearing again in many parts of the country where its practical qualities are proving to be commensurate with its charm.

Assuming the timber house appeals to you—and it *must* when you have seen the pictures on this page—what are the arguments in favour of it as an alternative to the more commonplace brick and tile?

In the beginning there is the comparative rapidity and ease with which a house can be built. The average size five-roomed house takes six or seven weeks to erect. It is ready for occupation at once. There need be no waiting for the timber house to dry out.

For comfort, the well-constructed timber house has no rival. In comparison with brick it is warmer in winter and cooler in summer. Hence the fact that in a variable climate such as that of North America, very few houses indeed are constructed of materials other than timber.

It is a fact that in many countries where there are far greater extremes of climate than in the British Isles, timber is found to offer the best resistance as a medium for house construction.

On the question of maintenance there is excellent authority for the claim that upkeep affords decided economies over other types of structure.

As for durability, the impression which has grown of late years, that the wooden house is of an insubstantial character, is totally unconfirmed by facts.

It is true that the "shack" type of dwelling, emanating from the army hut of early post-war days, has brought the timber house into disrepute, but this is obviously an injustice to a style of building which is typical of two of the

1 A small timber house gay with flowers and enbowered in foliage, a perfect dream home if you like your house romantic

2 A two-storey timber house which suggests the ideal design for a country or seaside cottage. The covered way to the garage provides shelter from the sun or rain

3 The timber house has a homeliness that nothing can exceed. This white painted door, for all its simplicity, has character.

HOUSES

A survey made some years ago in the United States by the Board of Fire Underwriters revealed that in timber houses fires totalled 1.65 per cent and in brick, 2.43 per cent.

Lloyds Underwriters quote a rate of 2s. 6d. per cent for timber-constructed buildings and applications for finance from speculative builders undertaking timber housing schemes are now received and considered by the Council of the Building Societies' Association on the same basis as schemes for building in brick and other materials.

This passage from an official handbook may be informative :

"If the sills are to come in direct contact with the damp course or brickwork, western red cedar, owing to its rot-proof qualities, should be specified.

"For carcassing, any good quality soft-wood having a sheer stress of not less than 800 pounds is suitable. For floors and joists, interior trim and carpentry, any good European or North American softwood is suitable.

"If the external covering is to be painted or preserved any good quality softwood not less than three-quarters of an inch thick can be used, but if it is decided to let the building weather naturally, then western red cedar, which does not need paint nor preservatives, should be used."

If you are interested in timber houses and would like further information, we can give it to you. Write to the Women's Dept., "Britannia & Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

greatest and most attractive periods of English domestic architecture.

There are centuries-old examples of the English timber houses still standing in many parts of the country. Romney's house at Hampstead (*circa* 1795), still inhabited and familiar to most Londoners, is a notable example. Timber—though we are apt to forget it—is one of the only building materials which *improves* with age.

The danger of fire in connection with the timber house is a bogy that vanishes completely when statistics are considered.

One feels that life flows happily, easily and naturally beyond its portals

4 This timber cottage situated in delightful surroundings is painted white, with canary yellow shutters and a front door to match. There is a sun porch built on to the side

5 The use of timber indoors as a decorative feature is exemplified in panelling. This hall is treated with knotty aspen flexwood, mouldings and pilaster are of English beech

WASHABLE BEDROOM

TOP LEFT: An exquisitely fresh and charming bedroom scheme that lends itself to easy cleaning. The walls are painted, the bed curtains are of fringed muslin, the bed cover of pastel-coloured linen over a muslin flounce. Flowered chintz makes the simple curtains and the loose chair cover

CENTRE: This immaculate little room has cream walls of washable distemper. The frilled muslin curtains are lightly edged with red and a bold print cover in red and white is on the bed. Washable flower rugs are used on the painted floor

ABOVE: Printed sateen which is hardly distinguishable from glazed chintz is perfect for the washable scheme. This material is inexpensive and retains its stiffness and gloss after laundering

BELOW, LEFT: Marquisette for draped curtains, dressing-table flounces and other uses in the bedroom is glamorous, practical and cheap. It can be had in many colours, plain, flowered and spotted, and washes perfectly and with ease

Are you on the look-out for a decorative scheme that is glamorous and practical as well? A bedroom scheme, perhaps.

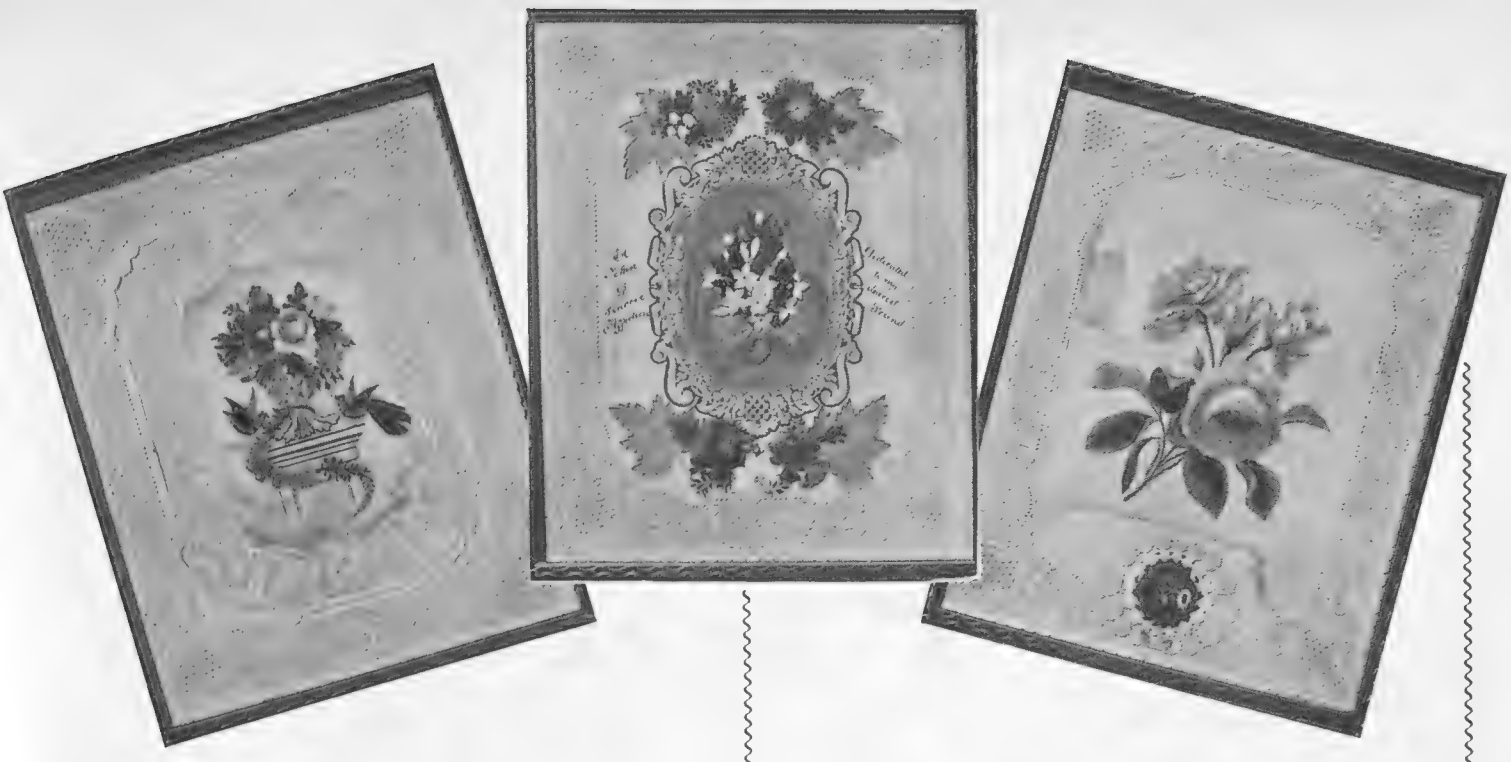
There are still people who deny themselves the thrill of pastel colourings and rich fabrics because of the bogy "dirt." But the sacrifice is quite unnecessary.

Of course it *is* a great advantage to be able to set about your bedroom and thoroughly freshen it with the good old-fashioned medium of soap and water. Well, you can do it and still have a thoroughly glamorous scheme of decoration as well.

Begin with the walls. You can have a washable paper, for a start. Some of the most elegant designs obtainable in modern wallpaper are made in the washable variety, but they are more expensive than most. Worth it, mind you, but definitely more costly.

If you feel disinclined to run to the expense of a washable paper, paint is a charming substitute. If this isn't cheap enough either, washable distemper is the other alternative, and quite delightful too in one of the many flower tones available.

It is not very likely that you will wish to carry your taste for a washable scheme to the floor covering. To be comfortable in the real sense (*Continued on page* 114)



ACCESSORIES

Accessories make the scheme as much in furnishing as in dress. The simple ensemble is given distinction, vitality, charm by the introduction of clever trifles.

But the tendency is to use accessories too lavishly. With small things especially, this is a mistake. These must be sparingly used if they are to be noticed.

What kind of accessories are there to make the bedroom more beautiful? To begin with the decorative kind there are pictures. These, obviously, should take their character from the room itself. To be effective they must, both in colouring and treatment, be in sympathy with the scheme.

Flower pictures are hard to improve upon. They are delicate and gay and seldom grow monotonous as some subjects do.

If you have gone for one of the popular neo-Victorian bedroom schemes of flounced curtains, posy wallpaper and quilting, framed Valentines make delightful wall decorations. You can buy these charming old love tokens for a few shillings each at the print dealers.

Dressing-table appointments are important. You may keep your favourite old brush and comb in a drawer, but a set of brushes with painted backs will make your dressing-table lovelier.

Painted glass bottles and jars are useful and pretty. This is fascinating work to do yourself to match your own schemes. Transfers, paint and brushes for working on glass or wood are obtainable quite reasonably, and many charming accessories for the bedroom can be devised by their use.

Lamps can practically make or mar the bedroom scheme. They should be not too large yet outstanding, so that you need not go in constant fear of turning them over. Shades should be softly tinted but flattering in colour. (*Continued on page* 117)

Old Valentines make charming pictures for the feminine bedroom scheme. These were bought at a print shop and framed in gilt

A peach Dresden lamp with a satin shade to match — a really distinguished piece for the bedroom and an ornament by day also. The lamp is 69s. 6d., the shade 15s. 11d.

BELOW, LEFT: Hand-painted water set for the bedside. The jug has a lid and the set stands on a painted glass tray. The price is 15s. 6d. postage extra

BELOW: A new kind of brush set of hand-painted wood. The whole thing fits on to a tray and makes a charming splash of colour for the dressing-table. Price, complete, £3 3s. Postage, 9d.

PEARLS

Shimmering symbols of tears bring tragedy again

By Daphne K. Forster

THERE was something about them that had always fascinated her. Their lustre, the cool feel of them beneath her fingers, the aesthetic satisfaction it gave to see them lying in a semi-curve in the black velvet groove of their case—to catch a glimpse of them in a mirror as they encircled her neck, and to know them as what they were, a string of beautifully matched pearls.

Were these the reasons for their fascination? Or was it because being the possessor of such costliness set a seal, so to speak, on one's value—gave a precise and definite valuation of oneself? Or it might be that her dim knowledge of their origin—for were not pearls, in their essence, wounds?—had, in some sentimental way, endeared them to her.

Yet as she laid them in their case, taking care that the damaged clasp should be curled inward and out of danger, she knew that these were but superficial reasons. If sentiment did play a part in her love for her pearls, it had nothing to do with their origin, nor for the fact that her father had given them to her on her wedding-day.

As for costliness, her diamond bracelet was costly, as was her ermine wrap and her car and her home—indeed, taken all round, she was a costly person. Yet her pearls alone remained precious. To her there had always been something garish about diamonds. They could not match their moods to yours. They glittered on the talon-hands of old women, as on the young hand of a bride; against faded hair, their fire was as fierce as against bright. Diamonds made no discrimination, while pearls were kind.

But her string of pearls were more than all that. And looking at them as they lay in their velvet bed, their careful graduation and tenuous sheen, it came to her that they symbolised her life. All its training, its polish of finishing-school and Continental travel, of preparedness for that one end—a rich and successful marriage—no matter what the wounds in the process. The achievement crowned with a string of pearls!

It was her own life she was looking at, its material wealth, its care as to outward perfection—perhaps even, its damaged clasp.

She remembered how her father had given them to her on her wedding-day, snapping open the case and laying it on the dressing-table in front of her: "They should look well with your dress." He added, as an afterthought: "They are, of course, very good."

They were exquisite against the parchment velvet of her wedding-dress, and her father looking her over with his cold, unimpassioned gaze, was satisfied. She was correct; the pearls giving that extra touch of opulence to be expected in the only child of a wealthy man.

With a paid chaperone, and an aunt who saw to the social side of her life, and a father who was the driving-force behind it all, she had accomplished what he desired. At nineteen, she was marrying a man as rich as he was, though—but this he tactfully overlooked—as old, too.

HER father had wanted a son. Perhaps it had been the only thing he wanted that life had not given him. He had wanted a son, and his wife had died in giving him a daughter. Not being the kind of man who changed his mind as to what he wanted, he had never changed his mind about her. From an early age she had known that she was in the way and that her childhood and her adolescence were but a preliminary to her being out of it.

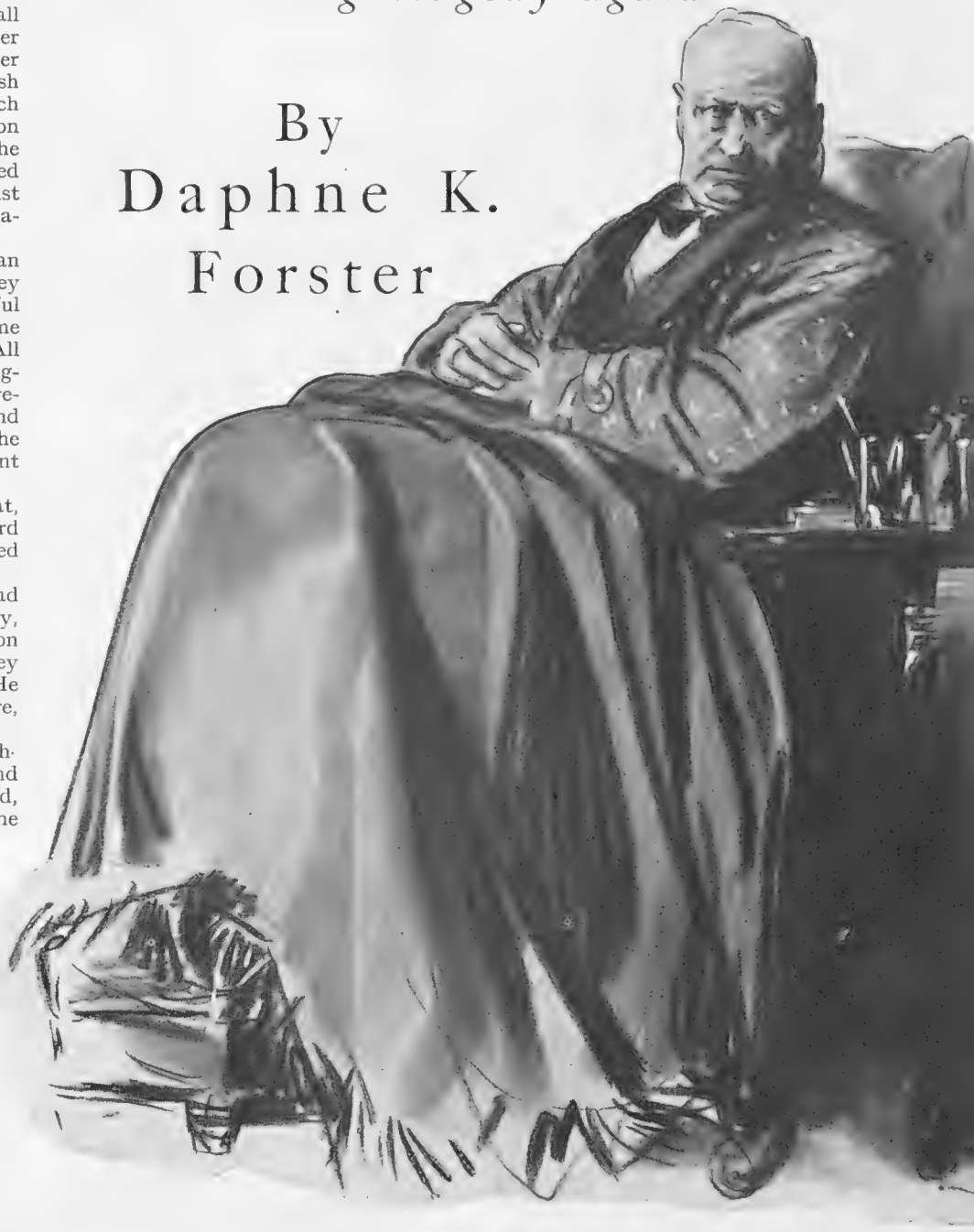
And so at nineteen, her father's gift of pearls around her neck, she married a man himself fit to be her father.

It was a question of changing one wealthy home for another, except that now she was mistress of the home, and her husband gave her the affection she had never known. They travelled, and he was proud of her, delighting in giving her presents, in the indulgent way of a grown-up with a child. The best years of his life had been spent in money-making and he hoped to recapture them through her youth. He had seen life through a business perspective, now he tried to see it through her young eyes.

She was not in love with her husband, but she was grateful, and for a time they were happy. Then he fell ill and the doctors said worrying things about his lungs: there was no real danger, but he was to be careful—very careful.

With his delicate health, he seemed to turn away from her. He had always regarded her as a child, and children are out of place in a sick room. So he put his trust in professional nurses and became irritable if she tried to take their place.

She was forced to assume the rôle that



AT twenty-nine she was the pretty and expensively-dressed wife of a sick old man

he himself thrust on her—that of the young, doll-like wife who was no more than an ornamental appendage to a sick husband.

THE years passed and her life was empty. It was a cycle of days and nights with but the polish and care of her own person, to cover up its hollowness. She would have liked to have adopted a child, but her husband would not entertain any such proposition. Like many a semi-invalid, his frail health had grown dear to him. He was used to being the centre of attraction and refused to give up that place to another. Besides which, he was not fond of children and so she had to abandon the idea.

At twenty-nine she was the pretty and expensively-dressed wife of a sick old man. She had her jewels and her furs and her beautiful clothes—the sheen of the pearl that was no more than a wound.

Last spring had found them in Switzerland and looking out one morning from a corner of the hotel terrace, across the glittering lake to the snow-crowned mountains, she decided that for all her life was worth, she might as well be dead! It was an arraignment she held out there in the sunshine, in which she was both the judge and the accused. And the evidence showed no reason why the accused should go on living.

A little blinded with the bright light, with her own lonely tears, she turned to go into the hotel, and in doing so, stumbled against a strange young man.

"Good morning," he said, "it's almost too good a day to be true, isn't it?"

Something in his voice held her. There was such a carefree quality about it. Never had she heard such a voice before.

She said, blinking, "Yes, it's incredibly bright."

"You shouldn't look out on snowy mountains without dark glasses," the gay voice reproved.

She said in answer: "No, I suppose I shouldn't."

He laughed then, such a happy, teasing laugh that she found her own heavy heart lightening.

"Do you always take advice?" he asked.

She smiled. "Sometimes," she said and left him.

All that night in her dreams she heard his voice and his laugh.

They met the next day, and the next.

"You know," he said once, "you'd be ravishing if you smiled oftener. Your eyes are just as blue as the lake and when you smile, the picture's complete, because then they sparkle! So please smile oftener."

"I'll try," she said and did as he requested. When with him, smiling became a natural thing.

It wasn't necessary to deceive her husband. She spent the usual hour in the evening reading to him, walked in the morning by his bath-chair which the nurse wheeled. Since his illness he had wanted little more of her beyond that, and he was not interested in what she did with the rest of her time. So it was not a question of depriving him of her company, nor of deception. He asked no questions to which she had to lie, demanded nothing she could not give.

In a setting of pine woods and fields of asphodels, of hillside quiet and tinkling cow-bells, nights that lay lightly over sleeping valley and mountain, dawns that glowed pearl-like in sky and lake, love came to her. Where for so long she had been dead, now she lived.

His name was Guy Somers and she soon found that in spite of his gay spirits, he was worried financially. It was a joy then to be able to help him, to give him lavishly of the money she wasted on herself.

He made the giving easy because of his unaffected

acceptance. They loved each other, she had money and he didn't: what more natural than that she should give him what he lacked?

She loved him in the starved way of a lonely woman. There was nothing she would not have done, or given up, for him. When they had been lovers for some time she suggested that they run away together.

"It's not that I shall be deserting a sick husband. You see for yourself how little my husband wants me. I don't think he ever really wanted me, except perhaps at first, and then it was my youth, rather than me. If I go, he won't miss me, he might even—be glad."

But Guy was against an elopement. "Not yet," he pleaded, "I must make some money first—get a home together for you."

"But darling, as if that matters! I won't have as much money then, of course; but with what my father settled on me, we could manage quite well."

"No," Guy said, "that wouldn't be the same!" and his mouth set in an obstinate line.

She couldn't see why, if he took money from her now, he should be squeamish about taking it if she left her husband. The latter way was surely more honest.

She wanted to tell him that, but a prick of fear held her back. Could it be that Guy preferred the present relationship, because it laid no obligation on him? That it was her money he loved and not her?

Illustrated by Albert Bailey

She suppressed the fear, but it persisted, especially as he did nothing to allay it. And in despair she kept giving him money, afraid of the day when even she would not have enough to give. She knew she was buying his love; but at any price it was dear to her. When you have had a glimpse of light, you cannot go back to the outer darkness.

But the Swiss idyll was finished. Her fear made her possessive, suspicious. Love became a torment.

Guy began to resent her many questions, they quarrelled and then in a frenzy lest he should leave her altogether, she would give him more money.

WITH the warmer weather, her husband decided to return for a time to England. Guy temporised: he would follow and they must meet often, in London and for week-ends in the country. It could be arranged—what easier?

It was impossible to invite him to her own home, because with her husband's poor health, they did no entertaining and even if they did, she was not sure that she would have welcomed such meetings. Guy's suggestion was the obvious one—in the circumstances, the only one.

Back in England she lived for her reunion with Guy and when it came she was too happy to wonder whether it was her Guy loved, or her money. For a short time they even recaptured something of their earlier joy; but then there came days when Guy was unable to meet her, appointments he didn't keep.

She had no illusions about him now. She knew that he was a charming young waster who did no work, couldn't keep money, and had the knack of turning his charming to commercial account. But his was the only love she had ever known and so, no matter what its worth, she valued it.

Her tranquillity went and she exchanged the pain of loneliness for the pain of uncertainty. Guy was not always discreet in what he said, and from remarks he let fall, she began to think that there was another woman. The suspense became intolerable. She lived for their meetings, which, when they came, were poisoned with her suspicions. Fear at her heart, she gave Guy money.

One morning, quite unexpectedly, he phoned and asked her to meet him at a hotel in Surrey which they had often visited. He suggested that she arrive in the afternoon and he would join her for tea. His voice was gay and he told her to be sure and wear his favourite black frock.

As it was generally she who arranged their meetings, the fact that he had done so, added to her happiness. There would, she told herself, be no jarring element this time, for it was Guy who had sought her out and showed that he wanted to be with her.

Excitedly she packed her dressing-case, put away the black frock with its high neckline and white cuffs that gave to it a nun-like appearance, which was broken by her string of pearls.

She told her husband she was going to stay for a couple of days with a friend in the country; the chauffeur drove her to the station where she took a train.

The hotel garden was deep in flowering rhododendron bushes, there was a swing under an apple tree, and a duck pond. From cream to magenta the rhododendrons ranged in colours, there were shell-pink blooms, others of a deep ponceau. The duck pond was vaguely reminiscent of a fairy-tale illustration. It was a garden where you couldn't help but be happy, bathed as it was, in sunshine.

The hotel people welcomed her: They had, they said, been able to keep her old room for her, the one with the view of the garden, that Madam had liked so much last time she had visited them. Would Madam take tea now, or wait?

She said she would wait for her husband.

In the room with its old four-poster bed, rose-patterned carpets and curtains, she unpacked, washed and changed into her black frock. It was while she was combing into place her pale gilt hair, that her pearl necklace slipped from off her neck on to the carpet and she discovered that the clasp was damaged.

Guy had always admired her pearls: shorn of them the black frock retained its austere, nun-like appearance. She had brought no other jewellery and so the frock would have to be worn as it was.

She put the pearls away, the damaged clasp curled inward and out of danger, and as she laid them in their case, she fell to thinking of them—seeing them as symbolic of her own life.

Her reverie was broken by a sound that could be no other than what it was—Guy's footstep on the stair. Hastily she snapped the lid shut and laid the case, for the moment, on the table by her bed. Then with fluttering heart, she went forward to meet Guy.

"Hello, darling. Hope I'm not late." He pulled her to him in his customary whirlwind embrace.

"Your telephone message was such a grand surprise," she said.

He laughed a trifle uneasily, she thought. "Glad you were able to come," he said.

"I'd always be able to do that."

This time there was no mistaking the awkwardness of his laugh. She felt the

old fear start to drown her; with an effort freed herself of it, retaining his hand in both of hers.

"You must be wanting your tea."

"As a matter of fact, dear, I stopped and had some on the way. There's one of those old inns, about ten miles from here, where they give wonderful teas."

It was not like Guy to take a meal alone and she wondered about it.

"A cigarette then," she said, and pulled forward a chair.

He seated himself, but did not smoke.

The feeling that he was awkward and in a hurry persisted.

In a gesture of appraisal, his eye ran over her. "No pearls?" he asked.

She shook her head. "As a matter of fact, they slipped off my neck when I was combing my hair. The safety-clasp is damaged; it wouldn't be safe to wear them as they are. I must put them away before we go down to dinner." She indicated the case, lying on the table by her bed.

He said, in a voice that in trying to keep natural became deliberately so: "I'm sorry, but I find I can't stay for dinner—not longer than an hour or so, and a chat. It's lovely to see you again, dear, even for that little time."

"Oh!" Never had there been such a hollow-sounding bleat.

"I found at the eleventh hour that some business turned up—something I had to attend to myself. I would have phoned, but I knew you had left, so decided to come (*Continued on page* 115)

SHE rose hurriedly and stood with her back against the table by the bed. Whatever happened, she must not make a scene, but let him go decently and without tears

LD

The "O" in the heading is a large ivory brooch representing horses in action, a most delicate and remarkable Fifties carving. It is unusual for the plaque and framework to be in one piece. The plaque is more often mounted in metal

At the top of the photograph is a late Victorian necklace of large cut steel stars and a hair ornament from the same set, which includes brooch and bracelets

To the right below it is a very early Victorian vinaigrette of engraved silver. An aromatic pad is concealed under silver fretwork within the box.

The other pieces are Eastern jewellery, probably from Arabia, of a type which became fashionable after the Great Exhibition of 1851 had brought England into touch with Oriental influences. There is a gold Oriental breast ornament, a hair ornament, and twin bracelets with small irregular pearls and turquoise embellishment. The twin bracelets may be joined to form a necklet

Below: Mid-Victorian brooch and ear-rings containing cabuchon-cut garnets. The ear-rings are inlaid with pearls and have a fringe attachment which, like the tassel of the brooch, is typical Mid-Victorian

The other suite is a gold brooch and ear-rings containing amethysts inlaid with a flower design of minute diamonds

By Doris Langley Moore

JEWELLERY

These are halcyon days for the amateur of antique and near-antique trinkets, for it happens that, although they have become fashionable enough for reproduction, and are likely to remain in vogue until well into the Nineteen-Forties, there are still some very charming things to be found within reach of a very modest income.

So it is not surprising that the number of women who are beginning to acquire pieces of jewellery as items for a collection instead of as mere isolated purchases has increased enormously within the last year.

It requires some altruism for a greedy and inveterate collector like myself to frame advice for those to whom the hobby is new, but there is a certain stage in collecting when one becomes able to take a broad, impersonal view—and in any case I have got a good start.

When I first began to take collecting seriously, I went to the jeweller who did my repair work (which is often, by the way, a means of entering into friendly relations with a good firm without making expensive purchases), and asked him to give me some hints on distinguishing the real from the false and one period from another.

He replied doubtfully, "You know, we really learn about the stuff by handling it." That was true, of course: by the time you have handled a few hundreds of specimens and picked up all the information available about them, you will have gathered more working knowledge than a text book could teach you: for text books have an annoying way of confining themselves to famous and superb examples, generally drawn from royal treasuries, and afford little enlightenment on what is within reach of the ordinary collector.

But there are two other methods of learning which I have found most helpful, indeed essential. First, there are the exhibits of nineteenth-century jewellery to be studied in the museums—especially the London Museum and the Victoria and Albert. Then there are portraits, fashion plates, and old photographs, which show the jewellery as it was actually worn. These give invaluable assistance in fixing the dates.

If we divide the Queen's reign into three more or less equal parts, we get a sequence of periods thus:

Early Victorian, 1837—1858

At first jewellery is somewhat out of fashion as a reaction from the excesses of William IV modes. Hair ornaments still in high vogue and bracelets numerous, but designs are plain, and remain so until 1851, when a fresh impetus is given to intricate workmanship of every kind.

A new device, admired for many years, is the delicate inlaying of precious stones. Amethysts are inlaid with tiny diamonds: carbuncles (which are simple garnets cut *en cabuchon*—that is to say, rounded without facets) are inlaid with pearls. Brooches often have some pendant attachment, a tassel, a festoon, or a fringe. Flowers and foliage and sheaves of wheat figure gracefully in numberless designs. Ivory and coral are exquisitely carved. Much less attractive to our modern taste are revivals of ancient Celtic and Irish patterns in silver and semi-precious stones; and there is also a pseudo-medieval tendency.

Mid-Victorian, 1859—1880

A growing conventionalism of design. Naturalistic floral arrangements gradually give place to elaborations of geometrical forms. Symbolism is *chic*, and many ornaments are heart-shaped, anchor-shaped, crucifix-shaped, or otherwise emblematic.

There is a parallel trend towards classicism and a groping-out after foreign and historical influences. Enamelling has a wide appeal, particularly in a rich blue colour; also niello work, the inlaying of a black alloy into gold and other bright metals. Cameos and coloured mosaics are in demand.

Polished steel is used effectively in what is known as marquisite. By the Seventies, Whitby jet is to be seen in every imaginable guise. Lockets are immensely popular and are worn on a velvet ribbon tied close round the neck, a fashion now pleasantly revived. Ear-rings are fully established again, the favourite type being Spanish. Necklaces are very (*Continued on page* 116)

A turquoise-studded necklace, comb, brooch, and ear-rings which are admirable for evening wear with modern hairdressing. The comb which is late Georgian, is of earlier date than the remaining pieces

Illustrated by Jack Faulks

SINCE the date of your instructions, a watch has been maintained on all London railway termini, and on this third day Anna Lind was identified upon arriving at Victoria

FROM: KRAUT, SUPERVISOR OF IRONIAN NATIONALS IN LONDON.
TO: DIRECTOR OF POLITICAL CONTROL, IRONIA.

Report on the girl Anna Lind, fugitive from Ironia

1st September, ——.

YOUR subordinate respectfully reports the safe arrival of the girl Anna Lind.

Since the date of your instructions, a watch has been maintained on all London railway termini, and on this the third day Anna Lind was identified arriving at Victoria. She was alone and in a somewhat nervous condition, but without apparent fear of being under observation. She seemed still instinctively afraid of persons wearing uniform. On the whole, her actions were consistent with relief and thankfulness at her "escape." She is undoubtedly without suspicion that this has been facilitated by your command.

The preliminary contact with this girl was made smoothly, owing to the clarity of your instructions which your subordinate gratefully acknowledges. Her attire was also helpful, being still somewhat Ironian in character and thus not inconspicuous.

Our observer followed her to an address in Golder's Green, which she reached by tube. She speaks English with intelligence, and was evidently following written directions. The house is suburban and typical.

The door was opened by a girl wearing school overalls who called a second person whom she addressed as "Ma." A stout woman appeared, read a letter which Anna Lind presented and after some conversation the girl entered with her

Report on a Fugitive

A Drama of the Secret Service

By Gordon Wellesley

bag. She did not reappear. Having been advised of these events by telephone, your subordinate then put the house under continuous surveillance.

Neighbourhood inquiries show the occupants to be the parents of an Englishman serving as third mate on the tramp ship *Lady Rose*, on which the girl arrived in England. Your subordinate deduced that this man gave the girl a letter to his parents asking them to befriend her. Your subordinate was right. The family has been checked upon and consists of the father (a retired postal clerk); the mother (already seen); another son (away, apprenticed to the English Air Force); and the daughter, attending school. No significant political beliefs—nor, in fact, any discernible politics at all. The father has local prominence at a game played with darts.

The name is Burgins. They have a telephone. Two newspapers are delivered daily, the *Planet* and the *Evening Sun*. Report of further action follows.

For the Glory of our Cause.

(Signed) KRAUT
Supervisor, London.

Report on Anna Lind, continued.

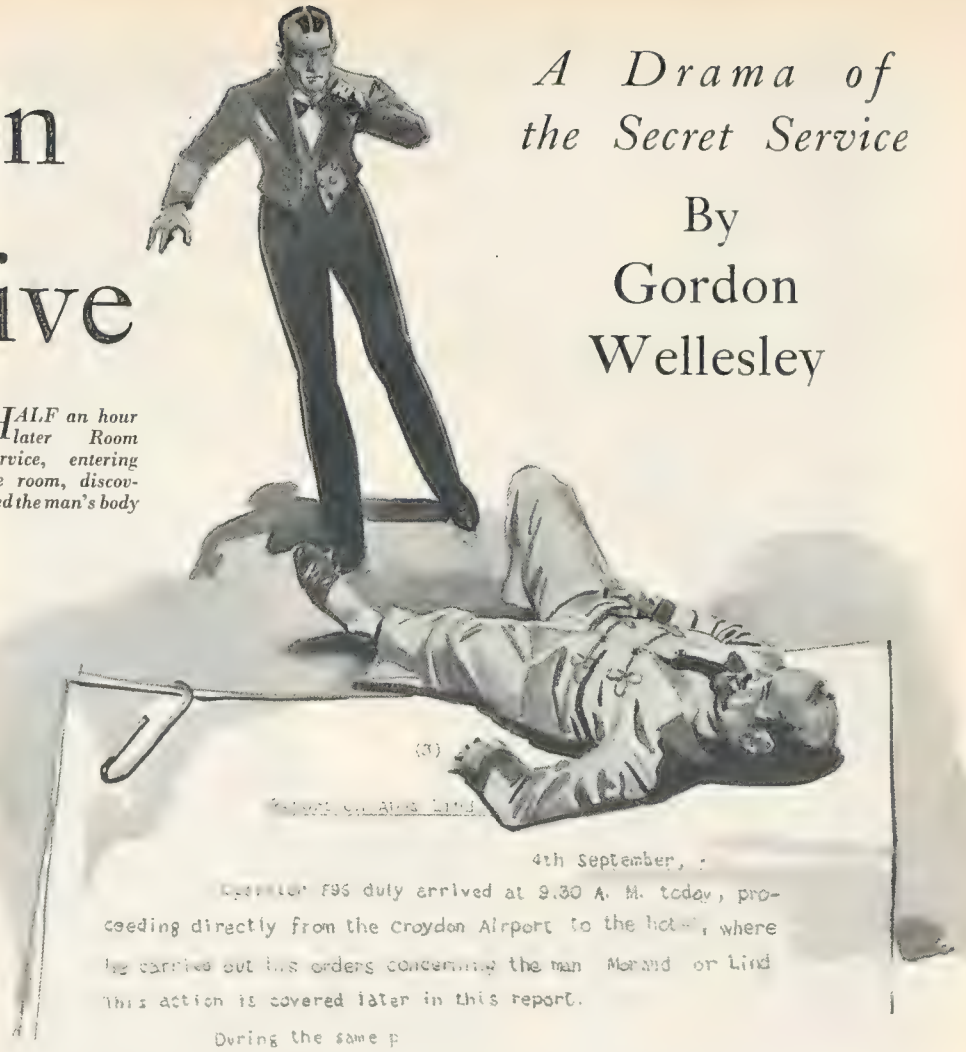
3rd September, ——.

YOUR subordinate has pleasure in advising further progress in this case and complete success in attaining the objective stated in Part 2 of your instructions.

Two days after Anna Lind's arrival, your subordinate observed a personal announcement in the *Evening Sun*, one of the papers taken by the Burgins family. The advertisement read pointlessly, but gave the telephone number of the Burgins' house. Your subordinate at once deduced that the girl was using this means of revealing guardedly her arrival to interested parties in this country. Your subordinate was right.

WE located her at the Polyglot Café in Soho, kept by a man named Duborg

HALF an hour later Room Service, entering the room, discovered the man's body


(3)
4th September, :
Operator 796 duly arrived at 9.30 A. M. today, proceeding directly from the Croydon Airport to the hotel, where he carried out his orders concerning the man Morand or Lind
This action is covered later in this report.
During the same p

The girl had hitherto made no attempt to seek the usual haunts of Ironian refugees in London, or even to go out. But later in the afternoon on which the advertisement appeared she left the house. She went alone by tube to the West End, thence on foot to Grosvenor Park Hotel. She was now less conspicuous in dress, no doubt having been assisted from the wardrobe of the Burgins' family.

Our observer followed closely. At the hotel desk she was heard to ask for one Morand. She was taken upstairs by a page. Immediate inquiry at the desk elicited a description of the man "Morand" which corresponds to that of your objective, the girl's father, Paul Lind.

Lind (or Morand) has been staying at this *de luxe* hotel for weeks. Being known to have left Ironia without funds, he must be presumed now to be in contact with his political associates.

Your subordinate regrets past failures to locate this man, due to the unlikely nature of this hiding place. Your subordinate submits, however, that the present satisfactory result, based on the fortunate coincidence of your advice to utilise the girl Anna Lind, has been done with speed, efficiency and the use of those deductive gifts for which he has already won some little reputation.

The first report from our observer reached this subordinate some eight minutes after the girl had been shown up to her father's room. Three minutes later we telephoned the hotel, asking for Morand by name and room number. "Morand" answered, his voice removing all remaining doubts that he was the man we sought. Your subordinate then had a brief conversation with "Morand," indicating that his identity and hiding place were known. Care was taken not to convey to "Morand" that we were aware of the arrival of his daughter.

This action is believed to have had immediate effect. The girl left shortly afterwards in a state of agitation and returned to Golder's Green.

Your subordinate then cabled you in code, asking for Part 3 of our arrangements

SHE ran to me at once, keeping her face pressed against me. She said nothing but my name

to be put into operation. Your answer was received advising that Operator F96 of the Special Service Corps would arrive next morning.

For the Glory of our Cause.

(Signed) KRAUT

Supervisor, London.

Report on Anna Lind, continued.

4th September, ——.

THIS subordinate asks leave to express unbounded admiration for the precision of your arrangements, these contributing in no small degree to the satisfactory progress now to be reported.

Operator F96 duly arrived at 9.30 a.m. to-day, proceeding directly from the Croydon Airport to the hotel, where he carried out his orders concerning the man "Morand" or Lind. This action is covered later in this report.

During the same period of time, our observers on the girl Anna Lind reported that she left the Burgins' house shortly after ten o'clock and went straight to the hotel. She was in a state of intense anxiety and in such haste that she used a taxicab from the tube station. She inquired at the desk for Morand. The clerk telephoned the room but received no answer, and at once the girl's anxiety increased. The clerk saw she was inclined to go up unannounced and to avoid this telephoned Room Service. He was told that Morand seemed to be engaged, as a gentleman had been seen to knock and be admitted to the room within the last ten or fifteen minutes.

Hearing this the girl Anna Lind rushed upstairs despite the remonstrance of the clerk. From this moment we lost trace of her. It is believed that she entered her father's room, though this cannot be confirmed, and it is certain that she left the hotel by some exit other than the lobby. Half an hour later Room Service, entering the room, discovered "Morand's" body.

The hotel immediately notified the police, who examined and photographed the room. It was stated that "Morand" died of a single bullet-wound and that there were no signs of struggle. As no weapon was found, murder was assumed, while the ransacked condition of "Morand's" possessions pointed to robbery. The police made careful inquiry regarding the man who was seen to enter the room, and the girl. They at once circularised the descriptions of these two, obtained from Room Service and the hotel desk, respectively.

It is satisfactory to note that the police ascribe no political motive and that the description of the man is vague.

Operator F96 will report in person to your subordinate late to-night. This meeting has been arranged under conditions of the strictest secrecy to prevent any possible connexion being traced between us. In view of the operator's oversight in allowing his approach to "Morand's" room to be observed, your subordinate considers the precaution justified. Your subordinate feels such clumsiness to be inexcusable and recommends that F96 be suitably reprimanded.

Later.

Operator F96 has reported fully.

He states that upon arrival he went straight to "Morand's" room, knocked boldly, and on the door being opened by "Morand," entered at once. "Morand" was in pyjamas and unarmed and our man therefore met with no resistance. He relocked the door and demanded from "Morand" the information we desired concerning his political associates. "Morand" refused this and continued to refuse it despite a promise that he would be left unharmed if he obeyed. "Morand" seemed to attach little weight to promises, and even less to those made with the authority of the State.

F96 thereupon carried out the next part of his instructions, after ordering "Morand" to start the radio-gramophone to drown the slight sound of the shot. F96 then made a thorough search, first of "Morand's" body and then of the entire room and luggage. Your subordinate regrets to state that no useful information whatever was found.

F96 then unlocked the door and left. The radio-gramophone was still running, having been set on the "repeat," but he felt it advisable to leave this so as to give an effect of normalcy in case his exit should be noticed.

Your subordinate has commended F96 for his efficiency and told him to keep in hiding pending further orders.

F96 makes on the whole a favourable impression. He has courage and resource and, as already proved, is capable of

swift and resolute action. His appearance is a credit to the Special Service Corps. Your subordinate's only doubts arise from his youth (he is barely twenty-two) and the fact that his devotion to duty seems based on enthusiasm for our Party's glorious ideals, rather than the more usual desire for promotion. Experience shows that a combination of ideals and youth is sometimes dangerous. For operations of this kind a less imaginative (even a less intelligent) type is more reliable. And as your subordinate's own record shows, a tall, athletic or even average physique is not essential to the attainment of the best results.

However, F96 has not done badly and your subordinate has decided not to press the matter of a reprimand. It is hoped that good results will be obtained in connection with "Morand's" associates when we are ready to proceed against them.

Your subordinate appreciates your caution in issuing to F96 a pistol and ammunition of special pattern bearing no mark of origin, and regards this as a wholly admirable advance in political technique.

For the Glory of our Cause.

(Signed) KRAUT
Supervisor, London.

TO: DIRECTOR OF POLITICAL CONTROL, IRONIA.
(Cablegram decoded.)

5th September, ——.

RESPECTFULLY SUBMIT OFFENSIVE TONE YOUR CABLEGRAM UNJUSTIFIED STOP PERFECTLY AWARE FAILURE TO FIND EVIDENCE POSSIBLY DUE OUR TELEPHONE WARNING TO QUOTE MORAND UNQUOTE STOP BUT NOT IN HABIT ACTING WITHOUT FORESIGHT STOP AM CERTAIN DECEASED WILL HAVE ENTRUSTED DAUGHTER NECESSARY INFORMATION CONNECTING HIS ASSOCIATES STOP ANTICIPATE NO TROUBLE DEALING WITH GIRL WHEN FOUND STOP GLORY CAUSE

—KRAUT.

Report on Anna Lind, continued.

9th September, ——.

YOUR subordinate notifies the measures taken to re-establish contact with Anna Lind.

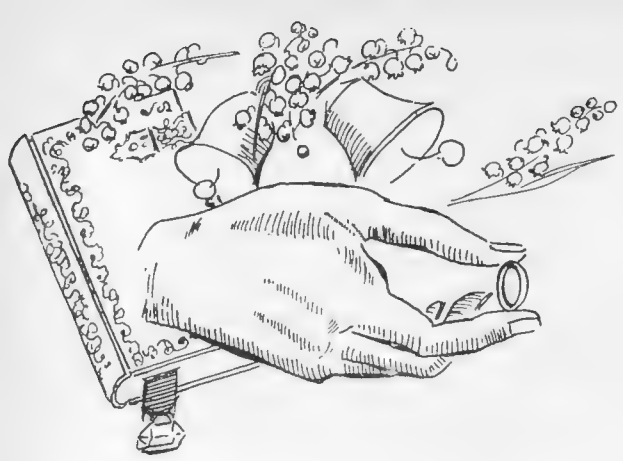
Following her disappearance from the hotel, our first opinion was that she had returned to the Golder's Green address and was there in hiding. (To test this, our observer visited the house in the pose of a Home Office representative, asking to see Anna Lind in connexion with her passport. Mrs. Burgins' distress revealed at once that the girl had not returned.

So far, Scotland Yard do not seem to have connected Anna Lind with the Morand case. But the Burgins' family do, as they knew the destination of her calls, and have heard the broadcast description of the unknown girl who called at the hotel. It is a fairly accurate description. They seemed inclined to report their information to Scotland Yard, fearing something may have happened to her. Our observer suggested that this was now unnecessary as they had reported it to him. It is to be hoped they take no further action. We do not want Scotland Yard to get its hands on her first.

Your subordinate thereupon took certain steps, having in mind the girl's nationality, her almost penniless condition, and the fact that she believed herself to be fugitive from the police rather than from us.

It was the police who found that a girl answering her description had slept at a refuge hostel for young women in Pimlico. She had gone before the hostel people saw the description and telephoned to Scotland Yard. (*Continued on page* 110)

BUT I regret that she now appeared to regard me with extreme horror and loathing, and I entirely failed to influence her further



Getting

It must be obvious to you as well as to me that the implications of this title are immense. Once dispatched upon a commentary about marriage there is positively no limit to the possibilities of discussion.

But to boil the matter down, or if boiling seems inappropriate, to confine the subject to a discussion of essentials, let us simply talk about getting married.

Goodness knows it has never been harder to get married than now. Nor, if statistics mean anything at all, has it ever required so much perseverance to establish marriage—once that desirable end is achieved—on a permanent basis.

The reason for this is not difficult to see.

A lot of people say that economic instability, war scares and other popular complexes are responsible for the tardiness young men are showing in bestowing their hands and their spare money upon the young women of to-day. This is not entirely true.

The fact is that young women are not making marriage attractive enough, and that young men are encouraging them in not doing so.

When you consider the competition in the way of cheap entertainment and the glamorous standards imposed upon us by the movies from which a lot of men get their ideas about women, it is clearly no time to relax.

Beside this, women have lost the art of flattery, and this is fatal.

Take your minds back and you will discover that there have been other times when poverty and insecurity were familiars of our land, but the young men still married and, moreover, produced the most convincing testimony of their satisfaction in the arrangement—children.

The reason for this was that young women, tender but clever little creatures that they were, knew exactly what they were about. They threw themselves upon the protection of men—they flattered them by the delight and the humility with which they viewed the prospect of sharing their troubles.

Men were inspired by the strength, the conviction, the physical endurance which women poured into the task of creating a family structure, a background for them.

The young woman of those days was what the young woman of to-day would describe as a "chattel," and, as such, she exercised the completest authority. Her freedom was restricted, but her influence was unbounded.

There is no doubt that the young woman of the past could *take it.*

To-day something is quelling the fire in women. Central heating, automobiles, birth control, gin and French. There are fewer and fewer reasons for the young man to marry.

If he can support the girl at home she will probably complain that her life is wasted, that her exceptional talents are not engaged in some activity that will bring her fame.

If he cannot support her at home and she works to supplement the family budget she will do it, according to her kind, either cheerfully or with lamentation. In either case his home will be inadequately furnished with the amenities which are inseparable from home-making as a full-time occupation and, in the happiest event, he will nurse a permanent injury to his self-respect.

As to children, they are becoming, among those who contemplate getting married, less and less an integral part of the marriage scheme.

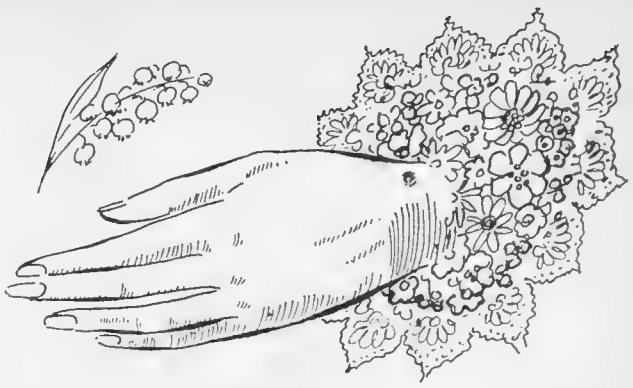
In the first place the young couple may assert that they do not want children, or they may go further and say that they do not *like* them. This is due to extreme ignorance or blatant pretence.

It is an established fact that other people's children are stupid and tiresome, whereas one's own children are clever and endearing.

Another reason for the childless marriage is that young women are no longer very eager to participate in the most sacred miracle of all time—childbirth. This is undoubtedly because it is a tiresome and painful process and demands considerable sacrifice.

Now sacrifice is less popular than it was. It is rather demeaning. This view is somewhat generally shared by both men and women contemplating marriage. To live in a state of uninterrupted

Married



harmony, prosperity and felicity with, if possible, plenty of publicity, seems to be most desired.

It seems fairly clear that young men are backward in proposing to young women because young women persist in a filleting process which makes the young men feel—and at times even look—anything but their best.

This is regrettable because throughout history it has been noticeable that the male is only as successful as the female inspires him to be.

But in case you should think pessimistically on the subject let us look at the other side of the picture.

Undoubtedly there are more than a few people to whom the business of getting married is more than a matter of self interest.

To these it will be clear that, as in relation to other aspects of life you take out what you put in. No more.

Getting married is not the beginning of a toboggan run to happiness. It is the beginning of a long and exacting partnership at the close of which, to the successful, it appears that troubles shared are an even greater source of mutual understanding and comfort than the joys.

But perhaps the greatest error of all is to trust your happiness to the benificent influence of Love alone. Though an essential factor, loyalty and tolerance will in the long run provide the soundest structure for peace.

Well, that's how it is. Getting married is a serious undertaking. You must take it as seriously as you can, but you must also learn when to let your seriousness dissolve to laughter.

Upon your timing in this connexion a lot of your happiness will depend.

It isn't easy to get married to-day. It isn't easy to *stay* married once that desirable end is achieved *because* . . .

Young women are not making marriage attractive enough
Young men are encouraging them in not doing so
Women have lost the art of flattery . . .
Sacrifice is out of fashion
Children are out of fashion
Too much reliance is put upon love and too little on tolerance and common sense
Getting married is a serious undertaking—take it seriously, but learn to laugh at the right times
Don't expect to take more out of marriage than you put into it

By Winifred Lewis

MARY YOUNG'S GUIDE

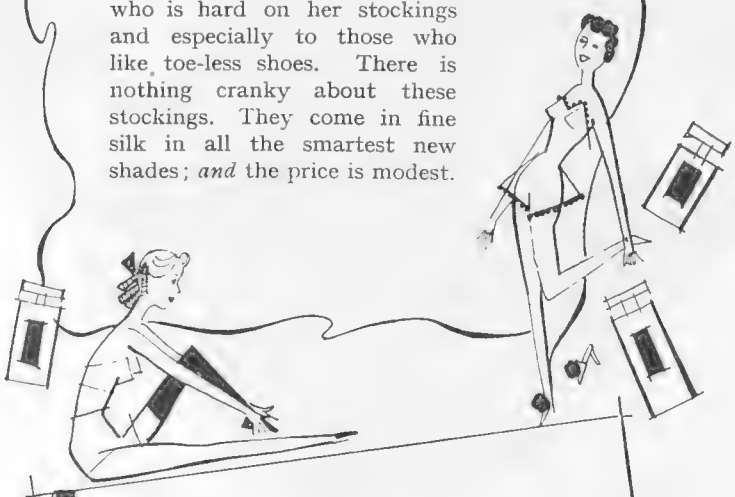
If any of the subjects discussed here answer your own problems write me at "Britannia and Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4, giving numbers in which you are interested.

1 Darts is a grand game but a headache to those whose arithmetic is not a strong point. A dart-board scorer, now available, will do most of the brain work for the devotees of this popular indoor sport.

Please don't ask me how it works, but a cleverly thought out system enables dart players to dial the score in the same way that a telephone number is dialled.

The scores are then automatically deducted as the game progresses. Price of the board is 2s.

2 Some bright brain has invented a stocking with two toe-caps instead of one. The idea is that when one toe goes out of commission, it can be discarded and the other brought into use. Here is a money-saving idea that should appeal to every woman who is hard on her stockings and especially to those who like toe-less shoes. There is nothing cranky about these stockings. They come in fine silk in all the smartest new shades; *and* the price is modest.



3 A shampoo that is not only a shampoo, but as it cleans the hair, enriches its colour, is certainly something to write about.

This new aid to beauty is sponsored by a well-known firm of permanent wave specialists. The grand thing about it is that it can be used before and after a permanent wave.

It will bring out the glint in fair hair, accentuate the tones of a dark head, while the oil of which it is composed helps to nourish the scalp.

4 Curls to top off your head? Yes; certainly; so long as every curl is groomed to stardom until it seems to lead a separate shining life of its own.

Regular brushing is the secret of all hair beauty, and to enable us to brush our hair and apply the necessary spot of brilliantine without disturbing our curls, a special brush has been designed. Daily use of it will encourage the hair to kink naturally, at the same time that it burnishes every strand.

The brush is available in attractive colours to match the bedroom *décor*.

Papworth

5 A new beauty kit container reminds me of those *ad infinitum* Chinese boxes which fit cunningly into one another and never seem to come to an end.

For inside this slick red, white and blue case, hardly larger than a big lipstick, you will find cheek, and/or lip rouge, eyeshadow, foundation cream and cleansing cream.

Here is the ideal beauty outfit to take when ski-ing or indulging in any other kind of active sport where luggage space is limited. The cosmetics are available in various shades.

TO A PLEASANTER LIFE

6 Nothing is more refreshing when one is tired than a "good wash." Unluckily, when we feel most in need of a thorough clean-up, after a day's shopping, or when jaded with travel, we are often far from home.

For occasions like these, a cleansing fluid which takes the place of soap and water and which instantly removes dust and grime and stale make-up, is invaluable.

This fragrant new cleansing agent comes in a handbag size tube and with it is a sponge in moisture-proof case. Price complete, 1s. Smaller size, 6d.

7 Some people are born with tender hearts; some with tender feet. I don't know for which sufferers I feel the most sympathy. But while I have no heart balm to offer, here is balm for the tender foot, in the form of an antiseptic cream of unusual properties.

Rubbed into the feet at night it will relieve tiredness; rubbed in in the morning, it will keep the feet at even temperature during the day and help to ward off blisters and callouses.

In addition to these virtues, the makers claim that the cream will not mark stockings.

8 It seems a good idea to turn those moments which are devoted to the duty of cleaning one's face into a beauty treatment.

A simple cream applicator and massager combined does this for us. The cream is put into a small bakelite tube which has tiny teeth at one end, and as the teeth are rotated over the skin, sufficient cream is ejected for cleansing and massage.

So you get really pore-deep cleansing and revitalising massage at the same time.

9 Would you like that little daughter of yours to possess a head of naturally curly hair when she grows up? If so, you must start to train the latest waves early in life: the earlier the better.

There is now a special cream on the market which puts a curl into babies' hair. It is, say the makers, perfectly harmless, yet contains the organism in which straight hair is deficient.

The cream is diluted and can be kept ready bottled for use. Rub it into the child's head night and morning.

10 To convey a nicely browned fillet of fish from the frying-pan on to the serving dish, is a feat which may well unnerve the most experienced cook.

As to the amateur . . . but let us draw a veil over countless tragedies and give you news of a new type of slice that expands into three slices at the touch of the hand.

Any shaped fish can be safely cradled on its fan-like surface. It is a simple idea. Why did no one think of it sooner?

11 Few things are more unpleasant than a slimy sponge; and even with care, the ordinary sponge gets that way in time.

A slime-proof sponge which, rather dubiously, I acquired some months ago, more than lives up to its claims. For it is as fresh and clean to the touch as it was on the day I first used it; and I plead guilty to using soap on my sponges sometimes.

These sponges come in a variety of shapes and colours, and, being free from grit, are perfect for facial use.

This is what the Housewives are up to

IN NEW YORK

Most women have a hankering to travel. It is not the same urge as that which moves men to go adventuring in weird places. The longing to see the Taj Mahal or the flowering slopes of Japan is strong in the average woman, but not so strong as the desire to see what other women are up to in other places.

Perhaps America has the strongest appeal. It has the interest of something akin, yet different. It exercises the same tantalising fascination as a feminine relative who has got on in the world without one's assistance, even without one's advantages.

Don't tell me you haven't longed to go to New York, to find out if the women really are so much smarter than we are, and if it is true that they spend hours in their exotic bathrooms grooming themselves, between intervals of receiving glamorous flower offerings from their enslaved husbands. You have? Well I hope you will.

When you *do* you will find that it is not these much publicised aspects of American life that will figure most prominently among your memories, but the more homely things, the commonplaces of everyday American life that will fill the background of your memory picture.

New York City, you will find, is all things to all people. It is friendly and austere, grotesque and fairylike, sedate and ribald. It is everywhere accused of superficiality, which is only true to a point because in its outward demeanour there is practically no clue to the simple, loveable home life which exists behind its granite façades.

If you went visiting in New York the chances are that you would not, as you are pleased to suppose, be shot up to the fortieth story of some mammoth building. In all probability you would enter a nice grey substantial old house and ascend a floor or two. You might even descend a few steps to the basement. New Yorkers do not in reality exist exclusively among the stars.

In the average city apartment you will find comfort and a high standard of efficiency wedded to a certain partiality for tradition. The American woman, apparently, is not much sold on modernism in design.

Colour effects are cool. Everything in this city which for three or four months of the year is sweltering in clammy heat is designed to circumvent the sun.

If the windows of the city home are curtained it is with crisp muslin or a pale chintz. Smoke is not a problem as it is in London. Venetian blinds are inevitable to give protection from the sun—and how decorative they are.

If it is winter while you are visiting you may miss the fireside. Even in summer you will be mildly conscious of the lack of this important focal point. Whether you approve of the relentless

1. A very typical interior, cool, simple, yet with a decidedly traditional spirit. The windows are crisply draped with muslin, the refectory-shape table is of pine, and the chairs painted lacquer.

2. The kind of bedroom you will see much of in the United States. This Colonial furniture is accompanied by flounced muslin curtains and brightly coloured hooked rugs.

3. A typical "porch" in an American home. The family practically live on it during the summer when it is thrown open to the fresh air. The fireplace is for chillier Spring and Autumn days.

stewing process which enthusiasm for steam heating imposes upon Americans in winter, will depend upon your powers of endurance and your partiality for the fresh air which they, perhaps rightly, call "English draught."

As for the kitchen—that American kitchen which English housewives regard with so much awe—you will find in the city apartment that it is (hold your breath) about the *same as your own.*

It is small. Floor-space is precious and expensive in the city, so only the very rich can afford to swing cats with impunity. Built-in cupboards line the walls. You will find the gas-cooker a little more elegant in appearance, but apparently very little different in performance from your own.

The sink is large, and there is probably an air-extractor and the inevitable refrigerator, the latter at least twice the size of any you are likely to see in a small apartment in England.

But don't let this discourage you, American precociousness about refrigerators has its origin in necessity. You must store all your food on ice in New York during the summer months, or it will decompose by the evening.

That 's what you will find in the average apartment-house kitchen. It is not very different from your own ; but superior because, remember, it *is* the original. We are the copyists.

Some Americans still fondly believe the bathroom to be entirely absent from the average British domestic scheme ; most British imagine the American bathroom to be exotic ; actually you may find that the only improvement upon your own bathroom is a shower.

But wait ; out in the suburbs you will have to admit that your American hostess has the better of you. She has *two* bathrooms. Even in a small house this is a commonplace.

I think you will fall pretty heavily for the suburbs of New York. Away from the city, across one of the waterways that separate Manhattan from the mainland, there are quiet, cool suburbs with tree-lined streets and pretty white timber houses gay with coloured awnings in the summer, each detached upon its smooth lawn amid shrubs and trees.

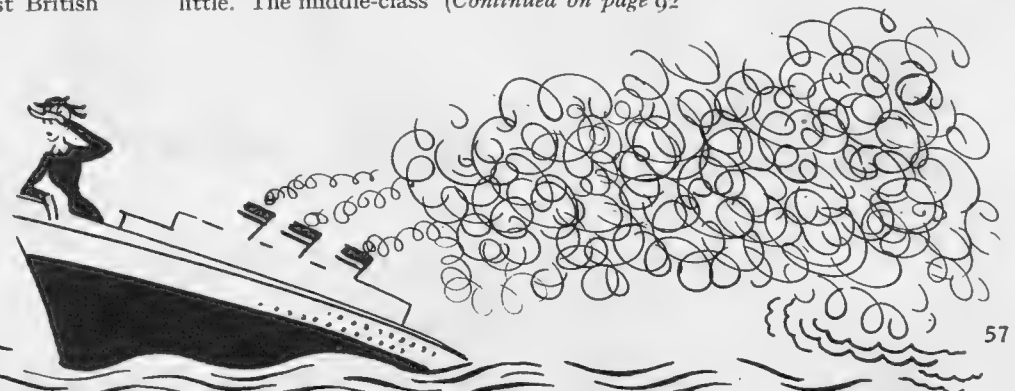
You will search in vain here for those monotonous terraces of brick and tile that make some of our Metropolitan suburbs an offence to the eye. This airy spaciousness is much enhanced by the absence of any dividing fence between one garden and its neighbour, or of gateways between the garden plots and the highway.

The effect is that of a continuous grass verge running up to the front of each house. You may like it a lot, or you may long for the flowerbeds that are the pride of our English hearts. I did.

Inside these pretty houses you will find the most informal, sincere and generous hospitality in the world.

Your American hostess is efficient ; an excellent housewife, but you may question if her interests are as deeply laid in home affairs as those of the average Englishwoman of her class. Your hostess will probably have more interests outside the home. It is understandable that it should be so.

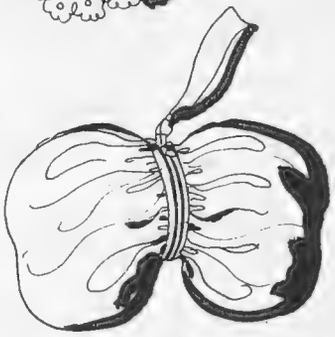
Entertainment in America is cheaper than in England. Theatres, cinemas and motoring cost little. The middle-class (*Continued on page* 92



FASHIONS

A froth of blue tulle, trimmed with ruffles of blue and white lace and ruched blue velvet ribbon. Heim

1



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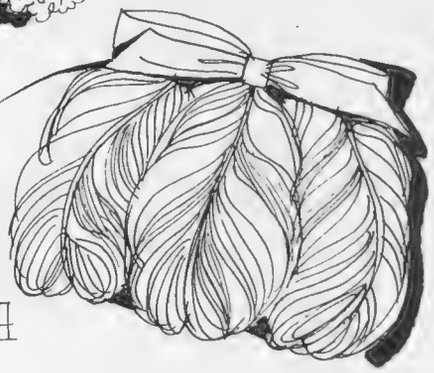

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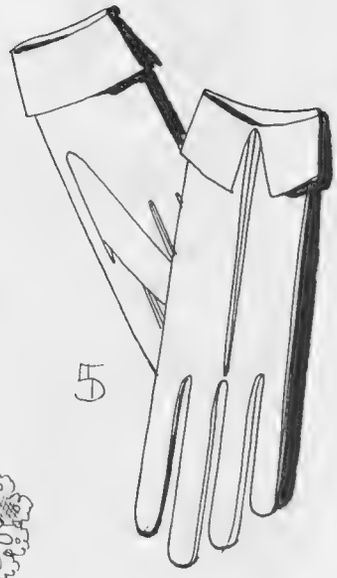

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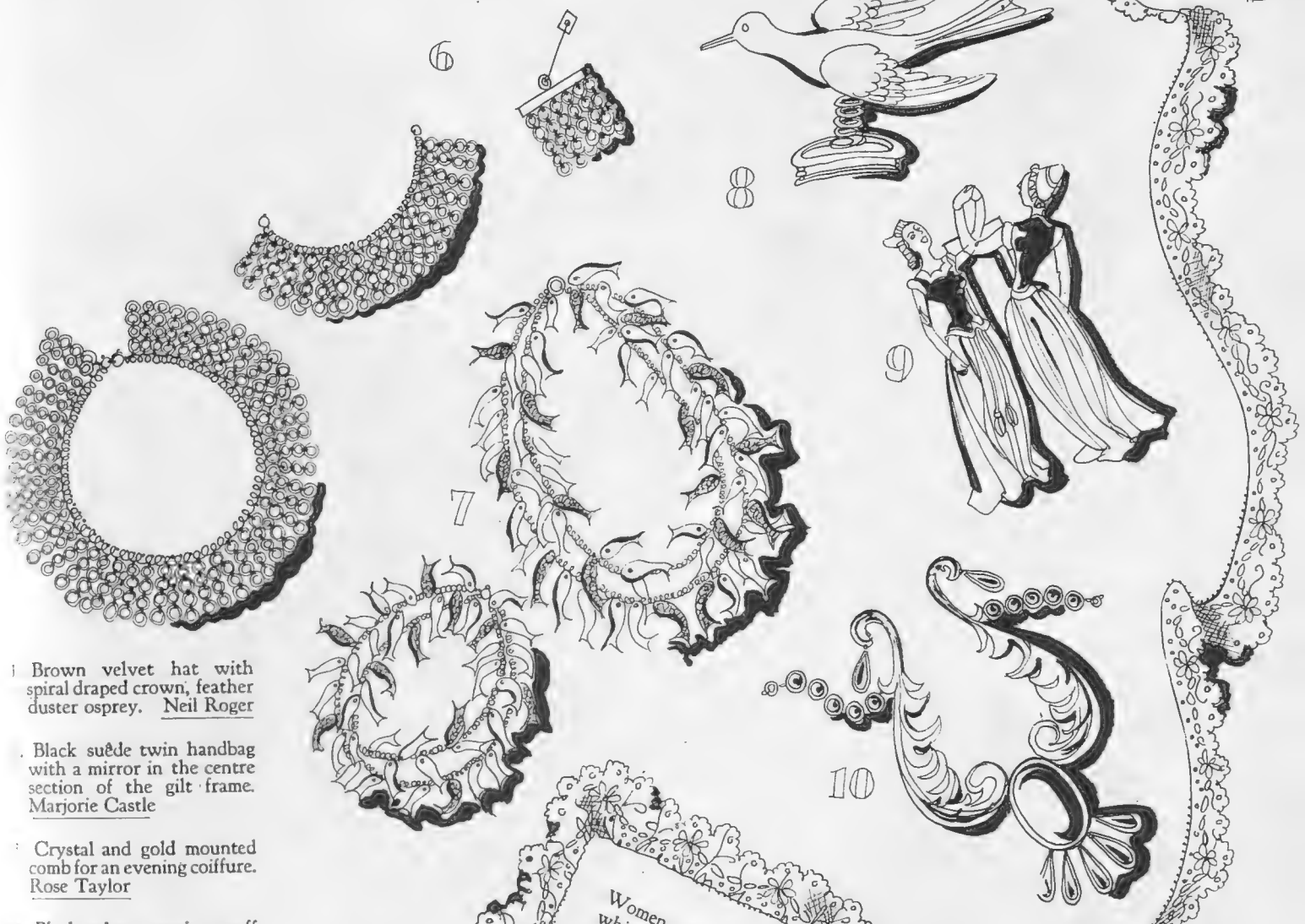
3

By Jean Burnup
Editor Women's Department



1. Brown velvet hat with spiral draped crown, feather duster osprey. Neil Roger

2. Black suède twin handbag with a mirror in the centre section of the gilt frame. Marjorie Castle

3. Crystal and gold mounted comb for an evening coiffure. Rose Taylor

4. Black velvet evening muff with three black ostrich feathers. Inside, a purse and powder compact. Marjorie Castle

5. Stubby purple satin evening gloves with split cuffs. Schiaparelli

6. Dangling necklace, bracelet, and clip in gold and turquoise beads. Schiaparelli

7. Gold necklace and matching bracelet dripping with pink and blue metal iridescent fish. Marjorie Castle

8. A gold bird trembling on a spring is fastened to a hair clip. Marjorie Castle

9. Dancing figures in gold, turquoise, and white enamel prong anywhere on a dress. Schiaparelli

10. Massive gold necklace, of baroque design, set with imitation topazes. Neil Roger

Women are well pleased with the flavour of trickeries, whimsies, pretties, bits of nonsense which tickle their Autumn palates. So hats stay on the crazy side, with signs of returning sanity (see over the page). Everything quaint, fantastic or bizarre becomes an evening ornament. There are even-ing muffs, embroidered and jewelled gloves and fans, petticoats showing beneath day frocks. Victorian jewellery couldn't have been more popular in Victoria's day. Much modern jewellery copies sentimental Victorian design. Otherwise, it is baroque, massive, Eastern, a lot of heavy gold, enormous stones, real, semi-precious or imitation.

Delicate lace ruffles and flounces trim evening dresses (see Heim's, at the left above). New tweeds have opal colourings. Heavy tweeds are woven with flower designs. Suit and dress skirts are often flared, sometimes very full. Jackets are shorter. Shirring, draping, smocking, tufting, gathering appear on black heavy crepe and satin afternoon dresses. A favoured bodice motif is zigzag shirring which starts high at the throat, ends at the waist.

Scotts

Madelon Chaumet

Henry Heath

Hats Adapt Themselves

Last year was straight sailing for milliners. They just had to do hats for scraped up Edwardian hair, and they did them, not straightly sailing, but resting high on the crown curls, tilting forward on the brow.

Now that scraped up hair is *passé*, hairdressing has becoming temperamental, changeable. The front hair remains much the same, with the sides brushing up into a few high curls or merging into a pompadourish waving movement. But women like to play about with their back hair—sometimes to push it up, sometimes to let it down.

When it goes up, it breaks with curls on the lower crown, about level with the top of the ear (inches below the true Edwardian sweep).

When it comes down, it can become ringlets, or be tied back with a flapper bow, or be parted and swirled across each side with curls behind each ear. Daring women are sweeping up the sides, keeping it in curls on the crown, cutting the back quite short. Some milliners predict the return of the uncompromising shingle.

Hats have to adapt themselves to all these hair moods. All of the hats on this page have been tried and found successful with every form of hairline.

Aage Thaarup. Black felt—almost, but not quite, a pill-box A tiny, double-brim is filled in with ruched blue and white gingham-check taffeta ribbon.

Madelon Chaumet. Black felt, turning up slightly all round, heightened with a masterly bow of green taffeta.

Henry Heath. Variation of a classic sports hat, up at back, down in front, black felt, trimmed with black and emerald green suede.

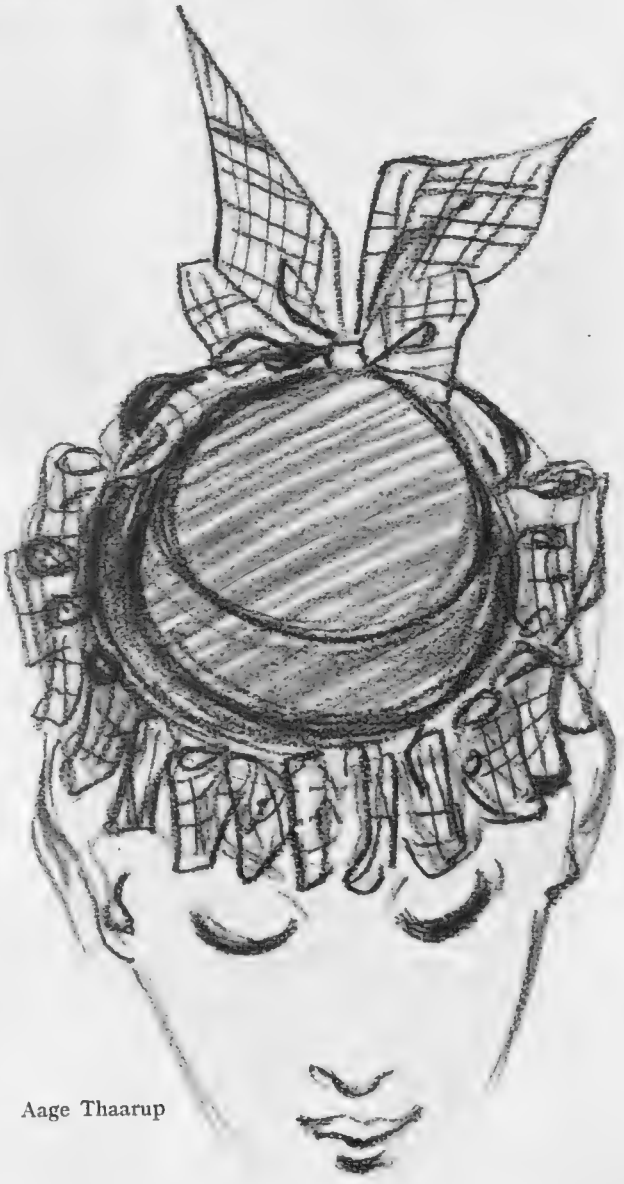
Jeff. Black felt, double brimmed, with a square, shallow crown, and abrupt turn-up back. The Victorian posy is mauve and violet, with a dash of pink.

Scotts. Royal blue felt with a rolling brim. Black petersham stands out stiffly around the crown, ties at the back with a bow and streamers.

Woodrow. Black felt, shading the eyes, turning up high and sharp at the back, trimmed with a large blue-black quill.

Woodrow

Jeff



Aage Thaarup

Spectator Model

Matita

Dorville

Matita

Short-sleeved grey jersey dress, its yoke tucked to the high throat line. The grey jersey jacket is horizontally striped and patterned with little coloured ovals, in orange, green, blue, red. The dress belt is of the jacket fabric, with a green and red suède clasp. Matita

Hyacinth blue soft woollen dress, short-sleeved, the bodice shirring to the shirt front. The fuchsia coat curves, when closed, tightly into the waist. Spectator Model

Black angora suit, the short fitting jacket fastening with three large gold buttons, unironed pleats making a very full skirt. The blouse is copper moiré. Dorville

Light blue jersey dress, buttoned from a high neckline with copper coins. The long coat is darker blue, with waist ties, collar, pocket-flaps in light blue. Matita

Jaeger

Jaeger

H. J. Nicoll

Dorville

Fenwick

Cerise woollen dress with a high yoke, a wide belt holding in a slightly waisting bodice, a flared skirt. Jaeger

Parma violet angora, fastening with a hidden zip, tying at the narrow waist with a plaited belt. Very full skirt. Jaeger

Black Celanese jersey with clever cross-torso drapery. H. J. Nicoll

Black wool jersey, its sleeves and bodice gathered and held at the yoke line, waist and wrists. Dorville

Blue-violet angora, trimmed with twisted bands of the same material. The back zips to the waist. Fenwick's

FLU—AND AFTER

Go to bed before 'flu gets you down; starve before it makes you sick; stay in a darkened room before daylight darkens into fretful spots in front of you.

At the first hint of chill, dizziness, or whichever way it is that 'flu misery steals over you, soak yourself in a warm bath with Epsom salts (this works miracles clearing the pores of acid—and 'flu generates abominable acids); then have someone rub your back down with eau-de-Cologne and go to bed with two—even three—hot-water bottles.

Follow the treatment and diet advised on this page and you will soon recover and even be the better for your bout, for if it is properly treated 'flu can very efficiently clear the body of accumulated poisons.

Let nothing solid pass your lips while you run a temperature. It is also best with fever to keep off milks and eggs, as these are substantially nourishing instead of being eliminating foods. A temperature denotes poison: it is folly to nourish poison; get rid of it, then nourish.

The vegetable brew mentioned in the diet has been described several times on these pages. It is without equal for cleaning the digestive, and consequently the intestinal, tract of catarrh, thereby purifying the blood-stream.

After the first three days it should be taken as often as possible until well-being is restored.

To make the brew, have 4 ozs. each of outer leaves lettuce, cabbage, spinach, carrot green, turnip green, beetroot leaves, beetroot, carrot, turnip, onion, parsnip, and 4 ozs. potato peelings (scrubbed).

Flavour with four peppercorns and four cloves. Cover with water and bring to the boil in an earthenware saucepan, boil for ten minutes, simmer for four hours. Strain and pour off. Renew daily.

If you are one of the "and afters" who have not prostrated themselves before 'flu in time and are suffering from the effects of severe poisoning—'flu poisons the entire system—inertia, depletion and nervous exhaustion, treat yourself to a week-end in bed on this brew alone.

On the day you rise, even if you have to go out to work, continue feeding on drinks of the brew, supplemented only by brown bread and butter, honey, orange juice and vegetable cocktails, as mentioned in the 'flu diet.

You will feel much stronger if only taking these than by burdening yourself with the digestion of milk and eggs, or meats, while your system is in a poisoned condition. Rest as much as is possible.

When appetite returns, it means that the poison has cleared. You can then revert to meats and solids by way of milk and eggs and your return to full strength will be (*Continued on page* 90

Treatment

Keep in bed in a well-aired, warm and darkened room.
Have alternate day and night wear, and at least one Epsom Salts Bath daily.
Take an aperient at the outset; Cascara Evacuant in this case is best: one dessertspoonful in twice that quantity of warm water.
Inhale Friar's Balsam and Menthol if sore throat is bad: a tablespoonful to a quarter-teaspoonful of freshly-grated menthol; pour boiling water on this and cover head with a towel so as to get the full benefit of the vapour.
Gargle with six drops iodine to half-a-pint warm water.
Cream forehead with Dr. Bengue's Balsam if headache is severe. Use plenty of eau-de-Cologne.
Have a sheet wrung out in a weak carbolic solution and hang it over your door. The household should thus escape infection. Have your paint wiped down with a cloth rinsed out in carbolic. This keeps the room fresh and kills germs.
Finally use tissues, not handkerchiefs, and destroy them.

By Chrysis

Sleeping Beauty

Bedtime . . . and eight hours good sleep before dawn, eight hours of subtle beauty-building if you can summon ten minutes' worth of will power before darting into bed.

No time is more beneficial than while you are sleeping. The face and skin are relaxed, expression lines passive, nerves quiet, temperature cosy and every strain temporarily gone. This is the time to build up the beauty worn down by the day's activities. Sagging muscles can be braced, a tired complexion soothed, weak tissues fed.

Here are some prize beauty-coaxers, timed and tabulated. They are quite simple and will not necessitate your going to bed in disguise quaint enough to scare a burglar.

Decide just how long you will spend, and then choose the most urgently needed. You should alternate some of them and make others a nightly habit. Remember, no matter how many years beauty scientists spend perfecting these aids to true loveliness, you cannot possibly benefit unless you spend at least a few minutes each night in beauty care. If you require further details or want help for your personal beauty problems, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

FACE. *Two minutes* to cleanse the skin with a perfect cleansing milk. It seeps deep, clearing away all blemish-making grime; it soothes, gently bleaches, and leaves the skin cleansed, fresh and healthy. Whatever your skin problem—dry skin or greasy—this solves most of it, for both are partially due to imperfect cleansing.

Two minutes to put on and wipe off a skin food, leaving on only as much as has been absorbed. Experts have created three specialised skin foods for individual requirements. Choose your own. A light skin food for really sensitive "baby" skins, a heavier one for average skins, a super-nutritive one for undernourished skins. Beware of the last unless your face is thin; it is truly flesh-building, but beauty-blessing number one for thin faces.

One minute on alternate nights to slap your face with a two-finger wide pad of cotton wool soaked in a tonic milk. This is close sesame to pores, big or little, and youthful circulation races to greet it. If muscles and tissues are really laden with years there is a stronger tonic that will stop any sagging or wilting, and give a bloom of vitality.

EYES. *One minute* for each eye, to soothe, refresh and cleanse with a lotion that is based on rare herb extracts. It cares for tired and weak eyes and beautifies while it cares. Bathe your eyes at least every other night.

One minute for each eye to pat in a little finger-tip of astringent cream around and about. Puffiness and lines flee before it as it feeds and tightens, coaxing youthful contours. This is almost magic, you can feel it working wonders.

One minute to sweep eyelashes with a tiny brush dipped in castor oil. Watch the lashes lengthen. If you simply cannot bear the reminiscences and oiliness there is a marvellous eyelash ointment for pink-rimmed eyes, scanty-lashed eyes (it even cures styes) and it brings forth luxurious lashes.

HAIR. *Two minutes* . . . three minutes . . . but even one minute is better than none and this time your care is in your finger-tips. Start from the base of the scalp and knead firmly upwards to the crown with the thumbs and fingers. It sounds dull but it will give new life to your hair roots. Hasten results (*Continued on page* 90)

By Chrysis

Fresh As A Flower

February is one of the two dormant months in the year. The other is August. But whereas most people go holidaying in August, in February they stay at home and work.

They confront the ever-increasing light of days with faces that have grown grey during the dark ones—unless they belong to the lucky few who have been ski-ing in Switzerland.

Women's complexions, especially, look disheartening. Make-up stands out like a surface paste, instead of merging the face into a radiant glow. Vitality seems to have been withdrawn from the face, because the initial freshness which gives life to the skin is at a low ebb. Bodies are winter-weary. They need gypping up: to be given a pre-spring for the spring.

That is why I advise a change of beauty aids to 4711 Eau de Cologne.

There is nothing like this Eau de Cologne for imparting freshness. Considering that there is ninety per cent alcohol in the Eau de Cologne itself, there is no reason to wonder why you can't feel fatigued while it's about you. You can't, because you're conserved in spirit.

A drop behind the ears will stop a woman from fainting in a crowd. A handkerchief drenched with it will carry you freshly through tubes and musty offices and muddy streets or a backache-producing day at home, from dawn till eve. The secret of all true beauty is freshness. You have it with Eau de Cologne.

Long, long before 4711 Beauty-Aids came out, I would add drops from the gold and blue-labelled bottle to the rinsing water for my face; I would use it as a mouth wash, for it is one of the finest astringents for the gums; also as a setting lotion, it curls.

Now, they have brought out face lotions, shampoos, and creams, a very fine cold cream as skin food, an all-weather or protective cream, a vanishing cream or make-up foundation, and *no less than fifteen shades of powders*, which can be obtained in boxes or compacts.

Also a lipstick; and bath crystals and cubes, and talcum powders. The scent of these has the same invigorating quality as 4711, and yet—here is the advantage—it will not conflict with any other scent you choose to superimpose.

Of course, you can get all these Beauty-Aids impregnated with Tosca, including the soap. Tosca is the perfumed Eau de Cologne.

You know the other scented Eaux de Cologne, Troika, the sports scent; Rhinegold, subtle and delicate; and Shahi, for evening, and precious occasions, as it is exotic. If you want to disguise the fact that you are using 4711 aids for resilience, have one of these scents as perfume.

But I like the frank avowal of 4711, myself, because of its ultra-freshness. Nothing gives me more pleasure than to meet a man who has been using the 4711 "Sir" preparations. He looks well-shaved and newly-clean, whatever hour of the day.

Ten-minute Face Pack

Try a ten-minute cream-pack, which whips up the circulation, slightly bleaches and clarifies the skin, and leaves it in a petal-matt condition so that your make-up after is particularly good.

Prepare the face with a special milk. Wipe on the cream. You will feel it working; after ten minutes it comes off very easily with a bracing lotion. Gone is sallowness; neck, cheeks and forehead have a through and through transparency that is most flattering.

The pack does not induce dryness, the primary cause of wrinkles. Nor does it dry hard and have to be torn or peeled off. Please write to me if you want fuller particulars, at "Britannia & Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

SPORTS SHIRT

REQUIRED

7 ozs. Copley's 3 ply "Excelsior" Wool.

3 Buttons.

1 pr. No. 9 and 1 pr. No. 11 Stratnoid Pins.

MEASUREMENTS

Length from shoulder ... ... 21 ins.
Across underarm ... ... 16 ins.
Sleeve length from shoulder ... 10½ ins.
Tension for No. 9 Pins: Approx. 7 sts. to 1 in.; for No. 11 Pins: Approx. 13 sts. to 2 ins.

ABBREVIATIONS

K. Knit; P. Purl; Sts. Stitches; Inc. Increase; Dec. Decrease; Tog. Together; Beg. Beginning; Patt. Pattern.

BACK

With No. 9 pins cast on 102 sts. K. 4 rows plain knitting. Continue in the following patt.:

1st row : * K. 6, p. 2; repeat from * ending k. 6.
2nd row : * P. 6, k. 2; repeat from * ending p. 6.
3rd row : As 1st.
4th row : K. 4, * p. 2, k. 2, p. 2, k. 10; repeat from * ending p. 2.
5th row : As 1st.
6th row : As 2nd.
7th row : As 1st.
8th row : P. 2, * k. 10, p. 2, k. 2, p. 2; repeat from * ending k. 4. Work 1½ ins., then dec. 1 st. each end of next and every 4th row following until 90 sts., and work measures 4½ ins. from start. Change to No. 11 pins. Work 2 ins. Change to No. 9 pins and work until 14 ins. from start, increasing 1 st. each end of every 4th row until 102 sts.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows. Work 7 ins. on remaining 84 sts.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

FRONT

With No. 9 pins cast on 118 sts. Work as for back until 14 ins. from start to shape waist but dec. each end until 106 sts. and inc. until 118 sts.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows. Work ½ in. on remaining 102 sts. Then divide sts. for front opening. Work on first 54 sts. for 5 ins., keeping 6 sts. at front edge in plain knitting.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 14 sts. at neck edge. Work 1½ ins. on remaining sts., dec. 1 st. every row at neck edge until 30 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 8 sts. every armhole end row 3 times. Work back to armhole. Cast off 6.

Return to 48 sts. of right front. Work 5 ins., keeping 2 sts. at front edge in plain knitting.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 8 sts. at neck edge. Continue on remaining sts. as for left front.

SLEEVES

With No. 9 pins cast on 86 sts.

1st row : * K. 2, p. 2; repeat from * to last 2 sts. K. 2.
2nd row : * P. 2, k. 2; repeat from * to last 2 sts. P. 2.
3rd row : As 2nd.
4th row : As 1st.

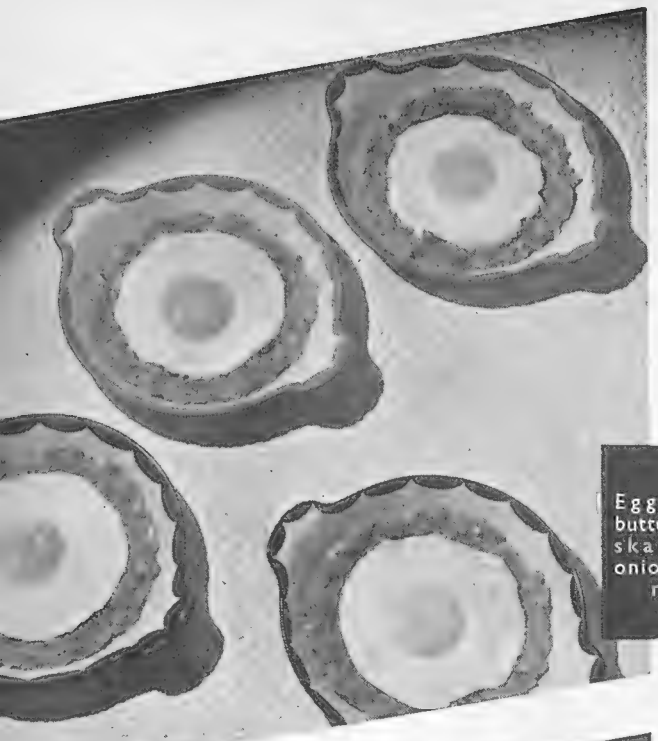
(These 4 rows form cuff patt.) Work 2 ins. Now continue in main patt. Work 5 ins. Then dec. 1 st. each end of every alternate row until 26 sts. remain. Cast off.

COLLAR

With No. 11 pins cast on 110 sts. Work 2¾ ins. in cuff patt., inc. 1 st. each end of every 4th row. Cast off loosely.

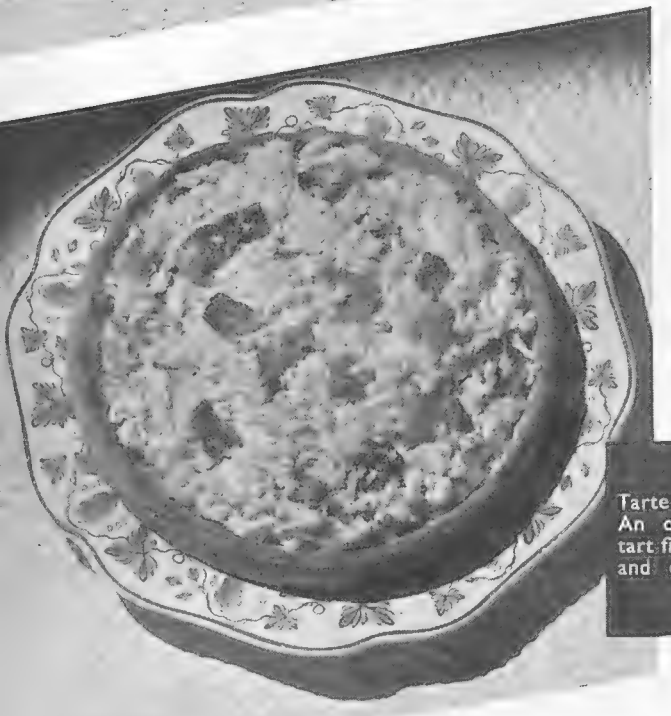
FRONT STRIP

With No. 11 pins cast on 16 sts. Work ¼ in. in cuff patt., keeping 2 sts. at each end in plain knitting. Make buttonhole: Work 7, cast off 6, work 7. Next row: Work 7, cast on 6, work 7. Make 2 more buttonholes 1¼ ins. apart. Work until 5½ ins. from start, then dec. 1 st. each end *inside* garter-st. border until 4 sts. remain. Last row: K. 2 tog. twice. Cast off.



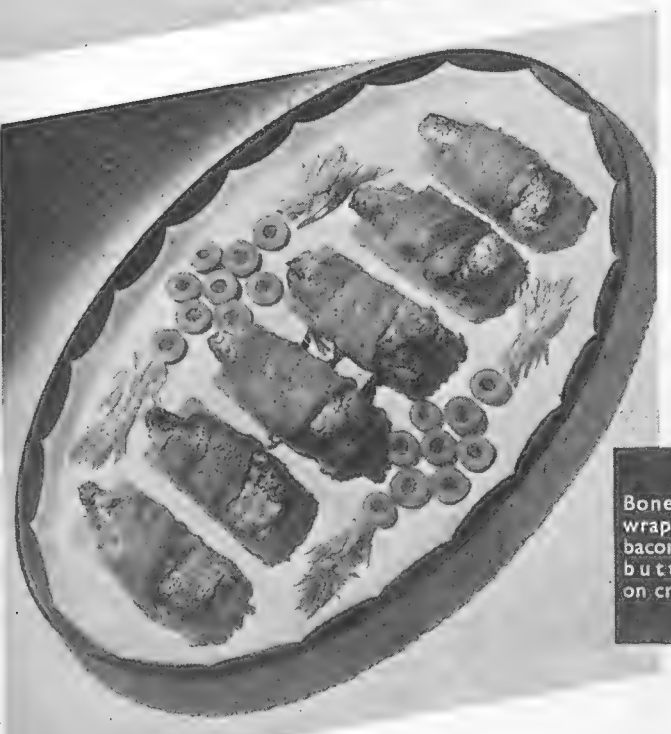
HOT

Eggs cooked in butter with chamouska, a purée of onions, tomatoes, red peppers.



HORS

Tarte aux anchois. An open flan-like tart filled with eggs and chopped fried bacon.



D'ŒUVRES

Boneless sardines wrapped in streaky bacon, cooked in butter, served on crisp fried bread.

Hors d'œuvre dishes can be hot as well as cold, in fact a great many of our English savouries are really nothing other than *hors d'œuvres chauds*.

These dishes are most useful for they are usually of an amusing and spicy nature and can often be made of left-overs.

Chamouska

Half a pound of onions.
Half a pound of tomatoes.
Salt, pepper, butter or bacon fat.
A large tin of red peppers.
Four eggs.

Peel and cut up both onions and tomatoes and start by frying or rather "melting" the onions, by which I mean cooking them very slowly in butter or bacon fat so that they become white and soft. The safest way to do this is in a saucepan with the lid on.

Now add the tomatoes and the sweet peppers, the latter removed from their tin, washed under the cold tap, dried and chopped finely.

Mix all the ingredients thoroughly, adding pepper and salt and cook slowly until you have a soft *purée*. This is served with eggs in any of the following ways. The eggs may be cooked in butter, as for *œufs sur le plat* with the Chamouska arranged all round; or scrambled with the *purée* in the middle; or hard-boiled; a good way is to have the eggs hard-boiled, cut in two lengthways with the yolks removed. Pile some of the *purée* into each half egg and sprinkle with the yolks chopped or passed through a sieve.

Hachis Marocain

Cold cooked mutton.
Shallots, saffron powder.
Mixed spice, parsley.
Butter, tomatoes, grated cheese.
Individual cocotte dishes.
Salt, pepper.

Cut the mutton into slices and trim carefully all fat. Mince the meat and for about every half pound of meat add two or three tomatoes, peeled, with pips removed and chopped, also two shallots and parsley chopped. Mix well together with salt and pepper and a good pinch of mixed spice and make the mixture hot with a little butter in a saucepan.

Have ready some individual fireproof cocotte dishes and almost fill each with the mixture. Sprinkle the tops very thoroughly with grated cheese, seeing that no meat at all shows through, and in the centre of each place a tiny pinch of saffron powder. Put a few tiny bits of butter here and there, and set the cocottes to brown in the oven.

Tarte aux Anchois

Short paste.
Fillets of anchovies.
Walnuts, garlic, parsley.
Butter, pepper.

You can serve this in one large flan-like tart or as small pies or oval-shaped "chaussons" (these are arranged by cutting squares of dough, filling them, folding into a triangle and rounding the edges); but the important thing is the filling.

Take the fillets from the tins, chop them and chop also parsley, garlic and walnuts: for one small tin of anchovies use one walnut, half a clove of garlic, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley. Add pepper and mix all very thoroughly. It is now ready to put into the pastry which you bake in the usual manner.

Other excellent hors d'œuvre tarts are egg and bacon (eggs beaten and mixed with chopped fried bacon); cheese, bacon, cream mixed and bound with one egg; onions, cut in small pieces and fried golden brown. In all these cases, of course, you can only make a flat, open tart.

Sardines Frites

Large-sized sardines in oil (boneless if possible).
Streaky bacon, bread, butter, pepper and cayenne.

This very delicious hors d'œuvre is as good in its way as Angels-on-Horseback, from which it was probably inspired. You want large sardines, boneless, if possible—these can be bought at good shops specialising in continental groceries.

In any case, remove heads and (*Continued on page* 116)

Now You Can Get These Fruits Of The Earth All The Year Round

By A. H. Adair

The housewife-cook is the first person to benefit by all the wonders and marvels of this age.

The latest boon is that of fresh vegetables and fruits all the year round. In case you have not yet heard about it, here are the facts.

Smedley's, so well known to us already for their excellent tinned vegetables and fruit, have now perfected a system by which the fruits of the earth are taken *fresh* from tree, plant, or bush, are properly cleaned and prepared, and then frozen so intensely that they go into a state of hibernation.

This means that when you receive your carton of frozen fruit or vegetables, the contents are really in the same condition as they were when they left the growing fields. All you have to do is, in the case of vegetables, just cook them, in the case of fruits, let them come gently back to the springtime of your kitchen to be served as *fresh fruit.*

Broad Beans Poulette

Carton of Smedley's frozen broad beans.
Flour, butter, milk.
One egg-yolk, lemon juice.
Salt, pepper, nutmeg, chopped parsley.

First cook the broad beans according to instructions. Drain thoroughly and put the beans in a hot serving dish with the *Sauce Poulette* (made while the beans are cooking) poured over.

Melt a small nut of butter in a saucepan, add about the same quantity of flour and stir until smooth, cooking without letting this brown. Now add hot milk, little by little, and, beating all the time, cook until you have a smooth sauce the consistency of thin cream.

Add salt, pepper and a little grated nutmeg.

Put the yolk of an egg into a teacup and work it a little with a fork to make a thick liquid of the yolk. Add the juice of half a lemon; work it well into the egg.

Just when you are ready to serve, add the prepared yolk to your sauce, but *off the fire*, without letting it boil, otherwise it would curdle.

Pour the sauce over the beans, sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve. This sauce could be served also with french beans, asparagus, or new potatoes.

Soufflé Florentine

One small carton of spinach.
Bechamel sauce, grated cheese.
Salt, pepper.
Two egg-yolks, three egg-whites.
Butter.

Cook the spinach in the usual way, drain it, chop it and pass it through a sieve. While this is cooking, prepare a *Béchamel Sauce* (flour, butter, milk and seasoning as for the *Poulette*, but with egg-yolk and lemon). It should be rather stiff this time.

Add this sauce to your spinach *purée*, enough to bind the spinach nicely. Season with salt, pepper and grated cheese and beat a little, to mix well. Now add the yolks of two eggs, stir in thoroughly and leave to cool.

Meanwhile, beat to a stiff froth the whites of three eggs and when the other mixture is cool, fold the whites in. Have ready an ordinary soufflé dish well buttered, and pour in the mixture. Bake in a moderate oven for twelve to fourteen minutes (watch the soufflé as it cooks to see it is browning and rising evenly), and about five minutes before it is cooked, sprinkle the top very lightly with just a little grated cheese so that you have a nice crinkly brown top.

Serve this, of course, either as a savoury or as a luncheon *entrée*. Never as a vegetable dish.

Carrottes à la Crême

One carton of Smedley's frozen carrots.
A teacupful of cream, a pinch of sugar.
Salt, pepper, a sprig of tarragon.
Chopped parsley.

Cook the carrots in the ordinary way, drain them and cut them into thin, but really very thin slices. Put these in a small saucepan, sprinkle with salt, pepper and a pinch of castor sugar. Put in a sprig of tarragon and add the cream. Bring to the boil and cook for three or four minutes and remove the sprig of herbs; put into a hot serving dish and sprinkle with freshly chopped parsley just before serving.

Cornish Bananas

Bananas.
Small carton of frozen raspberries.
Cream, castor sugar, lemon juice.

Peel and scrape the bananas (one for each person) and split them in two lengthways, and put them in a serving dish with a little lemon juice sprinkled over. The raspberries, having been thawed, are mashed roughly and mixed with about the same quantity of cream as you have of raspberry. Add castor sugar to taste, mix well and pour this *purée* over the bananas. (*Continued on page* 117)

Gr . . . rrr . . . Blup . . . Ga . . . Brup . . . Purr . . . Glglgl . . . Is what this baby is saying. It has been translated by Louisa Kay

I'm a bit sick of it. I'm sick of people treating me like a bag of flour that might burst, instead of a person who can think and feel. Why can't they hold me so that I feel safe? Why do they have to swing me about as if I were on a switch-back? Guess what it feels like to be swung out of your cot, suddenly, without any warning. I tell you it's frightening. One minute you're lying there safely and the next you're swinging through the air.

I hate sitting upright on somebody's arm, too. Just one experimental jump and over you go. I like strong arms that hold me tight.

Being handled isn't much fun, but they're always doing it. Here I am tucked in my pram and along comes a new face. It jigs about and makes noises and, ten to one, I've got to be picked up by another pair of flabby arms.

They think I don't know things. They'd be surprised. I'll tell *you* something !

I know when my mother's scared of me. There's something that tells me she's all worried and excited. I rather like it.

Another thing I know is that she can't be cross with me because she thinks I'm too tiny to understand. Well, I understand what I want all right.

But I like my mother, she's cosy and sweet and clever but she does waste a lot of my time. Sometimes when I wake up and cry she doesn't do a thing. I have to make a scene and then she says : "Now, stop this nonsense, there's nothing whatever wrong with you——"

Well, perhaps there have been times. . . . . All the same there are things she doesn't think of and she ought to make *sure*.

Once I got cramp in my arm. I'd been lying on it. It hurt, I can tell you. Then there's that pillow. I hate it when it gets wet and cold (a chap can't help dribbling a bit). If she'd just turn it over I could go to sleep again but, oh no, "There's nothing whatever wrong with you——"

She doesn't seem to understand either how sick of it I get sometimes, just lying and lying there. Crying is quite fun sometimes, it makes a break.

Now my grandmother understands. Sometimes she ties something on to my pram shade. It's a pretty colour and it jigs about. Or else she puts me down the garden under the trees. I can see them waving. Nice.

Still, mummy's lovely and she thinks of the nicest things. She's bought me a bag that I can slide right into. It's blue and it's got sleeves, and I can wave my legs about and they don't get cold or cramped.

We went buying clothes the other day because I'm growing so fast out of my first ones. Mummy says I'm an expensive young scamp but there were plenty of inexpensive things at the Treasure Cot Company. Nice ones, too. The lady there was very clever, she knew exactly what kind of clothes were best for me and I feel pretty good in them, too, though it's not for me to say how I look.

Food is a bit of a problem. Why I can't have a lot more of it is a mystery to me, but nothing I can do. . . .

Anyway, things are better since they started the extra ration. Mummy has been feeding me, but I felt pretty hungry at times, and they said I was underweight so now I have a feed of Allenburys directly after the breast. Life is really quite a pleasure in fact.

I feed out of a spoon, too. I have my orange juice that way and little drops of boiled water. It's a bit messy, but mummy says it will make things easier for her when I'm weaned.

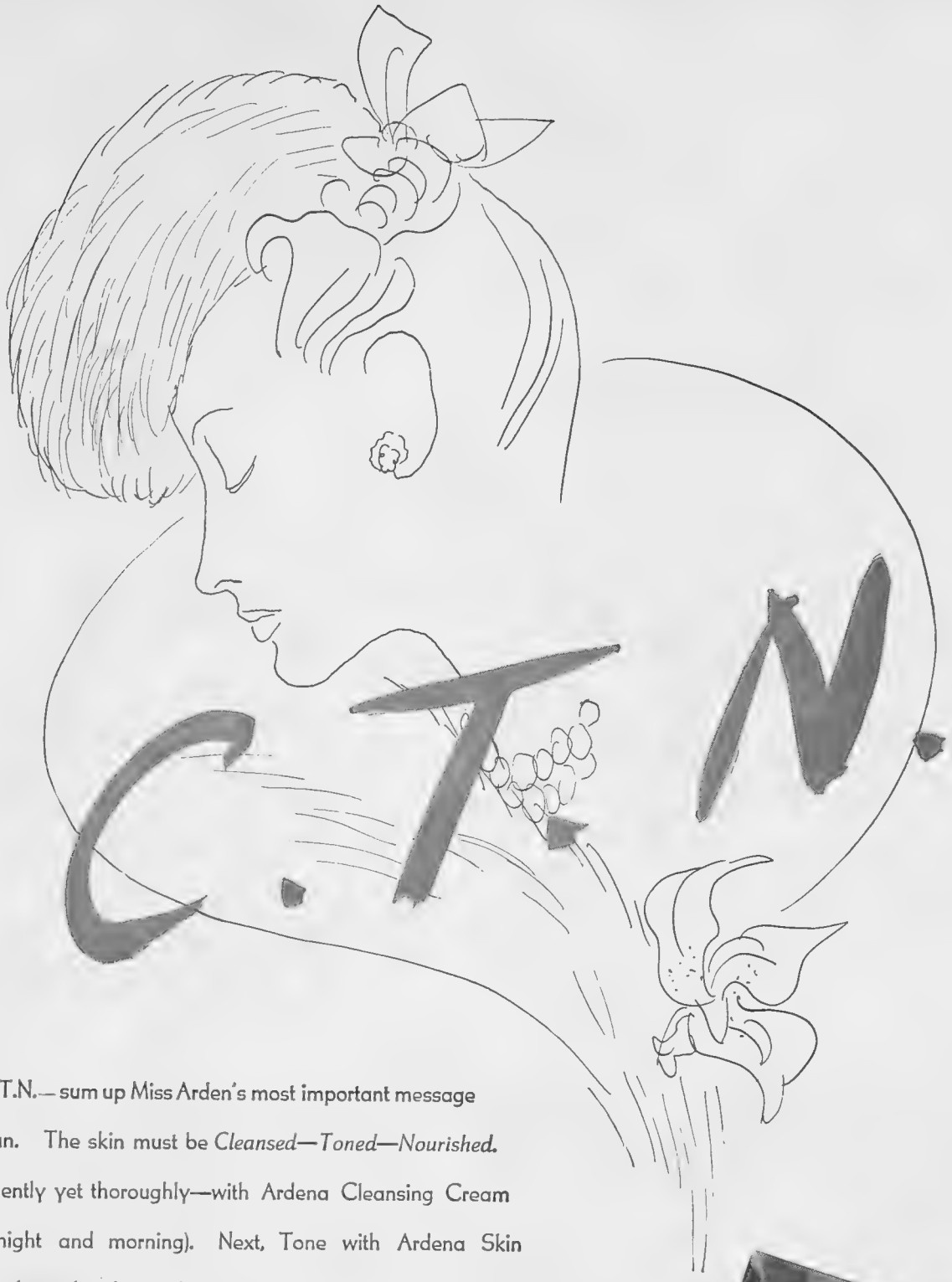
Anyway, what's weaning? I don't like the sound of it.

Talking of unpleasant things, I should like to tell somebody how upsetting sudden noises are. You can't imagine how frightened I feel when somebody bangs a door close to me. Somehow, when you're not ready for it, it's shattering. I can't help feeling I shall get a bit tougher later on, but at present I wish people would remember I'm sensitive.

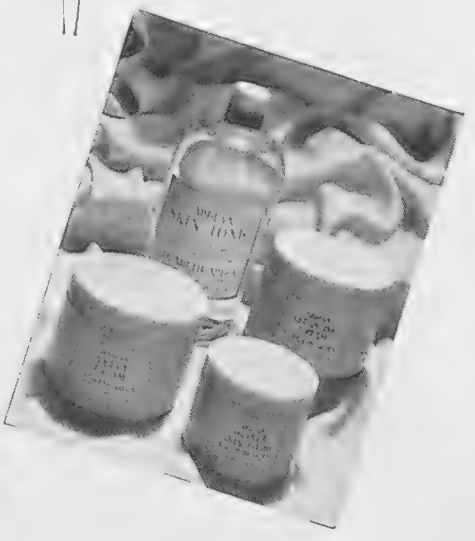
Yes, sensitive is the word. You grown-ups who can keep moving about should remember that it's easier for you to keep warm. I'm not delicate, but while I'm lying around so much I do need a little coddling. Even in a fairly warm room you can feel pretty chilly with your bare feet waving around. You try it.

After a bath, too. I must say I appreciate it when mummy wraps me in a soft shawl to put me in my cot.

"Hardening" is all right in its place, but there's a time and place for everything.



Three letters—C.T.N.—sum up Miss Arden's most important message to modern woman. The skin must be *Cleansed—Toned—Nourished.* First, Cleanse—gently yet thoroughly—with Ardena Cleansing Cream (used regularly night and morning). Next, Tone with Ardena Skin Tonic, which stimulates the skin and improves its colour. Finally, Nourish the tissues, using Ardena Velva Cream or Orange Skin Food. Then your loveliness rests on a secure foundation. ★ ARDENA CLEANSING CREAM, 4/6 to 22/6 ★ ARDENA SKIN TONIC, 3/6 to 75/- ★ ARDENA VELVA CREAM, 4/6 to 22/6 ★ ORANGE SKIN FOOD, 4/6 to 35/-



Elizabeth Arden

Elizabeth Arden Ltd.

25 OLD BOND STREET LONDON W1

Some pink noses are only wintry-morning decorations that fade when they thaw, other pink noses, resulting from paralysed blood cells, are a much more serious problem. Not so serious, however, since Madame Bertha Jacobson has perfected a harmless and clever "Hot Air" Treatment that will cure even the most neglected cases. It will also remove those tiny red veins that take the place of the ruby cheeks of youth, when one is not so young.

In these treatments the congested blood is carefully expelled and the paralysed blood vessels revived to a new lease of youthful vigour. You may need only one treatment, you may need more, but however bad the veins, they can be removed without any danger of scars or harmful after-effects. If this is your problem there is no need to spend another moment of worrying and wondering, go to the Maison de Beauté Pompadour Ltd., 11 Dover Street, Mayfair, and let Madame Bertha Jacobson advise you.

Over-heated rooms and under-heated out of doors are the bane of all complexions at this time of the year and unless extra care is taken, the best of skins will become chapped, rough and impoverished.

Nearly fifty years ago Madame Adeline Patti commissioned the master-makers of cosmetics to create for her a pure cold cream, light, soothing, nutritive and easily absorbed by the skin. The result was Leichner's Patti Cold Cream, a cream so light that it can even be used as a foundation cream on very dry skins.

The ingredients are as similar as possible to the natural oils of the skin: if used every night as a tonic skin food, this cream will keep the skin in a really excellent condition, soft, supple and properly nourished. If your face is wind-chapped, fire-flushed, or suffering any of the usual winter discomforts, apply Leichner's Patti Cream before going to bed, pat it gently in with an upward movement from the chin, and you will notice a definite improvement in the morning. Prices are 1s. 3d., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.

CONFIDENTLY RECOMMENDED

We are happy to give endorsement to these reputable advertised goods

If you want your shoes to beam approval at the world and have approval beamed back on them, there is only one thing for it—you must treat them with consideration. They can be good friends, definitely improving on acquaintance if you know how to humour them. They should always be kept on trees when not on your feet, and they should always be cleaned with a really good polish.

Nugget Polish, not only keeps them looking their finest, shining to the skies, but lubricates the leather, keeping it supple. It also preserves the shoes, and puts off that unhappy day when they must be discarded.

Remember that shoes cannot look after themselves and tan, brown or black, they all love Nugget Polish.

Whenever you step from your front door this month, you run the risk of being engulfed in a wave of cold germs from the nearest passer-by.

For once you can emulate the ostrich with successful results. You can bury your nose, not in a bed of sand but in a handkerchief sprinkled with Vapex and destroy any germs that you chance to inhale long before they get down to the vulnerable parts.

Vapex is a germicidal inhalent that gets right down to all the complicated passages of the respiratory system where the germs congregate to breed. Sprinkle a little on your handkerchief before you leave home in the morning and it will give you all-day protection.

If any one in your household has a cold, waft a little Vapex in the air and then all feelings of fear and reproach will vanish and every one will be happy. At this time of the year Vapex is a household necessity.

So many hair-greying things seem to happen these days that it is reassuring to know of something that has the reverse effect. "Facktative" is not a stain nor a dye and yet it is guaranteed to restore the natural colour to greying hair, at the same time definitely improving the general condition of the hair.

Put it on and brush it in—dandruff is dispelled, the scalp invigorated and slowly the youthful colour returns; so slowly in fact that it is almost imperceptible to the casual observer. No longer need you spend hours gazing at the rapidly increasing grey hairs, hastening their arrival with worry. "Facktative," a natural remedy, awaits you at the "Facktative" Company, 66 Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1. Price 10s. 6d. per bottle.

Stomachs are strange, unreasonable things—in illness or tiredness, when the body needs all the nutriment it can get, the stomach becomes difficult about digestion. Even milk, the all-nutritive, needs modifying and pre-digesting in various degrees for old people, children and invalids. Benger's Food does this.

In itself an excellent food, mixed with milk it becomes the perfect diet for delicate systems. It contains carbo-hydrates, proteins, fats, salts and vitamins, plus enzymes. These are natural digestive principles which change the Benger's and the milk you mix it with into easily assimilated nourishment.

It is the ideal food for that extra, easily digested nutriment that so many people need after a hard day's work, a worrying day, a wearying day.

for just such loveliness as this . .

The Cyclax tradition of loveliness has built up a system of Beauty Treatment that is something more than "make-up" – Protecting and nourishing your skin, it keeps it fresh and young; subtly emphasising your beauty, and giving you infinite personal charm.

SPECIAL LOTION. Ensures a radiantly clear and petal-smooth skin. Prices 5/6 to 74/-.

CLEANSING LOTION. Easily and effectively removes every trace of make-up. Prices 4/- to 54/-

MILK OF ROSES. Emollient. Corrects dry skin and forms the perfect powder base. Prices 4/6 to 58/-.

SKIN FOOD. Nourishes and stimulates the skin, keeping the tissues firm and the contour youthful. Prices 4/- to 42/-.

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL THE BETTER SHOPS THROUGHOUT THE EMPIRE

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The Morris Twelve-Four Saloon

MORRIS

THE CAR WITH THE LOWEST UPKEEP COSTS

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EIGHT	TEN-FOUR	TWELVE-FOUR	FOURTEEN 6-cyl.	TWENTY-FIVE 6-cyl.
Prices *from* £128	Prices *from* £175	Prices *from* £205	Saloon, *sliding head*, £248.10	Prices *from* £320

Prices ex works

IF YOU DON'T BUY MORRIS AT LEAST BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

MORRIS MOTORS LIMITED, COWLEY, OXFORD *Sole Exporters: Morris Industries Exports Ltd., Cowley, Oxford, England* M306

DESIGNED to make night motoring or driving in fog safer and less fatiguing, a new system of motor car lighting has been introduced by Messrs. Trippe Lights Ltd.

"Getting THERE" Through Fog

Special Lamps which are Helpful

By The Earl of Cardigan

AS the motor car has gradually developed, nearly every one of the troubles which used to afflict the drivers of an earlier generation have been either abolished or greatly reduced. Except in very rare circumstances, the modern motorist hardly knows what it is to be "held up" on the road.

It is only in the matter of driving through fog that little or no progress seems to have been made. When the weather is really "thick," the modern car has to crawl along at much the same dreary pace as the pre-war "veteran." The really effective anti-fog devices are few, and not widely applied.

In some respects the modern car may even be at a disadvantage. Where there is a fixed windscreen, and only an ordinary windscreen wiper, it is sometimes impossible to combat the combination of fog and frost. The wiper slides over the frozen moisture, instead of clearing it.

In the old days, drivers invariably opened their windscreens when such conditions prevailed—and there is still no surer way of getting the best view of the road ahead. For those who reject such a chilly procedure, however, there are one or two alternative devices which I can recommend.

FOR example, cars can now be fitted with "defrosters," designed to throw a jet of warm air against the inside of the screen, thus keeping its temperature so high that the ice cannot form. There are also preparations which can be rubbed on to the outside of the screen, creating a surface on which the ice cannot "take hold."

An old-fashioned strategem—but a very good one—is simply to fix the off-side of the bonnet in a slightly raised position. This causes a warm draught to blow off the engine on to the windscreen, and thus prevents the foggy vapour from freezing.

IN the day time, the driver may feel that he has accomplished a good deal if he can sit snugly inside his saloon car, assured that the windscreen is not conspiring against him to make bad visibility even worse. At night, however, a new set of problems arises—for now he must obtain light by which to drive, while not creating a dazzle which will be reflected back into his own eyes.

Formerly, this could only be done by reducing the *amount* of light—and certainly the early type of fog lamp was a very ineffectual aid. Even as lately as a year ago, I was asked to test a device for making light beams penetrate through fog, and had to report an entirely negative result. The beams did *not* penetrate, and this device merely reduced their intensity to a small extent.

As may be imagined, I was not disposed to be any too enthusiastic when, a few weeks ago, I was again asked to make a test of anti-fog lamps. This time the scheme was quite different, and sponsored by a different firm—I was supplied with a matched pair of Trippe lamps, but even so I had no great expectation of obtaining really satisfying results.

AS it turned out, I was pleasantly surprised. These Trippe lamps are designed on strictly common sense lines. They have separate functions, and are controlled by separate switches. At the same time, they are "matched"—in the sense that the particular qualities of one lamp supplement those of its "opposite number."

Thus, out of a pair of Trippe lamps, there is always one which throws a highly concentrated beam, focused like a long-distance spotlight. Unless the fog is extremely dense, this lamp is excellent for picking out a cyclist or any distant obstruction on the nearside of the road. It naturally cannot pierce dense fog; but it is of real value in enabling high speed to be safely reached in conditions of moderate visibility.

The other lamp, which is of less use at speed, is designed to help the driver where the fog is thick. It throws a very wide, flat-topped beam. When fitted in a low position and moreover, inclined downwards, it gives brilliant illumination over the area immediately in front of the wheels.

The broad spread of light is of value in itself, since it shows up the kerb on *both* sides. When the driver, in a really bad fog, can only see on one side, he is apt to steer rather a haphazard course, and, in particular, to lose his bearings when he comes suddenly upon a curve. With both sides of the road in view, this naturally cannot happen.

THERE is no doubt, I think, that a car gains quite considerably in efficiency when it is fitted with these Trippe lamps in addition to its ordinary headlamps. The point is that the best sort of lighting can then be obtained to suit a wide variety of conditions. On a fine night, one can rely as usual on the car's own headlamps. If it is a bit misty, one can dip these lamps and use also the long-distance Trippe.

If it becomes moderately foggy, the normal headlamps can be switched off, and both the Trippe lamps used instead. In thick fog, it may be best to rely solely on the short-range Trippe. It is difficult to imagine a fog so bad that some progress could not be made through it with this last-named lamp.

I REPEAT that the Trippe lamps do not pierce through fog; no lamps can do that. The special Trippe virtue is that as much light as possible is thrown in the best position possible, so that the illumination is a help and not—owing to dazzle—a hindrance. To say this of any present-day lamps is to say a great deal—and indeed it is a pleasant change to be able to recommend with confidence any system from which the fog-bound motorist may derive a substantial amount of aid.

Time to fill-up with BLUECOL ANTI-FREEZE

...see your garage about it NOW

It's so easy to protect your car from frost for the whole winter. No need to muffle the radiator with rugs or drain it at night. By pouring some BLUECOL in the radiator you need not fear damage from even the worst frosts. BLUECOL is pure Ethylene Glycol, non-corrosive, non-inflammable and will not attack hose, rubber or affect delicate metal parts such as thermostats.

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All ROVER CARS are fitted with LODGE PLUGS

357 m.p.h.

Capt. Eyston used Lodge plugs in his Rolls-Royce engines for the World's Land Speed Record.

Lodge plugs are obtainable of all motor accessory dealers from 5'- each

Made completely in England by Lodge Plugs Ltd., Rugby

A "Quality" Light Car

The Rover "Ten"

ROVER cars as a whole have an enviable reputation, not only for their uncommonly graceful "lines," but also for the attractive way in which they handle on the road. In general also, Rovers have comfortable and very well-appointed coachwork, being frequent winners of Concours d'Elegance and such-like competitions.

It can never be easy—but it is obviously quite feasible—to achieve these good points when building models of fairly substantial size, without the necessity for keeping the price down to a strictly limited figure. It is the mark of brilliant designing, however, when the same can be done in the case of a light car.

Passengers in a Rover "Ten," for instance, require just as much head room as those who ride in a Rover "Twenty." *And* they get it. Moreover, although the smaller car has naturally a much shorter wheel-base, and its proportions must thus be quite different, the fact remains that its looks are almost equally pleasing. It is a really handsome little car.

Again, the driver of this small Rover is but rarely reminded that he has an engine of only 10.9 (roughly 11) h.p. in front of him. The "Ten" behaves like a full-grown car, and its engine is certainly not of the "buzz-box" persuasion. Its comfortable cruising speed, indeed, is relatively high, while efficient road-holding enables a good average to be maintained with confidence. It requires a stiff hill to prove that there are *some* limits to what can be done in the way of emulating the performance of the larger models.

REVIEWING the chassis in more detail, one finds that the four-cylinder engine is of overhead-valve type. Its rate of acceleration is reasonably, but not exceptionally, rapid—although in smoothness and silence it is certainly well above the average. Although no exact figure is quoted in the catalogue, I have the impression that it is geared relatively high.

The transmission is of that special type which the Rover company has been employing for some years past. There is a free wheel which not only enables the car to "coast" but also sees to it that all gear changes are absolutely foolproof. Those who do not care for coasting can "fix" this free wheel, in which case the four-speed gearbox will function in the conventional way.

In the latter case, gear changing still remains very easy. The third and top gears are synchromesh, and neither of the other two ratios presents any real difficulty. Second gear, in particular, is just about as easy as any non-synchromesh ratio can be.

The Rover "Ten" in brief

Engine: Four cylinders with overhead valves; 11 h.p.
Transmission: Four-speed gearbox, with synchromesh third and top. Also controllable free-wheel.
Performance; third gear 50 m.p.h.; top gear 70 m.p.h.
Steering: Pleasant and accurate.
Brakes: Of Girling type.
Springing: Semi-elliptic fore and aft.
Coachwork: Comfortable, very attractively equipped.
Lodge Sparking Plugs.
Price: Saloon £275.
The London distributors are Henlys Ltd. of Devonshire and Henly House, where a full range of models can be seen.

By The Earl of Cardigan

AS regards performance, this second gear gives ample power for the serious hills, while third gear is designed to enable a really fast climb to be made on any main road gradient. The car will accelerate in "third" up to the very creditable speed of 50 m.p.h.

The top gear maximum likewise is really high for a car of such modest power, something like 70 m.p.h. being available (the speedometer, incidentally, seems a very honest one). Most important of all—and most satisfactory to the critical driver—is the evident ease with which speeds of 50 or 60 m.p.h. can be steadily maintained.

The suspension system consists of semi-elliptic springs fore and aft. There is no doubt that, although perhaps no longer "the latest thing," such springing enables a car to ride very comfortably over any reasonable surface, and moreover, has almost invariably sufficient firmness to ensure good road, holding.

IN the case of the Rover, the driver is given additional confidence by the accuracy of the steering gear. The efficient Girling brakes also deserve appreciation when there is any fast driving to be done. I might as well be honest, and admit that I have never known exactly what it is that Mr. Girling does to make his brakes so particularly good. The fact remains, however, that a braking (*Continued on page* 106)

THE body of the 1939 Rover "Ten" saloon has a commodious luggage compartment built in at the rear in the lid of which is housed the spares

THIS view of the Rover "Ten" gives a good impression of the liberal seating space and headroom. The wide opening doors will be noticed

LAGONDA

W. O. BENTLEY'S MASTERPIECE

Illustrated is the Lagonda Saloon

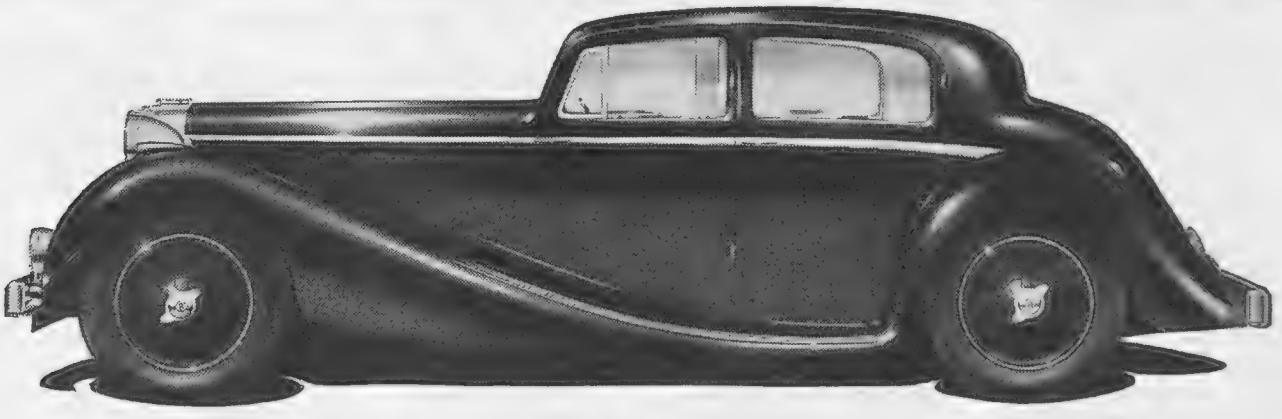
Twelve Cylinder (11′ *w.b. chassis*)	...	...	...	£1,600
Six Cylinder (11′ 3½″ *w.b. chassis*)	...	...	...	£1,270

A standard Lagonda 12 Cylinder Saloon ran 101·5 miles (including a 2¼ minute tyre stop) in One Hour at Brooklands in October last. The 6 Cylinder model, the same day, covered 95·87 miles in the hour.

"*There are motorists who consider that little else matters besides* **comfort,** *others think of* **performance** *first and last. In the Twelve-Cylinder Lagonda both sides—extremes—stand out predominantly . . .* **a more comfortable,** *and at the same time* **really stable car, has not yet been produced,** *taking into consideration all that its* 100 *m.p.h. performance requires.*"
"The Autocar" 7.10.38.

"*To find standards of comparison one has to consider the* **finest three or four cars produced at the present time,** *and even then the Lagonda remains, in some respects, unique, so successfully does it combine tremendous performance with* **smoothness,** *and* **quietness,** *and* **excellent roadholding** *with personal comfort.*"
"The Motor" 27.9.38

LAGONDA MOTORS LIMITED, STAINES, MIDDLESEX. TELEPHONE STAINES 1122 (5 Lines)



The Hon. Maynard Greville

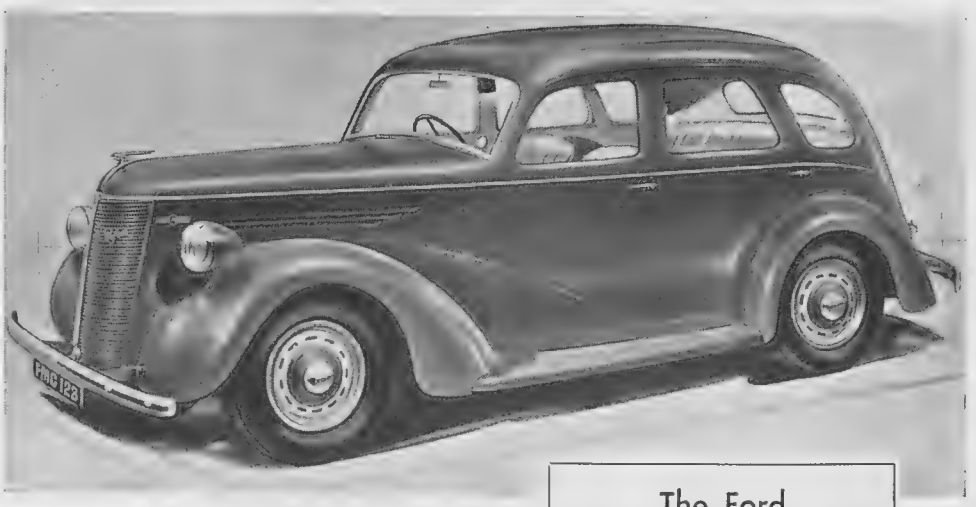
describing the 3½ litre Jaguar in "Country Life" wrote . . .

"In looks, in silence, and in fleetness, it gives one the impression of being among those unattainable things which the ordinary man can only dream about. Indeed, the figure of £445 in the catalogue is hard to believe!"

3½ *Litre Saloon* £445 (*Drophead Coupe* £465). 2½ *Litre Saloon* £395 (*Drophead* £415). 1½ *Litre Saloon* £298 (*Drophead* £318)

JAGUAR

S.S. CARS LIMITED, COVENTRY. LONDON SHOWROOMS: HENLYS LIMITED, DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, PICCADILLY, W.1



A Remarkable New Ford

The 10 h.p. "Prefect"

By The Earl of Cardigan

I HAVE often thought that the critic could give quite a good and informative account of a new motor car if, instead of describing its various features in detail, he merely set down bluntly the first comment which was naturally evoked after he had driven it "to the end of the street."

It would not work in every case, because there are a few cars—frequently of foreign make—which one only begins to appreciate after a fairly long work-out on a give-and-take road. For the most part, however, the essential virtue of a particular car is amply apparent as soon as the driver has settled down in his seat and begun to "get the feel" of his controls.

In the case of the Ford "Prefect," undoubtedly one's first comment is, "Well, this car certainly can 'go'!" As one continues to drive it, various other attributes come to light; but this—the first to be observed—remains the most significant. A superlative readiness to "go" is what makes this Ford distinctive among 10 h.p. cars.

ITS appearance, in a way, suggests this—for its exterior follows the lines of the high-powered "V-8" models. The radiator grille is rather similar, and the bonnet works in the same way. That is, it hinges at the rear, and is opened by lifting up the front. Since the side pieces of the bonnet are quickly removable, this makes for great accessibility.

The engine, which is thus disclosed, is a straightforward side-valve unit. There seems to be no obvious reason why it should deliver abnormal power, and its R.A.C. rating does not exceed the precise figure of 10 h.p. It is undeniable, none the less, that exceptional response is given whenever acceleration is called for.

The top gear ratio is comparatively low; yet it is not too low, as is proved by the fact that a maximum speed of roughly 65 m.p.h. is obtainable. Moreover, at ordinary cruising speeds, one does not have the impression of unreasonable "revs." If at any time the engine seems unhappy, it is at the lower end of the speed-range.

IN traffic, however, there is never the least difficulty in slipping into second gear. (Three forward speeds are provided, of which second and top have synchromesh engagement.) A still more remarkable rate of acceleration is available in this lower gear, up to the useful maximum of 40 m.p.h.

The Ford "Prefect" is thus quite well enough equipped as regards sheer speed for any ordinary purpose. If there was a straight-away race for 10 h.p. saloons, it might be outdistanced but not greatly—by some others. As against this, it would be a probable winner in any race in which a rapid get-away could be decisive.

Since there was snow on the roads during my test run, I did not attempt any vigorous cornering. The springing, however, seemed comfortable and efficient—and it is interesting to note that the traditional Ford system of transverse springs has been retained. These are assisted by hydraulic shock absorbers.

The steering is light, but has little or no self-centering action. It should be understood that this is not a defect from the mechanical point of view. On the other hand, there are many people who are accustomed to steering which centres itself after the car has rounded a corner. It is simply a matter of personal habit and preference.

The brakes are most efficient, and have a nice, progressive action. The driving position is comfortable, with the controls and instruments well placed. The hand brake, projecting from underneath the instrument panel, is unusual but perfectly convenient.

THE coachwork is decidedly roomy, no doubt partly owing to the forward mounting of the engine. Four large people can really "spread themselves" in the saloon body, without feeling in any way constricted. Cloth upholstery is standard, but for an extra £10 one can obtain both leather upholstery and also a sliding roof.

The instruments are grouped in a position facing the driver, and thus leave room for a large cubby-hole on the near side. All the fittings, while necessarily of simple design, are neat and well planned, while the luggage compartment is of more than average capacity.

As to price, it seems hardly necessary to say of a Ford that it offers really remarkable value for money. The "Prefect" certainly follows tradition in this respect.

When one considers its all-round efficiency and—I repeat again—its first-rate ability to "go," the four-door saloon seems very moderately priced at £152 10s. There is a two-door model also, costing only £145.

The Ford "Prefect" in brief

Engine: Four cylinders with side valves; 10 h.p.
Transmission: 3-speed gear-box, with synchromesh second and top.
Performance: Second gear 40 m.p.h.; top gear 65 m.p.h.
Springing: good, of Ford transverse type.
Brakes: Mechanical, of ample power.
Steering: Light, with little self-centering action.
Coachwork: Seats four very comfortably.
Price: Four-door saloon, £152 10s.

THE "Prefect" is very roomy. It has particularly generous leg room. It has a large luggage compartment with an outside lid

"In the present state of medical knowledge . ."

How much more confidence one feels in a doctor who admits "there is so much that we do not know". And how much more weight his statement carries when he explains one basic principle that *is* known to medical science: that "the health and vitality of the nervous system is dependent on an adequate and regular supply of organic phosphorus and protein".

'Sanatogen' is pure organic phosphorus and protein in a form the body can assimilate easily. If you are run-down after illness, if you feel listless or 'nervy', take 'Sanatogen'. It repairs worn nerves: strengthens vitiated blood. In cases where physical and nervous vitality are reduced to a very low ebb, it may take some time to restore you to full-blooded health and strength. But remember, 'Sanatogen' is no mere 'pick-me-up'—the good it does is positive and permanent.

Take an eight weeks' course of

'SANATOGEN'

A brand of Casein and Sodium Glycero-phosphate. (Trade Mark)

the Nerve Tonic Food

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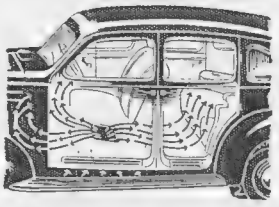

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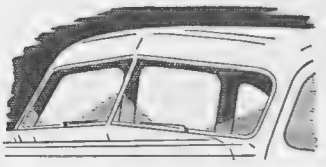

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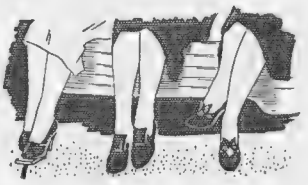

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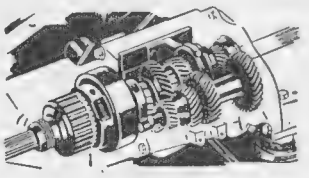

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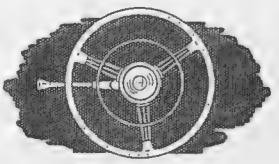

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Ships of the Seven Seas (*Continued from page 17*)

looks like Jan Smuts, wears a cream-coloured Chinese pongee and a stick-pin in his tie of a crossed gold pick and shovel, centred across a nugget with a little diamond in it. It is a strange pin. He and his partner, he tells me, had them made as a token to two years, when they left their government jobs in the Transvaal, and went to the diamond fields. One woman, with the figure of Mae West and the red hair of Clara Bow, runs a hotel in Natal. And, from her game, I would say very deftly. The other, obviously a beauty in her day, is a Roumanian lady, born in Bratislava, now teaching the Capetowners to talk French. None of them forgives a fool bid.

The outstanding characteristic of this excellent ship is its almost depressing propriety. This comes as a shock to anyone who has made numerous transatlantic runs, where, the minute the ship leaves Southampton or New York, people begin to make up parties. Most passengers, with any life in their veins, look upon that run as a six-day carouse. On the big boats coming back from Bombay to Marseilles it is often an eighteen-day round of gaiety. People are coming "home." Some for leave, some for ever. The Chinese crowd is always interesting—the way the women talk about their number of servants. And those who have struck it rich in the glorious East are coming back to England to continue on that scale. There is a frightful lot of snobbishness on the Indian run—one in which I purposely did not go tourist. This South African run also differs remarkably from the Caribbean boats, so romantic with South American adventurers and Island traders. In fact, odd as it may sound, I find it the most "normal" ship I have ever been on. And with only one stop, a few hours at Las Palmas, in the fourteen days between Southampton and Whalefish Bay, the most uneventful.

IT is seldom that something unexpected happens at sea these days. Nothing like when the *Olympic* cut down the U.S. Lightship *Nantucket*. It seemed amazing that after steering in a straight line some 3,000 odd miles across the Atlantic, the *Olympic* should hit a target less than 150 feet long smack in the centre. It was the morning of a heavy fog. Nightfall would see us entering New York, under normal conditions. I was writing some letters to England from the ship. I felt a slight tap, a shudder. The *Olympic* was reversing her propellers. As I left the smoking-room I saw a white bulkhead door automatically shut before my face. I went up to the boat deck. There, in the wet fog, I smelt a smell I had almost forgotten—it made me think of the first motorcars. It was acetylene (used in early motor-lamps) now sputtering from several life-buoys that had been thrown down from the *Olympic*.

Looking down, from ninety-five feet above the water, I saw a man float past me. He was face down, held up by a life-belt. I saw a section of hatch. Then, in silence, a tied bundle of oars floated past, and a smashed red dory. "We've cut down a Cape Cod fisherman!" I said to a steward. Then we both gasped—below us floated a white life-buoy. On it in black letters was: "U.S. LIGHTSHIP NANTUCKET."

In the distance a man waved his arms—as if trying to attract the attention of the big ship—and then he sank. We slid on into the fog. With the quickness of magic, the *Olympic* had got both her starboard and her port (motor) life-boats away. We slid on and away from them. There was nothing but the wet fog, the moan of sirens in the murk around us, and the last sight of a big, harmless sand-shark, nosing between two bodies—with a white pilot-fish clinging to its side.

Here occurred an amazing example of journalistic honour. Four men out of a crew of eleven had been killed. Captain Braithwaite of the *Nantucket* had been rescued, badly injured. He did not know that he had lost any men, and, when I interviewed him, I did not tell him. The gallant old sailor kept muttering "It's a miracle! A miracle!" He was built of oak, a teetotaller, and refused a drink of brandy, even under those circumstances. Using the ship's telephone in short snatches—because it was also being used to find her bearings—I talked over the whole afternoon to send about two columns of description to shore. New York papers were avid for it. I had not been back to America for seven years. In the telephone directory I found my paper's telephone number. A man on the other end took my eye-witness account in chronological order of this staggering sea tragedy. Then I asked him to ask the head Chicago office did they want any more. "Say, feller!" he shouted over the phone, "Who do you think you're talking to?"

I gave him the name of my paper.

"Gee, feller!" he laughed; "this is the New York ——."

And he gave me the name of *New York's most shrieking tabloid—which had rented my paper's old office!* There was nothing to be done. Gratuitously, idiotically, innocently I had given a thousand words or so of one of the most dramatic sea-stories for years to what my paper considered a filthy rival. But he, after all, was only a newspaper man, like myself. So I said:

"Look here, feller—I don't know who you are—and you've got me on toast. I'm helpless. But what I want you to do is get a boy and rush that story off to the Chicago *Daily News* just as quick as he can go—will you do that for me? Don't use it yourself."

There was a pause—and then a deep groan. "Okay kid." And he did it. Not one word did that tabloid carry. My paper front-paged it. The next morning, when hundreds of press men came down with the pilot's boat to meet the ship, he was not among them. I think he was ashamed of his soft-heartedness. He didn't want to be thanked for it.

Going down the west coast of South America I was in a ship that had a near alcohol-mutiny. It was the time of the big American shipping strike. Ships were tied up in Atlantic and Pacific ports; over two hundred were waiting to go through the Panama Canal—and couldn't get crews to man them. This little ship had picked up a crew of "scabs," strike-breakers, from the docks of New York. They were a disreputable lot, badly scared with the thought of what was coming to them, from the striking sailors, when they returned to the United States. Meanwhile, they didn't care much what they did to themselves, or the ship. Off the coast of Peru we lay for a day discharging some steel pipes for an oil company in the desert. There was a fiesta that day; nearly all the Peruvians were drunk on shore—so rapidly became a large section of our crew. Our Chief Officer, who looked like Wallace Beery, ran about the decks like a madman in his attempt to catch malingerers—with their bottles. He did catch one, a Michigan Indian, hardly able to take the wheel, he was so tipsy. He also found the crew's cache of liquor on board. It was in the empty bunk over my own head—in my cabin.

My cabin steward was "logged" two day's pay for hiding it there. But he got his own back that night. There was a passenger in this one-class (or no-class) tub, who outraged the table stewards by the way he ordered them about, yelling at them: "Here you—get me this!" My cabin steward happened to be also his table steward—and still a bit tight that night—so, as he put down the hors d'œuvres before his hated passenger, O'Leary broke out into song. The tips he got from the rest of us more than compensated for his two days' fine.

The pursers can tell you some strange tales, if they want to. On one New York run we took across a pack of German police dogs. They were all the rage in America at that moment. They were kept in bamboo kennels on the boat deck, looked after, theoretically—for that is also his job on the big Atlantic liners—by the ship's butcher. A year later I met the same purser, with whom I talked about dogs on this same ship.

"'Member those Alsatians?" he asked. "Well, here's a yarn for you. The man that was bringing over those dogs was a cocaine smuggler. Had it in the bamboos. That's why he wouldn't let anyone go near those brutes. Said they were fierce—and always wanted to feed them himself. But he talked too damn much."

What had happened was that the German liked to talk about his dogs in the smoking-room. One passenger, a quiet one-armed man was a particularly good listener. And one night the one-armed man came along to the purser. "I don't know who that man is," he said, "or what his business is. I can only tell you he doesn't know a damn thing about dogs."

Next dog-trip a man from Scotland Yard was on the boat. The dogs were doped one night, one of their cages examined; and a plug removed from the bamboo allowed several little cannisters of cocaine to drop out. The smuggler was arrested at New York. The quiet one-armed man was an English colonel who had trained police dogs for the Allies during the World War.

Diamond Kate, famous smuggler, was caught on a liner. Amsterdam usually tips off who buys the gems. But she had her "cover" well fixed on the Continent. She was an old respectable lady, coming back to the United States from a winter in Egypt. She was very proud of some *ashabti* figures she had bought. Little mummies made of clay, placed in the tombs with the dead. You can buy any number of them (fakes) from Shepheard's verandah. They were all glued to little square wooden pedestals, "So that they can stand up," she explained to the purser, to whom she showed them. "Do be a good boy and ask the Customs Official in New York not to tamper with them." Somehow, said the purser, she sounded false to him—like a lead shilling. He mentioned his anxiety at the docks in New York. A U.S. Customs official removed one of the little wooden pedestals—and pulled out a paper packing filled with diamonds.

I have been sea-sick four times in my life. Once in a convoy coming down across the North Sea; once when a motor-cruiser I was on took off her deck structure under a leaning spar-buoy one terrific night off Long Island; once in a Norwegian whale-chaser, which has no keel from amidships aft and has a motion like a universal joint. But the worst was in a paddle-wheeler—going down the Caspian Sea.

The Caspian is shallow, like a saucer of tea. The ship was a Soviet boat, bound for Persia. The passengers were a motley horde of Mohammedans, who had begun to sleep on the decks, but who arose with their bedding and shrieked "*Ya Allah!*" as the steamer—shaped like a flat-iron—hung on waves, and then fell like a dropping elevator into the troughs of them. They were afraid they were going to die. Soon they were afraid they were not going to die. They were so unbelievably, obviously sick!

I clung to my bunk—and watched my overcoat stand out at right angles from the door. I watched my floor become my wall.

There were sounds from the next cabin—incredible groans and curses. At times they reached the piercing intensity of a soul in hell. Although these two men in the next cabin, I knew, did not believe in hell. Neither did they believe in Heaven. They did not believe in a Future Life. But I wanted them—oh, how I wanted them!—to believe in this one. For they had taken the only one clean cabin on the boat. They were Bolshevik Commissars, believers in true Democracy—and I thought I had engaged, and paid for, that very cabin. They were Karl Radek and Rudzutak, going down to Daghestan, for a shooting trip into the Caucasus. As they groaned, and moaned, and were flung about in their orgy of seasickness, I smiled. Both of them were world-famous for making Revolutions. Turning things upside down. But they had never made a Revolution one-half so full of revolutions as this horrible night in the Caspian paddle-wheeler.

END

Books (*Continued from page* 30

only in fact that part of the world which, either intimately or remotely, concerns ourselves.

WE completely fail to appreciate that the world is really composed of uncountable known and unknown universes in the earth, in the air and—no less inscrutable than those others—under the sea.

Beneath the ageless waters of far oceans there are teeming millions of God's creatures which have evolved through untold millenniums and are still there to-day, living, feeding, fighting, courting and dying.

All this is borne in upon me when I turn the pages of William Beebe's intensely fascinating book *Zaca Venture* (The Bodley Head, 12s. 6d.), with its twenty-three photographic illustrations and a map.

Zaca was the ship, a two-masted Diesel schooner, 118 feet over all. And *Zaca Venture* is the story of what happened during two months' cruising in the Gulf of California—the particular kind of scientific expedition which Dr. Beebe can make so real and thrilling.

Adventure with Dr. Beebe means the sudden breathless glimpse of unexpected beauty and dynamic living in the world of a sliver of kelp quite as much as the harpooning of a forty-two-foot whale shark.

The object of the expedition was to hunt the whale shark to study and photograph this largest fish in the world.

It follows that many breathless thrills came their way; but Dr. Beebe's lively account of these exciting incidents is punctuated with many passages of appreciation of the beauty of these and other denizens of the deep and of their surroundings.

I heartily commend this book. It will please every one.

A DIFFERENT kind of adventure tale is that which Rear-Admiral Richard Byrd has to tell in *Alone* (Putnam & Co., 7s. 6d.).

Admiral Byrd, late of the U.S. Navy is a tireless explorer of the Arctic and Antarctic wastes, and he has flown over both the North and the South Poles.

In addition, he was the leader of two expeditions which established the Antarctic base, Little America.

The publishers tell me that it took the author four years to decide to write this book, but I warrant that once he started to do so he found that it almost wrote itself, for it is so obviously the passionate outpourings of a man who is at last thawed into articulation of a vast store of frozen memories.

Do not think from this that the book is garrulous. Admiral Byrd is far too level-headed for that.

It is an enthralling epic of his five months' solitary confinement—utterly alone in the South Polar night—at Advance Base, the place far south of Little America where in 1934 he nearly died.

The very title of Admiral Byrd's book shows that he appreciates the eloquence of word economy.

His book is a memorable rebuff to those dismal jimmies who insist that modern man is growing soft.

It is a book which every young man should read for it inspires a wholesome respect for self-reliance.

From the frozen wastes of the Arctic circle to the burning sands of the desert is indeed a contrast, and here before me I see Lord Gerald Wellesley's slim volume *The Diary of a Desert Journey* (another Putman book, price 15s.).

In this the author describes a journey which took less than a month yet included visits to many of the most interesting places in the Near East.

He was joined in Cairo by a young British diplomat from the Residency, who possessed the great advantage of a fluent knowledge of modern Greek.

These two contrived, within the short period occupied by their wanderings, to travel on a ship carrying pilgrims to Mecca, to visit Tor, on the Gulf of Suez, and proceed on camelback across the desert to the great convent of St. Catherine at Mount Sinai, once the home of the Codex Sinaiticus. Next they stopped at Akaba, whence they motored to Petra, the Rose-red City.

Then they turned towards the Holy Land which was the ultimate objective of their journey.

The whole trip was one packed with romance for those attuned to the ancient splendours of temples and tombs, and an account of it would still be interesting even if it came from the pen of a less observant diarist than Lord Gerald Wellesley.

Do not imagine that I wish to detract from *The Diary of a Desert Journey* when I remark, here, that there is a tendency to-day to glamorise the more and less ancient monuments and temples of foreign lands to the exclusion of some of our own.

I am reminded of this by my next book, *The Dome of Devotion*, by Glorney Bolton (Peter Davies, 15s.), which is virtually the biography of St. Paul's Cathedral.

I doubt whether it was really the intention of the author that this should be so, for the book is rather a collection of biographies of the amazing assortment of great men who have been associated either in life or in death with that dome of devotion.

Nevertheless, just as the dome of St. Paul's has dominated the London skyline for more than two centuries, so it less obtrusively dominates the pages of this comprehensive survey of a number of intensely interesting men.

Among the characters dealt with by Mr. Bolton is, of course, Sir Christopher Wren himself.

Great fighters like Nelson, Wellington, Roberts, Beattie, Jellicoe, are dealt with as well as great and mean ecclesiastics among the deans and canons of St. Paul's. Sydney Smith, whose wit made enemies of the great; R. W. Church, who resolved that the cathedral should be the parish church of England; Dean Inge and Dick Sheppard are four more subjects.

Wigs, lawn-sleeves, mitres, copes: the author portrays the individual who became a statesman or a divine. The portraiture is subtle, sly and provocative, the style is satirical.

But the book reveals a deep love for St. Paul's Cathedral, and the conviction that it will continue to play a vitally important part in the life and aspirations of the English nation.

If there's a degree of magic in the name of London's most famous cathedral, so also is there magic in the name Rolls-Royce—or so, at least, avers Harold Nockolds in calling his book about the origin and history of this hall-mark of British workmanship *The Magic of a Name* (G. T. Foulis & Co., 15s.).

In this volume the author juggles expertly with commercial interests and reader interest, achieving a nice balance, ably abetted by the illustrations by his brother, Roy Nockolds.

Even had Mr. Nockolds failed to make his book remarkably readable—and in the unlikely event of him having an enemy not even that individual could accuse Mr. Nockolds of this—at least this book would be valuable in providing a timely reminder that we alone among the nations of the world possess one proprietory name which is universally accepted as the symbol of good craftsmanship.

A New Holy Alliance, is the challenging title of Emil Ludwig's new book (Robert Hale, 3s. 6d.).

With Europe's crazy armament race ever gathering speed, and with most nations complying with the extravagant demands of the dictators in a purblind effort to maintain peace, this book comes at a timely moment.

Is there no other stabilising influence than the reliance on might or the ineffective deliberations of the League?

In July, 1914, Dr. Ludwig expounded the causes and misunderstandings which were destined to lead up to the Great War. The purpose of the present volume is to provide a remedy for the immediate impasse before it becomes too late to avert disaster.

In it Dr. Ludwig puts forward his solution to the question which is uppermost in everybody's mind, but his approach to Europe's problems is very different from that of the journalist or economist.

He reveals the mental attitude of nations and their leaders, of which armaments and treaties are but the outcome.

The book is not merely a further addition to the already extensive literature of political controversy, for it contains not only a suggested means of avoiding the impending European tragedy, but also a brilliant exposition of the national characters, as witty as it is true.

And now to finish up with three novels.

Free and Fortunate, by Prudence O'Shea (Herbert Jenkins, 7s. 6d.) is essentially a modern novel.

It deals with modern people in a modern world, and its style, appropriately, is modern too.

It tells the story of Emelie Faro, author of the successful play *Dropped Aitches*, who marries Walter, a fussy, mean husband who so exasperates her that her writing suffers.

At patient last, she can tolerate it no longer, and she leaves him to take a job in Domini Crystale's house, where she will be paid for the work she does and will be able to demand enough leisure to start another play.

But it does not work out that way, for she soon discovers that she needs all her wit and resource to contend not only with Domini himself, whose numerous affairs have been a byword, but with his calculating wife and his highly temperamental daughter.

Prudence O'Shea has a sure touch of characterisation, and her mind is sufficiently fresh and ingenious to place her characters in surprising and complex situations.

She develops her plot dramatically, and her sense of humour is never far away, so that her book is alive and extremely entertaining.

You will like *Free and Fortunate*.

The titles of our other two novels are both of a rather wintery nature. The first is *A Winter Chronicle*, by E. G. Kolbenheyer (The Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.).

In this we are taken back to the period of the Thirty Years' War, "that fearful reversion to barbarity," which some readers may find curiously similar in spirit to the present day.

Germany, divided by Catholics and Protestants, was scourged and ravaged and laid waste, physically and spiritually.

But those years of travail, when death and boundless vitality went side by side, had in them the seeds of revival, and through them the German people rose afresh and with a new selfconsciousness.

In this world, storm-tossed by the great wars of religion, old Joachim Pausewang, a Breslau cobbler by trade, wrote down the story of his life for the benefit of his descendants; and here is the rich and vigorous record of an age of portents and the development of an individual soul.

Beginning with the heedless exploits and the grim adventures of his youth, we follow him through his apprenticeship and endless wanderings as a journeyman until at last he settles down in the Breslau workshops, to work for a time with the great Jacob Böhme, the cobbler-philosopher. Here Joachim too achieves his own philosophy.

Herr Kolbenheyer's story is artistically wrought and is told in the racy craftsman's language of the time.

It is not only a shining mirror to an abounding yet stricken age, but also a source of light directed upon the German soul with its immense potentiality of good and evil.

I have always (*Continued on page* 84)

Evening Beauty by *Bear Brand*

If your evening dress is a masterpiece in itself it demands stockings that are no less inspired.

Those fortunate people who have an artistic temperament nicely blended with a fine sense of economy find the perfect solution in Bear Brand sheer ringless stockings.

They enable you to indulge your love of the beautiful at a very moderate charge—from 3/11 to 6/11 to be precise.

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wondered exactly how Miss Agatha Christie writes her brilliant detective stories.

It seems to me that the actual writing of her mystery stories must be almost as complex a matter as the attempted solutions she incites.

She is never satisfied unless she introduces into her books a cohort of characters so vast that to a lesser artist chaos would ensue.

To Miss Christie, however, it seems such a very simple matter to avoid confusion. She keeps all her personalities absolutely distinct and separate, and—at any rate at the time of reading—she creates the impression that each is completely essential to the building up of the story.

What beats me is how, with an army of characters constantly in motion, she never by any chance forgets one of them!

I imagine that when she sits down to write one of her highly ingenious stories, she must have in front of her a large wall chart with a different coloured flag for each character, and every morning she must determine to move forward so-and-so who were allowed to drop behind a bit yesterday!

Be this as it may, her latest book, *Hercule Poirot's Christmas* (Collins, 7s. 6d.), is yet another striking example of her consummate artistry.

This is another of those ever baffling cases of a man who is murdered in a room, the door and windows of which have all been locked on the inside.

Unlike most stories of this nature, however, this one is a genuine mystery which does not rely for its solution upon the presupposition that the perpetrator of the crime was a mechanically-minded expert, a conjurer or an impersonator.

The explanation is as honest as it is ingenious.

Another aspect of Agatha Christie's stories which accounts for their immense popularity is her genius for embellishing their most grisly moments with lightheartedness.

Of Poirot it is only necessary to conclude by assuring readers that in this, his latest case, he is still—Poirot!

OUR last book this month, is an autobiography with a difference, for it is the story of a Schnauzer bitch.

In *Yours Faithfully* (Longmans, Green & Co., 6s.), Cyril Nash recounts the small daily incidents of the kennels and the bigger occasions of prize-winning at Cruft's, of courtship and mating and the rearing of a litter of pups.

The author is well known as a B.B.C. actor and playwright. He is himself a keen breeder of Schnauzers, and many readers will recall his broadcast talks on "Your Dog and Mine."

The story—which, by the way, is splendidly illustrated by John Nicolson—is a surprisingly plausible exposition of a dog's outlook on life.

The whole thing is fascinating in the extreme and although the opening pages may lead you to believe that the book is inclined towards sentimentality, they really belie that which ensues.

The insight into the mind of a dog is positively uncanny, yet so facile that the reader continually catches himself thinking, "Why, of course, that's how a dog feels—but although I *knew* I was never *conscious* of it before."

When at last the reader puts the book down and thinks back upon what he has read, he realises, with surprise, that he has derived from it a vast amount of sound, practical information on just those points that are of most interest—from the dog's point of view as well as his own.

END

The General Practitioner (*Continued from page* 23)

of which really exists. This is a difficult case, requiring tact, sympathy, patience and a serious professional interest. It takes a good three-quarters of an hour and the G.P. is now behind in his schedule. But there is solace in the next case, for the doctor detects in the early stages a case of *angina pectoris*, and to find a diagnosis confirmed is a high reward for his shrewdness.

He now has a most curious case to deal with. A woman has a cyst on her scalp which prevents her from putting on a hat! He takes her back to his surgery, gives her a local anaesthetic, removes the cyst, and all is well.

But it is now two o'clock, he has a patient due at this very time, and he has had no lunch. He scrambles through a meal consisting of sandwiches and tea, and while doing so two more patients arrive. Well, he must see them. One is a sad case. A young girl who was to have been presented at Court has a cough. It is a bad cough. He examines her. She enjoys life, she has everything in the world, she is the apple of someone's eye. And she has tuberculosis. And so he tells her what she must do.

ALL the afternoon is given up to consultations, but the little germ of death, the unseen poison, is no respecter of doctors, and there is an appointment with disaster just round the corner. A woman rushes in to say her child is choking, what shall she do, the child is here, it is dying!

Now a G.P., notwithstanding the miracles he works, cannot work the miracle of attending two cases simultaneously. He cannot afford to offend his patients either, for no patient will ever consider the needs of another as coming before his own. But the child is choking and the doctor slips out of a side door, leaps into his car and arrives at the little girl's bedside with instant recognition of the symptoms. It is diphtheria.

What with a neurotic woman who must see him at once, a case of quinsy needing the knife, a mannequin who has slimmed too much, a rich American girl who has drunk too much, and a boy of twelve who has been sick for twenty-four hours, it is past eight o'clock before our G.P., who would like to be sick himself, gets home again.

He is dead beat. He would like a calm, unhurried, well-cooked dinner with a fine glass of wine and a small, perfect cigar, but he is too tired to eat anything. He toys with a chicken bone and gives it up, putting on instead the Brahms concert which the B.B.C. are giving to-night. And Brahms would be perfect but for the fact that he is interrupted by four telephone calls, one of which is a case of insanity at Wimbledon. Our G.P., who is a mild enough man, says: "To hell with Wimbledon!" but he goes there all the same.

What, then, does he get out of life?

He is in the best sense the servant of the public and he knows that his services are needed, that they are vital, that they bring happiness. In the eyes of his patients he sees gratitude, from his own skill and dexterity he gets pleasure, he is performing a real job of work of enormous interest and importance and he need not fritter away his substance on trivialities or the monotony of office routine. Also, though a slave to his patients he is at the same time free, and runs his own show. I suppose, too, that among the professions no man is more genuinely respected than the medical man.

And more—he is worshipped. He may not care for this, but he knows it is genuine and it keeps him going. As to the financial rewards, a G.P. will easily earn a four-figure income, something between £1,000 and £3,000 a year. Most of his patients pay up, too—about ninety per cent of them.

For success he must be a man of the highest integrity. His discretion must be beyond reproach; for every G.P. has a secret file containing confidences which, if disclosed, might cause intense misery and suffering. Some G.P.'s have a clause in their wills ordering the destruction of this confidential file after death.

And so, in short, one may call the General Practitioner a general without medals—his recognition is the thanks of mankind for lives saved and health brought back again. Even so his work is gruelling and full of disillusionment. Most G.P.'s, it is estimated, die at the age of sixty-two—that is the average. I asked one of them, a very successful London G.P., what, on the whole, he thought of human nature.

"Not much," he said. "Not much."

END

Old Tales Re-told (*Continued from page* 37)

at once, determined to get to the bottom of it. He had a sacred duty to perform towards the memory of his father and towards the good reputation of his mother, still a beautiful and desirable woman.

The rumour proved to be quite correct, for Demaratus secured sufficient evidence of confounding the culprits completely.

It was found that through the mediation of Cobon, a Delphic authority, that Cleomenes had succeeded in bribing the prophetess, who consented to accept a considerable sum of money, to sell the five words that threw Demaratus off the throne.

The shock of this discovery was not less than that of the deposition of Demaratus.

Cobon was compelled to fly from Delphi, the Prophetess Perialla was ignominiously deprived of her office.

IN spite of all this, however, Demaratus did not regain his throne, although he could boast of a victory that made of him the most popular king of Sparta, for he managed to win the Olympic prize of the four-horse chariot race. He was and remained the only Spartan king who ever won such an honour.

From the time of his downfall his life became rather that of a wanderer. Persecuted by the Lacædemonians, honoured by Darius, he took part in many feats of arms, and proved to be a wise counsellor.

With time, Cleomenes and Leotychides were both dethroned, and payed the penalty for their misdeeds, for they both ended very miserably. The first, raving mad, was even placed with his feet in the stocks. He afterwards committed suicide. The second, caught red-handed in accepting a bribe in a battle, was banished from Sparta, his house razed to the ground. He, too, finished by taking his own life.

In conclusion, those who chose the crooked way had their deserved reward. The Oracle of Delphi, however sacred, was not deaf to the tinkle of gold.

As for Demaratus, fate never allowed him to free himself from the curse of his uncertain paternity. Everything in his life showed he had inherited from Ariston's nature just as much as he had from Astrabacus, the god of horse-racing. The rape of Leotychides's bride convinced everyone that Demaratus was truly Ariston's son. On the other hand, the winning of the Olympic race was accepted by that superstitious age as a clear proof that Astrabacus would never have granted such a privilege unless he were his son.

Had he not already awarded him the garlands of victory in the very moment that he had been conceived? We must not wonder if the beautiful mother of Demaratus was herself the first to be sincerely uncertain. Why not? Life 2500 years ago was so romantic.

END

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The Women I Meet (*Continued from page* 31)

for there are many people who will put her at the head of any list for attraction ignoring her loveliness.

For that is to some extent taken for granted. She should be lovely. Her grandmother was one of the Wyndham sisters whose portrait King Edward VII named the "Three Graces," her mother Mrs. James Beck, sister to Lord Glenconner, is and always has been, famous for her beauty. With her looks, the intelligence and fascination for which the Tennants are noted, Diana Bethell lives up to her family tradition.

In marrying Mr. Purcell Blow she is reviving, somewhat romantically, a link between her family and his, for his father is the well-known architect, Mr. Detmar Blow, who was not only a great friend of her grandmother, Lady Grey of Fallodon, but who built for her that beautiful house Wilsford Manor, near Salisbury, which was her home. Diana Bethell has, however, spent most of her life in Yorkshire, at her father's home, Rise Park, near Hull. She rides well—though she is no longer keen on hunting—plays a good game of tennis and swims, but on the whole, is not a real "outdoor girl." She loves London, which is to be her future home, and so much so that after her first two "Seasons" she took a job as a mannequin at Worth's in order to stay in London.

That shows considerable self-reliance, but self-reliance is quite one of her characteristics. Perhaps it is because instead of finishing her education abroad she preferred to enter a school of domestic economy and learn the practical side of life. She can claim now that she can cope with most emergencies, and that she is a good cook not only because she has studied cooking, but because she likes it.

Most brides start housekeeping in dread of disapproval from the kitchen, and usually their lives for the first year are made a burden to them—Diana Bethell will not have such nerve-racking experience, nor will any dinner party of hers be cancelled owing to domestic difficulties. You see, although she has lovely hands she does not mind using them!

ANOTHER beauty with something of the same point of view is the LADY MARGUERITE STRICKLAND, Lord Darnley's daughter.

There is a picture of her on the new telephone book, making a radiant demand for THE motor car so few of us can afford to hire for our evenings out, as successor to her cousin Susan Bligh who was the last model for it.

Lady Marguerite has enormous, long-lashed eyes which seem neither hazel nor brown nor blue, but change according to the light and her mood in bewildering sequence. She has that husky, slow voice—almost Tallulah Bankhead—which she says spoils her chances in films, for it seems exaggerated, but which is more than fascinating as she talks. Her movements—for she has a very unhurried grace—match it, and there is an uncertainty in the rarity of her smile which gives her a faint remoteness, bafflingly unmodern.

But she has a very sound sense of the practical, for she has very fervent ambitions and they are leading her to the Theatre, everything in connexion with which she adores. She has made up her mind to achieve a career for herself on merit alone. Recently, under another name she has been touring the provinces with a repertory company, every minute of which she insists she enjoyed, despite the hard schooling of it, for during this probation she feels she has learned so much.

She has, certainly, the tenacity which makes her realise that success requires training as well as talent as a foundation, with the commonsense and will to gain it. For that reason she has already refused the suggestion of Hollywood.

"I'm not ready yet," she says. "I've got to learn to do more than Society parts, or just be posed in front of a camera."

If you point out the financial advantages of such offers she will smile.

"I'd like to earn a lot of money."

"Certainly," you think. "Lovely people should have lovely things—everything that money can buy."

But you find that she is speaking of a very intimate dream of hers. It has been with her since she was about fourteen, and she has already made one journey to assure herself that there is reality to it.

"You see, I love animals so much. And the Society for the Protection of Animals in North Africa doesn't get much help, and it needs it. Nobody ever hears about it. But when I'm rich I'm going out to Algiers again, and next time I'll be able to do more."

The husky voice is slow and drawling, but it is warm with feeling. Suddenly you realise that while Lady Marguerite neither smokes nor touches alcohol she may have another reason for being a vegetarian than just her own kind of fastidiousness. There is a seriousness in those luminous eyes which dawns on you.

IT is a seriousness which can be found in others also. London knows the *soignée* brilliance which is MRS. PHILIP HILL, due back from her sunny holiday with her husband at Palm Beach, for she is one of London's outstanding hostesses.

She is one of the most striking women with her sleek hair set with the severity of Greek sculpture into upward curls, and of that powdered iron grey shade which is so ravishing a contrast to perfect features. She is one of those lucky women, too, who tan so much that it isn't true, which sets off her lovely, flashing smile.

She has a gorgeous background for her life—a town house, panelled in honey-tinted pine, in which there is a "film-set" staircase hung with marvellous pictures; the rooms are filled with *objects d'art* and priceless furniture. The main reception-room has flood-lighting to the inside of the windows, which gives always in the greyness of London the illusion of a sunny country drawing-room, in which the curtains are drawn for the sake of coolness.

Down on the river there is the palace of a country house for her, with vast green lawns which slope down past yew hedges, a model farm, everything that money and taste combined with the matured beauty of England can give.

That is one side of her life. Few women so fortunately placed would think of more than the enjoyment of it. But Mrs. Philip Hill has the consciousness of the duties consequent to her husband's wealth, as well as of its advantages. There are few charities which can appeal for her services in vain. And her services and backing mean a great deal. She has, to begin with, tremendous organising ability, and any committee she forms is chosen so that it will be as hard-working as she herself. In one quick, trenchant speech she will explain to her audience exactly what she thinks should be done, what she wishes done, exactly what she herself intends doing; that more or less settles the matter, for her charm and earnestness are not to be withstood.

Her unselfishness runs right through the pattern of her life, for even in her great love of opera she has the thought for others. She is working wholeheartedly for the Young People's Opera Circle, which has now reached the fourth year of its career, and achieved a London Season in connexion with the Covent Garden English Opera Society.

It was started in Liverpool, based on the plea of a dock-labourer who loved music, and who offered to deposit threepence a week all the year from his wages, so that when the opera came to Liverpool he would be in a position to buy a seat. Now there is a colossal voucher system established, each area establishing and appointing its own official treasurer, and through it young people all over the country are enabled to gratify their longing for what previously was beyond their means.

There are lectures, too, given with gramophone records, for those who want more than to just hear opera when they have the opportunity, and for districts an opera company cannot reach.

"So many people really ache for music, they are starved for it and they will make such sacrifices for it," says Mrs. Philip Hill. She feels that under this scheme, with its growing success, it should not be long before it is impossible for any music-lover to feel deprived of the joy of the opera goer.

THAT possibility is more than reasonable when the growth of the British Drama League is considered. MRS. GEOFFREY WHITWORTH can tell you how, fired with her husband's enthusiasm for fostering love of the drama, she started it with him, just after the War, in so modest a fashion.

Yet it has grown and grown. Unit after unit of amateur players has been formed, even in the most remote districts, and their competitive performances are not only becoming an important feature of the social life of the country, but as they reach the "Finals" after professional and expert judging, set a very high standard.

Mrs. Whitworth lives in one of those quiet squares of Chelsea, in a house which has "atmosphere" and seems exactly suited to her cultured thoughtfulness. In fact, the house seems filled with thought, as others seem filled with flowers. But there is humour and mischief in her smile, and she is a hostess who makes you feel very much at home in her house.

She has a quiet restraint of manner, under which you feel a tremendous capability and patience, and you are not surprised that the creative urge, which is in her as well as her husband, has not been satisfied with the successful progress of the Drama League.

Something more had to come of it and it has, for from the small beginnings of the Drama League has grown the idea of the National Theatre.

In almost all countries that scheme has already reached fulfilment, and both plays and players are presented for sheer merit rather than for financial gain; here it is gaining steady ground, for it is not only that the endowment—all the stalls have now been endowed—has gained so great a response, but the demand for the National Theatre has shown itself so stimulated in the public mind.

SOMETHING of the same spirit of propaganda of the art one loves best is in VISCOUNTESS BUCKMASTER, whose husband's father was the Lord Chancellor. Among decorative people she can certainly hold her own, for she is tall and graceful, with a lovely complexion and a sweet smile. But then she is a very sweet person. That fact is the first of which you are utterly sure with her.

And you find her very restful in a hurrying world, just as her house with its carefully collected period furniture, its warm colouring and quaint "bits" which she has found in the Caledonian market or other odd spots, is restful.

And she loves poetry; and with a great desire that others should love it too, and as she does.

She has a warm lilting voice, which has not a trace of affectation in it, and she will lean back in a chair and quite suddenly tell you a poem as if it were the most natural expression in the world. Coming from her it becomes the most natural, for printed words come to life and their rhythm is as smooth and as "right" as a bird's song.

"But verse," she insists, "should be spoken. It must be spoken—why won't more people try?"

Lady Buckmaster's favourite poems are translations from the ancient Chinese, for she considers the Chinese humour of the past very akin to ours, and as she tells you, in rippling words, of for example, an exasperated Chinese mandarin thinking aloud of an intrusive guest on a hot August day, you realise (with (*Continued on page* 88)

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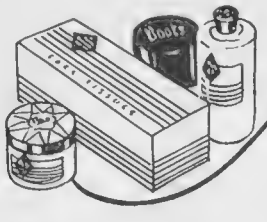

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that centuries-dead martyr), "that people should not pay calls in August," and that she is very right.

From time to time she will go through a whole repertoire of her poems, and it is not always at a big reception at Londonderry House or Downing Street, as she did when Lady Baldwin presided there. She is happier if it is a Y.W.C.A. or club of similar organisation, for "When people hear they begin to realise. They forget the nightmare of childhood with its implication of 'saying a piece.' They find something which can soothe. . . ."

The spirit which is behind her desire to spread the love of poetry is not confined to her verse speaking, however. She will talk of that, but little of the social reform work she does, or the clinic where she spends so many hours.

She will show you instead her water-colours —for she has a gift for painting, although she has never exhibited—and her latest hobby which is painting over old prints in oils.

"Utter cheating, of course, but such fun!" she laughs delightedly, and hunts for old maple frames for her "Old Masters" which are to hang—one day—in her drawing-room.

I say "one day," because Lady Buckmaster does not allow herself much leisure for her hobbies. In such spare time as she can find, between social engagements, at week-ends in the country, at times when other women do "*petit point*" or knit, she has another occupation.

Wherever she goes she has with her a small case in which is a strange form of typewriter and a sheaf of heavy paper, and whenever she has half an hour free, she sits down with it patiently tapping.

No, she is not writing a book, she is transcribing a book—her third—she is transcribing into Braille for the blind who need books so desperately.

It took her six months to learn to type Braille and she manages to complete a book in about three months. Pretty good since she has only taken it up in the last two years—and her next is going to be a textbook on carpentry for a man who is learning that trade slowly but with indomitable courage.

Well, I said that Lady Buckmaster is a very sweet person!

END

The Man for the Job

(*Continued from page 21*)

Sunday morning and had seemed a bit queer, full of some silly spy scare to which he had paid no heed. That receipt was going into a hide he had in the roof of a shed at the end of the garden. Then, let them search him and the cottage; they would find nothing incriminating.

Maguire was an old hand at the game. His first uneasiness passed. He was prepared for failure; he began to speculate on success.

EVANS was two hours before his time. It was barely four when Maguire saw him coming up the lane to the cottage. He was walking fast and none too steadily. Maguire frowned. If the fellow had got drunk God alone knew what he might have been up to.

He turned on the wireless and Evans stumbled into the cottage to find Maguire apparently quite unaware of his arrival. Maguire jumped to his feet.

"Hullo, old man; you look a bit tired," he said.

Evans answered in a dull way: "I'm all right," and sank into a chair.

Maguire breathed more easily: the man seemed sober anyhow. He offered a cigarette. Evans took it mechanically without thanks.

"Well?" Maguire queried after a few moments. "Made up your mind?"

Evans nodded.

Maguire was hearty.

"Decided to be logical and earn a bit of money, I hope," he said.

Evans nodded again.

"Here, have a drink, old man, it will do you good." Maguire rose and fetched drinks from a corner cupboard. "Help yourself and then let's talk business."

Evans poured himself out a stiff peg, and gulped it.

"Ah," he said, "I wanted that."

"Have another."

Evans helped himself with an unsteady hand.

Maguire walked across the room and locked the door.

"Now we shan't be disturbed," he said. "I will tell you what I want you to do."

Evans's drinks seemed to have recovered him.

"Wait a minute," he said. "I want to get something clear first. I've been thinking a lot about what you said this morning; about looking things straight in the face and all that. I want to know where I stand."

"Where you stand?"

"Yes, about my money and—and that receipt."

"Why, my dear chap, the moment you hand me over the goods, you get both." Maguire was bland.

"Well, I don't trust you, Maguire; I don't trust any man after to-day. You—you wouldn't do another dirty trick on me?"

"Of course not. Get that idea out of your head. We're working together now."

Evans hesitated before he answered. Then, as if he had made a reluctant decision:

"If I were to give you something—valuable —now, would you give me my receipt?" he asked haltingly.

"If it were valuable, at once. Have you got anything?" Maguire's eyes narrowed.

Evans's voice dropped and he looked about the room nervously.

"It's the plan of the outer gun stations," he said almost in a whisper.

"The outer gun stations?" Maguire queried sharply. This was news to him.

"Yes. You wouldn't know about them. They were only fixed last week, when the general was over here. Batteries of fours in hidden emplacements, and disappearing mountings. Out on the moor. It's quite a new thing."

"And you've got the plan?"

Evans nodded vaguely.

"How did you get it?"

"I—I've borrowed it."

"Borrowed it?"

"But I've got to get it back before five."

Maguire's face was grave.

"Look here," he said. "I want to know some more about this. This isn't a kid's game, you know. I hope you haven't been taking any silly risks."

Evans protested.

"No. No. It's quite all right, Maguire, really it is. I'll tell you. You see sometimes I do a bit of overtime on Sunday afternoons when we've got a rush job on. And I was going back to the dump anyhow this afternoon. But after what you said this morning, I went straight there. I wanted to be alone and think things out. Harris, at the gate knew I'd be coming in, there was nothing suspicious about that. You see they trust me there, Maguire. Trust me." Evans gave a silly cackling laugh. "That's a joke, isn't it?"

"Get on with it," Maguire said curtly.

Evans continued speaking in a dull level tone like a child repeating a lesson.

"Well, I made up my mind that I'd do what you said, and I could do a lot with a hundred pounds. So I went along to the office and made a scheme."

"Yes." Maguire was growing impatient and a little anxious.

"I thought I'd do part of my work, and tell Harris I was coming back after tea to finish, and I'd take the gun-station plan back with me and photograph it at home. But I was afraid, Maguire. I thought I might be seen there; you know what my rooms are like. So I brought it here. You can photograph it, it won't take you half an hour. Then I can take it back and nobody will know."

Maguire was thinking. It sounded all right, but he was afraid of his luck when it seemed too good.

"But how did you manage to get hold of this particular plan?" he asked.

"It was in the safe, with the others, the one I was working on. They're all together, you know." Evans spoke with surprise.

"You mean you have access to the whole damned lot whenever you want them?" Maguire queried in amazement.

"Yes. We all have. But of course I couldn't have taken it away on any day but Sunday. There's nobody but the watchmen there then, and they wouldn't bother about the office with me there."

Maguire gasped. It was so typical of the haphazard ways of English officialdom. But it was going to be devilish lucky for him.

"Do you mean there's no one to keep a watch on what goes on down there?"

Evans shook his head stupidly.

"I don't know," he said slowly. "I'd never thought much about it before. We don't. Of course there's Sharman——"

"Who's Sharman?"

Evans looked scared.

"We're not supposed to know, but we do. He's a detective. Special Branch, they call him, but he's not often here."

"What's he like?" Maguire rapped out.

"A tall chap with a big nose. I expect you've seen him sometimes at the 'Queen's Arms.' He generally goes in there for a drink when he's over here."

Maguire was frowning.

"Red-faced man, talks like a Scotsman?" he questioned.

"That's right."

"My God! I thought he was a haulage contractor."

"That's what he gives himself out to be when he comes to the dump."

Maguire was silent for a time. He knew Sharman: he had exchanged drinks with him at the pub only last week. He searched his memory. No, there was nothing that he could recall that need make him in any way suspicious. But it was a mild shock. He had never suspected Sharman.

Evans broke in with an hysterical: "Oh God! Look at the clock, Maguire. I've got to get this thing back by five, I tell you. Aren't you going to do anything?"

"All right, old man, plenty of time," Maguire said soothingly. "No need to get excited. Let's see your plan."

Evans shrank back in his chair.

"Not till you've paid for it, you don't," he said with a show of defiance.

Maguire leaned forward and spoke quietly.

"Now look here, Evans," he said. "I'm not going to pay till I've seen what I'm buying. I've only got your word for it yet."

"And I've only got your word that you'll pay. And you've done me one dirty trick." Evans's voice rose hysterically.

"For God's sake don't shout, man," Maguire broke in. "Do you want the whole damned village to hear."

"No. No. I'm sorry, Maguire. My nerve's have gone a bit." Evans spoke in an apologetic way. Then his control seemed to snap again, and his voice rose once more. "But you've got to pay me first."

Maguire swore. The man must be going off his head. He must pacify him somehow.

"Look here," he said. "I tell you what I'll do. I'll give you back your receipt first. Then when I've photographed the plan we'll talk about money. Will that satisfy you?"

"All right," Evans's voice was thick. "Give it to me."

"I'll get it for you," Maguire said. "Pull yourself together Evans. Have another drink. I won't be a moment."

He went out by the back door and stood gazing into space, thinking hard. He was excited but apprehensive. Evans had taken a damned sight bigger risk than he realized. Still he seemed to have got the plan on him, and if trouble blew

(*Continued on page 90*)

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up later that would be his funeral. Maguire's hard eyes glinted. That plan was going to be worth money. And if things did go all right there was more stuff to come from Evans. So long as the little fool didn't have nerve storms. But money would cure that. Once let him get his fingers into a wad of fivers and Maguire looked to see a big change in Evans's outlook. He had seen it work before. As for the receipt, that bluff had done its work, the little fool was welcome to it.

Maguire strolled unhurriedly down to the garden shed.

When he returned to the sitting-room, Evans was sitting looking moodily at the floor. Maguire spoke brightly.

"Well, here you are, old man," he said extending the receipt. Evans clutched at it eagerly and sighed. "And here's something more," Maguire went on. "I don't mistrust you and I don't want you to mistrust me. Here's a bit on account," he passed him some notes, "and if the plan isn't what you say it is I'm trusting you to return it to me. Can't say fairer than that."

Evans looked bemused.

"No. That's all right, Maguire," he said. His hand went out for the notes. He seemed unwilling to accept them. "I've never done anything like this before," he went on in a dull monotone. "I've never done anything really dishonest: I'm frightened——"

"Don't talk rot, man; who are you hurting? Nobody, except yourself if you keep on playing the damned fool. And don't forget the time. We haven't got too much as it is. You've taken your chances now. You've got to get that plan back again whether I see it or not."

Evans roused.

"Yes. Yes. You're right, Maguire," he said. He felt in the breast pocket of his coat and withdrew a thick envelope. Maguire snatched it from him and tore it open. Evans blinked at him like a man half asleep. Then his high cackling laugh broke out again.

"It's done now," he said. "I'm a criminal. I'm wanted by the police like you are, Maguire. I wonder what Sharman would say if he knew. Or Lanyon, the village constable. It's funny feeling like this. Don't you ever feel like this, Maguire. Aren't you ever frightened——"

Maguire raised his eyes from the plan which he had been scanning avidly. It was all right; a big scale map with the batteries clearly marked, in unexpected places, too. An incredible bit of luck, but this damned idiot was going to spoil it if he couldn't stop this drivelling nonsense.

"Shut up," Maguire said savagely and cursed him. "See here, Evans, if you can't keep your mouth shut I'll shut it for you." Evans cowered. "I mean it. You blasted fool there's nothing to be scared about if you'd only pull yourself together. But by God! if you don't you'll run into a packet of trouble. And I'll tell you how. Any more of that damned whining and you don't get this plan back. Behave yourself and I'll photograph it and you'll have it inside ten minutes."

"All right, Maguire. I'm sorry," Evans answered humbly.

"Then keep on being sorry. And you'd better leave that whisky alone while I'm downstairs. You don't want to go back drunk, do you?"

"I'm all right, Maguire," Evans sat limply in his chair like a broken man.

MAGUIRE was a skilled photographer; that was part of his trade. He had copied documents and developed films in his time in many stranger places than the little cellar at Rose Cottage. But this job was one he could not rush.

"I may be a quarter of an hour, so don't get windy," he said as he turned towards the door to the cellar.

"All right, Maguire," Evans repeated in the same spiritless way.

Maguire tramped down the rickety stairs. Evans waited a couple of minutes, then stretched out an arm and helped himself to another drink. Then restlessly he rose and tip-toed across to the window.

His nerves were strained to breaking-point, and he stared anxiously from the window as though he expected to see someone waiting for him outside.

A few feet beneath him Maguire was going methodically about his task. His nerves too were on edge.

Maguire stretched the map on to a piece of board and smoothed it out with care before fixing the drawing pins.

His mind went to Sharman. A cunning devil that. Maguire had never suspected for a moment his real job. Well, he knew now. Thank God he'd always been careful; you couldn't be too careful. But he wasn't afraid of Sharman, Scotland Yard had nothing against him.

Maguire turned his mind to the immediate job. It was more difficult than he had expected. But it was finished at last, the photograph taken, the negative developed. Maguire took the plate from the fixing bath and examined it with satisfaction. The detail was pin clear. It would enlarge up to the size of the original easily.

He wiped his hands and lit a cigarette, considering Evans again. The fellow seemed restless. Maguire had heard him walking about from time to time. But by now perhaps he'd got over his nerve storm. Maguire hoped so fervently. If not—Maguire had come to think Evans had better take his own chance. As soon as the negative was dry he wanted to get rid of it. Get it off the premises, it was too good for him to risk.

He called cheerily: "You all right, old man?"

Evans's voice answered: "Quite, thanks, Maguire."

"Plenty of time still. I'm just coming up." Maguire folded the map and started up the stairs. He was relieved at the tone of Evans's voice, it sounded normal.

"First we'll have a drink on it," he said in the same bluff way as he opened the door, "and then—" He broke off suddenly.

There was something funny about Evans. He stood in the middle of the room looking half scared, half defiant, his eyes fixed on him in fury.

"You dirty swine," Evans said with an intensity of feeling that startled Maguire. "Thought you were going to buy me, didn't you? You made a mistake, Maguire, by God——"

A voice broke in: "Cut that out, Evans. You've done your job fine. Leave him to me now."

Maguire's head swung round. From behind the open door, a tall red-faced man with a big nose stepped forward. His hand fell on Maguire's wrist.

Maguire gasped: "Sharman."

"Aye, Sharman," the man echoed. "And I'll have quite a few words to say to you, Mr. Maguire. What's that in your hand?"

The map dropped to the floor, and Maguire made a spring at Evans, cursing like a madman.

Sharman's great fist raised and he caught Maguire on the point of the jaw. The man went down with a crash.

"That one's on your account, Evans," Sharman said grimly. "Call in the sergeant. We'll take him along."

END

'Flu and After

(*Continued from page 64*)

instantaneous, depression will also vanish.

If you want to move mountains spend your week-end by the sea.

DIET—Have hot orange or blackcurrant jelly drinks, while the temperature lasts; this will probably be for three days.

If this is too fruity, take hot water alone. Or hot water and bicarbonate of soda, one heaped teaspoonful to half a pint, if there is sickness.

Fourth day: vegetable brew, at least four times a day, a cupful. Also chicken soup or beef tea. Oranges, up to four a day, may be taken. Brown bread and butter and honey.

Fifth day: the same diet as the previous day, augmented with a glass of squeezed fresh tomato juice (six tomatoes) at lunch time; carrot juice, a glass from new carrots at dinner time; and weak China tea at tea time.

Sixth day: add a glass of celery juice in the early morning (either from freshly grated and pounded celery, or all these vegetable juices can be bought specially bottled, but once opened the bottle must be finished within three days), a lightly boiled egg for lunch and a pint of milk, to the previous day's diet.

Seventh day: steamed fish or chicken can appear and every kind of young fresh vegetable. Spoil yourself a bit. Also mashed banana with honey and cream. The 'flu should be out of your system by now, hence carbo-hydrates and energy-producing foods such as the banana; you can also include sweet potato and sweet corn. Keep up your oranges, vegetable juices and vegetable brew for a while.

END

Sleeping Beauty

(*Continued from page 65*)

with a tonic that is so greaseless it can be used as a setting lotion, so effective it definitely stops falling hair. And it is inexpensive. Dip your fingers in it before you start massaging. For pre-shampoo nights a palmful of hot olive-oil rubbed into the scalp is better than a week's sunshine for bringing new lights into the hair. If you must wear a set-protector there is one that is almost glamorous.

NECK. *Two minutes* solve your problem whether it is crêpey neck or double chin. A youthifying balsam cream applied with long downward sweeping hand-strokes nourishes, fades out wrinkles and gives that clean-cut line of youth. Double chins respond to two minutes slapping with a special Lactee that penetrates and persuades flabby muscles, wayward tissues and faulty circulation to behave. It tightens but does not dry the skin.

ARMS. *Two minutes* to moisten the surface of your arms with a whitening, skin-refining and preserving lotion made of pulped ripe cucumbers.

Two minutes if the upper arms are red and pimplish-rough to rub in an hygienic cream that will give alabaster beauty.

FEET. *One minute* for each foot—to rub in olive-oil and wipe it off again. A little remains, soaks in and keeps bones young, bunions and corns wary. It is the first and last word for keeping feet fit. Corns, bunions and chilblains, if already there, can be treated with three different herbal liquids. A few nights and the immediate relief is well on the way to becoming a permanent cure; and foot comfort has taken one or two quite unnecessary lines from your face.

HANDS. *One minute* to work a smear of nail-perfecting cream under the cuticles. It keeps them supple and self-effacing, nails strong and healthy.

One minute to smooth the cleverest hand cream imaginable into the hands. It feeds and bleaches. Whether they are worn with work or weather this keeps them white and youthful. Wear gloves if you want to leave it on thickly for rapid results, if not, just work it in.

Good-night.

END

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	REGENT PLATE	£1. 5.6	£1. 4.6	£1.11.0
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In New York (*Continued from page 57*)

family can indulge a taste for entertainment outside the home without embarrassing the exchequer.

Your hostess will spare no effort to surround you with hospitality, but she is a shrewd creature and she will never work herself to a thread for you or anybody else. That is part of her fundamental efficiency.

If entertaining you should mean that she will be required to overtax herself, she will entertain you just the same—lavishly—but she will take you out to do it.

Don't misunderstand. This implies no lack of warmth, no hint of niggardliness on her part, but a sane and shrewdly calculated philosophy. The American woman retains her individuality, her contact with life. She refuses to relinquish either in the home, although she loves it.

You will meet fewer domestic martyrs on your visit than England has to show and you may think them a gayer, rather happier community of housewives on account of it.

Your hostess can cook, but she doesn't sacrifice herself on the altar of good food. Everything is done for ease, and is none the worse for that.

Frozen foods—now being introduced to England—help to make light of cookery, and are delicious. Her menus are fundamentally simple, but she is more experimental than we are.

She will serve you delicious hot cakes with the meat course; "biscuits" she will call them. There will be pineapple with your baked ham, apples with your grilled bacon and salads that will make you blush for the weary concoctions bearing that name that come to table in England where, one must confess it, the vegetables are infinitely better.

You will find your American hostess no better as a housekeeper than yourself, possibly not quite so good, but she is a much better showman. If she serves you a kipper, she does it stylishly.

Her presentation of her food, her home and herself is slick, imaginative. She is aided and abetted in this by manufacturers and retailers who contrive to fill New York shops with merchandise as dazzling and as varied as anything to be seen in the world.

END

Where the Great Relax (*Continued from page 9*)

expended. It had not been his own idea, that was all he would say. He had apparently been coaxed into it. He intends using his amazing new creation as a place where he can retire for conference and reflection in a solitude guarded by sheer precipices of 3,000 feet deep on every side. He does not sleep there, but uses the Kehlstein only for visits by day, made from the Berghof far away below.

"At 6,000 feet above sea level, drifts of eternal snow fill the hollows of the surrounding crags, while the silence is complete.

"The approach is unforgettable. A specially built motor-approach winds five miles up the steep side of the Hohen Goll, until it finally attains a shelf hewn out of the perpendicular cliff face. Heavy bronze double doors in the solid rock here open to reveal a corridor 130 yards long and twenty feet broad, walled with unpolished marble and lit by bronze electric lamps. This corridor leads straight into the stone heart of the mountain. At the end of it you fantastically come upon a great copper-lined lift with leather seats. You feel as if you might be in some luxury hotel instead of in the bowels of the Alps. But then the lift starts moving slowly, up, up, and the hotel image fades. For the ascent of the 400-feet shaft takes all of three minutes. Then you step out and into the 'palace' of the Kehlstein, a bright, white, simply evolved but essentially comfortable construction."

One thought of other castles perched on crags in the Bavarian Alps, though not a third as high as this one. There was that King Ludwig who loved building eyries away from world vibration. Was it for good or ill that Hitler needed similar lofty solitude? He loved nature, I was reinstructed, derived his inspiration from its serenity in the high altitudes. If he could go higher, he would.

AT the other end of the Axis the Duce relaxes in less godlike fashion and surroundings. The Duce is altogether nearer to earth, as a person. Olympic and alone he still is, if less so as he moves towards the sixties. But "Musso" is the father of a family, and indulges half-a-dozen normal pursuits and distractions denied to the Fuehrer by the latter's psychological make-up. The Italian swims, dances, rides, motor-cycles, pilots his aeroplanes, and a year ago embarked on winter sports. He sleeps marvellously, delights in the captivating presence of the opposite sex—nor do the ladies have to be model types to win merit, as with platonically-tilted Hitler.

There comes days when the Duce decides on the instant for a spot of relaxing. It may be that he is annoyed or overwrought or just momentarily sick of his vast desk in the Palazzo Venetian. Anyway, up he jumps and away, all according to the season. It may be only for a swim down at Ostia Lido, not so good, I thought. And then, again, it may be something very different. The record was when he impetuously rose from his desk one morning last spring, flew to Africa, Pantelleria, off the African coast, and was back again at his desk in Rome before noon.

But when he wants really to cogitate most seriously, to think out the gravest affairs in the solitude of the dictator, Mussolini almost invariably retires to his unspectacular property at Rocco della Caminate, in the Forli country of his birth, where Donna Rachele has spent much of her time.

NEARLY all British Prime Ministers had been well off prior to Mr. Asquith's arrival on the scene; and Mr. Lloyd George's; and Mr. MacDonald's. None of these statesmen were exactly hard up, yet they could, only with some difficulty at first, at any rate, upon scaling the heights, afford to keep up dual establishments, one in town and one for relaxing. That was what put the idea of the Chequers gift into the head of Lord Lee, and the success of the experiment must have exceeded even the donor's expectations. Here, in beautiful and typically English country, the leader of the State can either lay down his burden completely for the week-end or devote the interval to conference and reflection. Two who alternately delighted in Chequers over a period of fourteen years, Mr. Baldwin and Mr. MacDonald, had their pet relaxation on their doorstep—walking. The present occupant has to range further afield to find his fancy—to Deeside. One has the impression, too, that, when deprived of fishing, Mr. Chamberlain is more of a town bird than were his immediate predecessors. After all, Downing Street *is* one of the quietest places in all London, at week-ends; any one could relax there, especially in winter, before the fire.

M. Daladier possesses no retreat, nor had M. Blum before him, but M. Laval had one, a flamboyant, crenellated, castle-like affair not far from Moulins, in the centre of France. M. Daladier will take a day or two "off" on the Riviera, or in his native Orange; in summer, he will cram in a week at Vichy. Nothing more. French Premiers remain usually self-tethered to the capital throughout their periods of office, almost as if fearful of leaving Paris lest there come an intriguer's stab in the back! True, they now have a superb new "hotel." The Hotel Matigon, ex-Austrian Embassy, is a gardened oasis standing within hail of the Champs-Elysées, and M. Flandin spent copiously in making it modernly comfortable and attractive. Nevertheless, one is inclined to think that a French "Chequers" would not be half a bad idea, enabling a harassed Premier temporarily to shake Paris from his feet, and all that it stands for.

President Lebrun has had a choice of three retreats. The official country residence of the Chief of State is at Rambouillet, forty miles out of Paris. Here Diplomatic Corps shoots afford the main occasions, and the chateau is not visited often. Each August, M. Lebrun has been wont to divide his time between his native village of Mercy-le-Grand, in Lorraine, and the State-owned Chateau of Vizille, near Grenoble. At the former, the retiring President lived entirely the life of the village, staying in the house he was born in, the post office, kept by one of his family. At Vizille, the sojourn would be slightly formal. Twelve sat down to meals, yet five of these were small children whose holiday it really was, with *grandpère*. The presidential secretary and a military A.D.C. were the only non-family guests, and M. Lebrun's recreation was to take long walks each day with them: as a countryman he expertly knew the fields, and thereby came close to the real heart of France.

No living Frenchman of prominence boasts the withdrawal from the tumult that Clemenceau was able to achieve in the last two decades of his life. Here you had relaxing from world statesmanship carried to the *nth* degree. Down in the Vendée, by the wild or rolling Atlantic, "the Tiger" built himself a shack before which I more than once sat with him, just looking out to sea, or reading, even as my august host. Towards the end, living in that shack was costing old "Father Victory" little more than three or four shillings a day, for all he ate were hard-boiled eggs and onion soup, his recipe for longevity and hardiness. But he had a Rolls, gift of Sir Bazil Zaharoff, and sometimes "the Tiger" would get the urge to career at top speed round the countryside. On one such tear he brought me to a spot near Luçon and showed where he intended to lie, and where, in effect, he does. Only with the difference that, whereas he wanted to be buried upright, tradition of Vendée, that was rendered impossible by rock being struck. The grave would take several days to prepare, and it was decided to respect Clemenceau's other insistence that he be buried within twenty-four hours.

A SECOND great man, but lately gone, favoured a model farm for relaxing—or for one form of this. Ataturk will finally rest not far from that farm, on the heights outside the Angora he summoned into being from almost a wilderness. But Ataturk was wont on the spur of the moment, to mingle the simple life with something very different. Summoning his cronies, he would stage an all night party "downtown" that might run into several succeeding nights, when cards and gambling, drinking and other forms of license, hardly let up. That was the chief reason Ataturk died so relatively early. He had worn himself out, not by overwork, he took work in his stride and chucked it aside when he felt that way, but because of all the hard living.

Stalin has a passion for cards in his Kremlin hide-out, which he rarely leaves unless it be to fulfil an engagement. There is a repose house outside Moscow for members of the Government, but the Soviet Dictator is unknown there, and a year ago a projected visit to an ailing mother, in Georgia, was called off at the last moment. Fear of assassination? Maybe so. Nobody knows anything much about Stalin's private life, and when somebody intrudes, as recently the Moscow satirical (*Continued on page 94*)

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Streets

magazine *Krokodil*, it brings the sharpest rap over the knuckles.

Stalin, however, is the most equable, least excitable of the dictators. Both Mussolini and Hitler fly into passions, particularly the first, and so does Goering. The fat and youngish field-marshal does his relaxing at Karinhal, his country estate not far from Berlin, and called after his first, Swedish wife, to whom he was so devoted—she has her mausoleum in the grounds, her remains having been brought from Sweden. Goering's relaxing may conveniently be divided into five sections. The hunt—wild boar, wolf, anything tough for preference. Designing uniforms for himself. Trencherman's delight. Collecting yarns about himself. Going places with his (former) actress wife. When he has given way to one of his quivering rages, putting fear into all in his vicinity, Goering will suddenly decide to go to the theatre. Or else he will call on friends who promptly collect artists and entertainers to soothe the bold, bad, adipose Prussian Premier and heaven knows what besides.

Fire-eating young Count Ciano, who would look so like father-in-law on the films, sticking out his jaw, glowering, and striking long familiar attitudes, favours a villa at the Spa of Lucca, not far from the coast. Here, having journeyed at speed by air or road, he joins Countess Edda and the children. But the Italian Foreign Minister and, it is increasingly averred, heir to the Duce, loves his social Rome, his clubs, his *soirées* and their fascinating guests. Still in the mid-thirties, Ciano remains untabulated in the informed Roman mind. Such Romans see the Foreign Minister hemmed in by a brace of Mussolinis, the daughter, only less downright and opinionative than the father. How accurately to assess a young man in such circumstances?

Dr. Goebbels is a transformed mortal most fine week-ends that he can spare away from his all-embracing job of being the Mind of Eighty Million People. Instead of the famous line from the *Hymn of Hate :*

We love as one, we hate as one
there might well be substituted to-day :
We read as one, we think as one.

Goebbels has a most attractive wife, who apparently shares with Miss Unity Mitford the Fuehrer's approbation, and three small Aryan children (although the good *Herr Doktor* is himself anything but Aryan-looking, and the family retire to an isolated and closely guarded villa on one of the lakes outside Berlin.

The King of the Belgians shares with King Carol the title to being Europe's most vital Sovereign since the Abdication of 1936. The direst tragedy, from which it may take him many more years to recover, still entirely twists King Leopold's life. His trouble is that he cannot relax, must ever be doing something, in order not to keep remembering that day at Küssnacht. In fact, he does everything up to the hilt. Says his Prime Minister, P. H. Spaak : "The King divides his life in twain : What you may call 'the royal prison' and the escape to solitude and nature, when he seeks to exhaust his great physical strength and conquer difficulties challenging his courage. He is not shy, as many think : he is a lonely man and *un farouche*. He is as untamed as a thoroughbred, perhaps because fortune has dealt him such blows."

You might think that three little children would supply a taming, domestic influence. It does, up to a point, exactly from six to eight o'clock most evenings, at Laeken. But the pity is that King Leopold cannot bear to frequent even the environment, much less the actual rooms, where he used to be so happy with Queen Astrid.

His Majesty displays the untamed streak by his latest plan to exhaust himself and snap his fingers at danger. As he cannot be always climbing in the Dolomites, he is having constructed in the grounds at Laeken a particularly perilous section of mountain climb, built minutely to scale. On this he proposes to practise daily, once the work has been expertly finished in the summer. Pending this addition his Majesty "relaxes" on the links, or by paying flying incognito visits to foreign countries, or taking long

Where the Great Relax

walks alone. He has been silenced by grief. And hardened. Last August I watched him from my Spa hotel window, review 40,000 of all arms after the annual manœuvres, and during three-and-a-half hours his horse did not move from a small sanded surface, nor its rider do more than rise occasionally in the saddle. The royal staff, in the background, was no match for its King when it came to endurance and immobility.

THE Duke of Windsor has his lovely, cut-off Chateau de la Croë, on the tip of Cap d'Antibes, at which to relax, if such a term can be used at all, in as much as His Royal Highness's main complaint is that he, who once was so booked up, has next to nothing to do beyond managing his private affairs. Is the Duke writing his memoirs for publication, perhaps long after his demise? I do not know. But what I do know is that he is tremendously interested in the current unapproached international drama, and that he takes every possible opportunity to discuss it with informed or intelligent people—maybe he feels how he might have been crucially influencing events to-day, had destiny functioned otherwise.

H.R.H.'s other major complaint is that he is unable to travel, he who had always gone out for studying things first-hand. Where could he go to-day, without falling a victim to countless curious ones?

So it has to be golf, and social occasions, in the relaxing line. At dinner parties the Duke has introduced into French society the custom of the men remaining over their wine prior to joining the ladies. Nor is the Duchess yet quite used to this, for not long ago she sent in twice—in vain—for the absent Duke. The Duke was wagging his finger over international affairs. He has grown more serious, while the Duchess is keener on stepping out of an evening.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE may belong to history while still a young seventy-five. He belongs to Churt nowadays, more than to Criccieth. Here you get relaxing from the political dog-fight in its wisest, most practical, and yielding form. Not only does the buoyant Father of the House draw physical and mental well-being from his farming activities; they pay, and act as he wished they should, as an example of what can still be done with the soil of England if only one goes at it in the proper way. Of course "L.G." had capital with which to develop his farming notion. But so has the Government got capital with which it could aid a return to the land, as beneficial and enjoyable for the individual these times when life in cities and towns is steadily growing less attractive and dearer, not to add potentially more perilous, such a rural renaissance could be made of capital service to the nation.

Winston Churchill, master of the art of living, is a second statesman who knows the value of disconnecting. No one is deeper in these times that will decide the fate of Britain and her Empire; his artist's soul intensifying everything for him. The never resting imagination that has a way of pointing ahead with such disturbing truth might by its unrewarded working in the end impair a man of lesser breed and stature. But Winston, who one day should be honoured as is his due, even if it come when he is no more, can turn off the current of world politics down in Kent, and paint or write or re-fashion, cultivate his garden.

If I ever needed or could indulge relaxing, there are three properties on the Continent that I should, in particular, covet. Sir Henri Deterding, of Anglo-Dutch, was conspicuously favoured in being permitted to build a chalet by the Suvretta House, at St. Moritz. Views in this celestial area must not be tampered with. But this multi-millionaire desired to look away down the valley towards Maloja, and, lo, it was so.

Then there is the Balsan (formerly Marlborough) aerie perched high above Eze, half way between Nice and Monaco, with its outbuildings for guests. You can catch a glimpse of Corsica on very clear days, ninety

miles distant, and as for the Riviera air and sunshine up at this altitude, and the peace and calm, the combination is unique. Thirdly, Miss Gracie Field's villa on the Isle of Capri is a good idea, for there are few places like Capri, even now, under strict Fascism, for "getting away from it all" and for encountering strange people.

Film stars need more relaxing than most others. In fact they probably started the craze by retiring between "takes" to specially contrived, sound-proof structures on the lot. The Garbo is perhaps Hollywood's No. 1 relaxer, ever since she signified her preference for being alone. She may have come out of her shell a little latterly, consequent on the bright appearance in her life of baton-wielder Stokowski, yet only a year ago she acquired an isolated domain on a Swedish lake, to which she proposes to return annually, finally to settle there. Unless, that is, the aforementioned baton-wielder has something to say about it.

Once the sea provided a prime relaxing sphere for those in the purple, or for such as could afford private vessels. Each August, William II relaxed aboard the *Hohenzollern* in northern waters, even as did the Tsar, in the *Standart*, in the Baltic. King Edward's yachting days are commemorated by a statue at Cannes. Then there were the great yachts of the American millionaires, one of which, the *Liberty*, to finish as the property of Lady Houston, a sister of mine sent into her element on the Clyde. *Liberty* was the first genuine article afloat, designed for relaxing, its original owner, a martyr to nerves, insisting that she be sound-proofed. To-day, very few big private vessels still sail the seas—I can think of only two that are in more or less permanent commission, Lord Moyne's exploring *Rosaura*, once a Newhaven-Dieppe mail steamer, and the Ex-Khedive's *Nimet Allah*. Hitler has his private vessel at Kiel, but he does not tune into the briny, and neither does the Duce. Dictators prefer earth.

Mr. Roosevelt is apt to relax almost too frequently in the eyes of some of his manifold critics, enemies. The President doesn't care. At the slightest chance, off he pops for the week-end to his Hyde Park estate above the Hudson, although his ambience there is hardly as attractive as it used to be, since a vindictive neighbour presented the adjoining ground to "Father Divine," the darkie stunter who seems to talk incomprehensible drivel, and his noisy thousands of disciples of both sexes. A second relaxing headquarters of the President is Warm Springs, Georgia, where the august visitor nurses the paralysis that afflicts his legs. A third means of escape from the New Deal, now getting somewhat moth-eaten, is tarpon fishing off Florida, or the Bahamas. As former Naval Under-Secretary, Mr. Roosevelt loved to cruise aboard the latest super-battleships, but that came to be voted too expensive. In the White House, the President gets away from things by reading a thriller a day—or night.

Admiral Horthy, increasingly absorbed canalising the Hungarian Nazis into the least aggressive channels possible, adjourns to the national estate at Gödöllö, thirty miles from Budapest. Here, in vast acres, the game old Regent pursues the hunt, to which the Hungarian landed gentry is dedicated. Horthy's next-door rival, and hard nut to crack, has not got much time to spare for relaxing. King Carol's minority-weakened country and coveted land moves towards Destiny, with a capital "D" and this first-class ruler-king works three and four times over, the forty-hour week of the French Labour Confederation. Luckily for his Majesty, much can be accomplished from Sinaia, set in idyllic surroundings, and with the hunt—shooting—to fall back on.

Another Continental locality that is becoming as well known for relaxing as it is for important confabulations, is Bled, by the lake of that name, in Yugoslavia. First famed as the scene of the Duke of Kent's romance, Balkan monarchs and Premier-Dictators periodically take train for Bled, there to discuss crucial happenings with Prince Paul. The (*Continued on page* 96)

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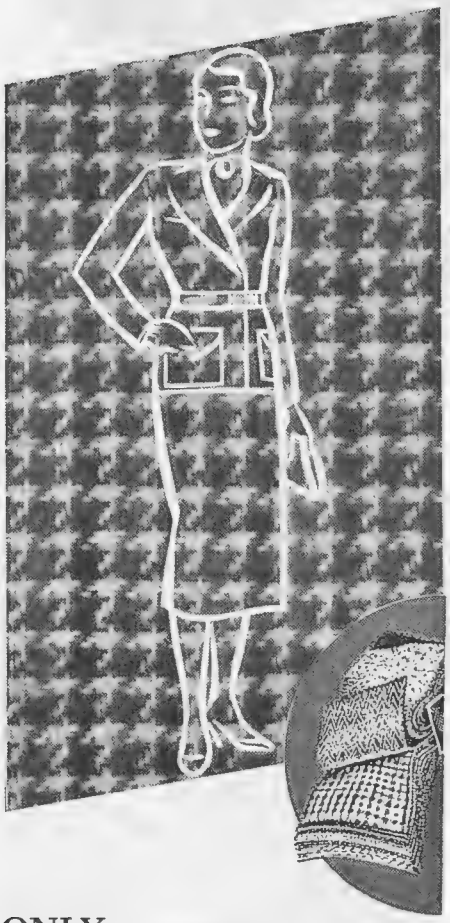

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young King Peter spends much of each summer locally, being educated with boys of his own age, and when in three years' time is crowned, this Yugoslav lakeside should be even oftener in the headlines.

Castel Gandolpho, on a lake in the Alban hills outside Rome, was selected as an ideal spot where the "freed" Pope Pius might relax from his arduous Vatican days. Alas, this Pope is far too ill to benefit from the liberation that his immediate predecessors, Pius IX, Leo XIII, Pius X, Benedict XIV, would no doubt have enjoyed. In addition to which, stricken Pius XI refuses to relax. As we know, no sooner has he recovered from a heart attack, even from unconsciousness, than he resumes his audiences and duties,

Where the Great Relax

despite all that his doctors may say. His Holiness acts as if, knowing himself not long of this world, he would do all in his power, cram every conscious minute, seeking to lessen the grievous European strain.

So, lastly, to our own King, who steers for Royal Lodge each week-end that he can; and now and then to Sandringham; and each early autumn heads for a protracted sojourn at Balmoral. His Majesty is fortunate to be able to relax with that best of all things, a happy little family, around him; and the moors or Windsor Great Park, for sport.

END

A Life for a Death

(Continued from page 11)

favourable to women. The death penalty does not apply to the special crime of infanticide. A special verdict of "guilty but insane" sends the unfortunate mother to a special section of the criminal lunatic asylum at Broadmoor, to be quietly released, after a year or two, to the custody of family or friends.

In the last year of record there were ninety-five cases of murder of 105 persons aged a year or over. In thirty-eight cases, involving forty-seven victims, the murderer or suspect committed suicide. In seven cases, involving seven victims, no arrest was made. In fifty cases, involving fifty-one victims, fifty-three persons were arrested.

So we have fifty-three persons arrested on a charge of murder. One was discharged. That left fifty-two arraigned.

Of these fifty-two, six were found insane on arraignment. That left forty-six. Eight were acquitted, leaving thirty-eight. Thirteen were found guilty but insane, making a total of nineteen sent to Broadmoor The remaining twenty-five were sentenced to death.

But one was respited and sent to join the other nineteen at Broadmoor. The Court of Criminal Appeal quashed the conviction in two cases, the House of Lords quashed the conviction in a third case. Eleven had their sentences commuted to penal servitude by the King, acting on the advice of the Home Secretary. That left ten of the original fifty-three arrested and the original twenty-five sentenced to death.

Those ten had their necks broken by a drop at the end of a rope.

Murder of infants under one year is separated from murder of persons aged a year or over. It is still murder—but murder of a special sort. There were thirty-one cases in the year we are surveying. In fourteen cases there were no clues and no arrests. In six cases the murderer or suspect committed suicide. In eleven cases, thirteen persons were arrested. Of these thirteen, one was discharged, one was certified insane before trial, one died awaiting trial, four were acquitted, three were found guilty but insane, and three were sentenced to death. Of the latter, two had their sentences commuted to penal servitude for life, and one was executed.

Thus, out of the thirty-one murders of infants under one year, only one murderer paid the supreme penalty.

We thus have in the general murder list 105 murders, and ten executions, and in the special murder list, thirty-one murders and one execution. There were, therefore, 136 murders, sixty-six arrests, forty-three verdicts of guilty, twenty-eight death sentences—and eleven executions! And all this in a normal year—a cross-section of murder as a crime in England.

Against this background of eleven executions in 136 murders and forty-three guilty verdicts, the parliamentary vote to abolish the death sentence shrinks to the size of a tardy reform—recognition of an accomplished fact. Judges have been known to explain to a citizen who has killed that everything is all right, that the words of the death sentence the judge must by law pronounce are just a formality in this case; and then to gabble through the formula in order to save the feelings of the unfortunate in the dock—and, perhaps, preserve the dignity and menace of the death sentence for a proper occasion.

Between abolishing the death sentence and abolishing capital punishment, there is a considerable gap. The noose (in America they prefer the electric chair or the gas chamber, in Russia the bullet, in Germany the axe, and in France the guillotine) is still with us.

And it looks as if it will be a long time before men agree that there is no crime so terrible that it calls for the punishment of death. In half a dozen European countries espionage is punishable by death, and in Germany concealment of assets abroad is a capital crime. In Britain, murder is only one of four crimes for which judgment of death may be pronounced by the civil courts of the kingdom. The four are murder, treason, piracy with violence, and arson of his Majesty's ships, arsenals, dockyards, etcetera. For the last two offences, however, the court may avoid the sequel of an execution by ordering the judgment of death to be entered on record, which in effect is as if the judgment had been duly pronounced and the offender reprieved.

The reduction of crimes punishable by death to four—in common practice, one—offers a curious contrast to the English penal code of the eighteenth century, when no less than 200 crimes were capital offences.

Discussing crime once with a retired Scotland Yard detective-inspector—one of the "Big Five" of the Wensley era—I suggested that he should write a book on murder as a crime. He said it could not be done because, while murder was a crime, there was no one crime called "murder": every murder is different.

"You can generalise on almost every crime except murder," he said. "But when you begin to study murder, the first thing you find out is that every murder is different. You or I might, in certain circumstances, commit a murder. On the other hand, neither of us would commit a forgery. Neither you nor I would in any circumstances turn burglar, break into a shop, blow a safe, perpetrate confidence tricks, or embezzle. Even if we wanted to, probably we would not know how to go about it. Some of those crimes call for a high degree of skill and training, a certain technique. But murder—we're all potential murderers," he concluded.

A sweeping statement. One can pick holes in it. But it is instructive to glance at random over the portrait gallery of murderers.

The late Lord Brampton said that one of the most diabolical cases he ever tried was that in which a man named Lamson murdered his wife's schoolboy brother in order that his wife, under her father's will, could inherit money that he, the husband, could lay hands on (he had already squandered the fortune she had brought him on marriage). This devilish murderer was a distinguished and brave doctor who had seen service with the Red Cross in three continental wars. He was universally respected. But he had a fatal weakness—he was extravagant and unscrupulous in money matters.

Seeing only a boy between money and himself, Lamson paid the boy a visit at school, taking a cake and some preserved fruits with him. In the presence of the headmaster, Lamson cut the cake, and handed the master and boy a slice, and took a piece himself. Three hours later the boy died in agony. Lamson had poisoned that piece of cake.

For a generation a woman had not been hanged in England—and then the wife of a London clerk took a lover, one Bywaters, a susceptible junior officer in the merchant marine. It was established that she had written him, over a long period, letters in which passionate protestations of love were mingled with hints that she was feeding the unwanted husband with ground glass and suggestions that the lover would take a hand, if in fact he was not already taking a hand. Then he came home on leave and, meeting the husband one night, stabbed him to death.

He had to hang, anyway, but the jury and the judge (and the mass of public opinion backed them) refused to let the woman escape, and she also was sentenced. Some lawyers still argue that she was, from the legal standpoint, unjustly hanged. They say that she went to the scaffold because public opinion would have been outraged if she had escaped on a legal technicality.

After the execution public opinion reacted. It was felt that a woman in any case ought not to be hanged. It was also felt that Bywaters was too young to be hanged—really nothing more than a love-maddened boy.

It will be noted, however, that Mrs. Thompson worked in a dress shop and earned as much as her husband. She could have left her husband, set up house with her lover. Why did she try to kill him? Why did she egg on her lover to kill him? Presumably the dominant motive in this crime of passion was a greater passion—the passion for respectability.

This year will bring the usual batch of murders, with from a third to half the killers committing suicide either immediately after gratifying an overwhelming lust to kill, or as soon as they become aware that the police suspect them or are actually after them. And among this list of murders, you will surely find that the passion to preserve the mask of bourgeoisie respectability is the underlying motive in a large proportion.

Patrick Mahon's motive for murdering his mistress, Emily Kaye, in that lonely cottage on the Crumbles seems—even allowing for the play of those powerful emotions, vanity and fear—decidedly inadequate. He did not want his wife and his friends to find out that he had a mistress; and he did not want to leave his wife and go off with his mistress.

It was an ironical sequel that he should have found himself on the scaffold, with the knot of the noose under his left ear, owing to a third, and feminine, emotion. If his wife, suspecting him of an affair with another woman, had not gone through his pockets, and found a cloakroom ticket and given it to a railway detective friend of hers to see if that bag of her husband's contained evidence of his infidelity, Mahon's fatal secret might never have been revealed. Emily Kaye had written her friends saying she was going to Paris and South Africa. She would not be reported as missing; she would merely drop out of her old familiar circle. As for Mahon, he would have eliminated all traces—the police would never have found a knife and bloodstained clothing in his suitcase and demanded explanations.

Crippen, a spectacled little chemist, got so tired of a gross, lazy, bad-tempered wife, that when he met a quiet pleasant girl and fell in love with her, he poisoned his wife and buried her body in quicklime in his cellar. Then he took boat with his new lady for the New World, thinking he had shaken off his old life and wife for ever.

But the radio reached out and caught him (the first time wireless had been used to fight crime). Back in a London laboratory an industrious, sharp, determined young doctor, who had lately been taken on the Home Office staff as a (*Continued on page* 98)

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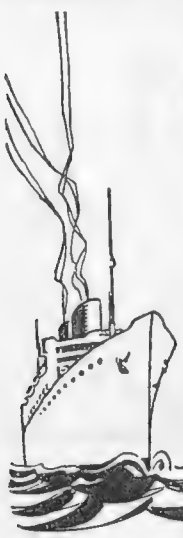

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pathologist, had his penetrating eye glued to the microscope lens. On the plate lay a lined and crumpled bit of skin which had defeated all the doctors who had previously examined it. But the pathologist linked the bit of skin—all the quicklime in the cellar grave had left—to the late Mrs. Crippen; and the little man, who only wanted a pleasant, peaceful life, and had killed to get it, was duly hanged.

CONSIDER now Mrs. Dorothy Sherwood, a twenty-seven-year-old widow of New Jersey, U.S.A., who in January last year admitted she drowned her infant son because she "couldn't bear to see him hungry." American juries are notoriously sentimental. The blue-eyed blonde who shoots her husband usually gets acquitted. The prosecutor expected a verdict of manslaughter. The judge had shown sympathy for the prisoner when summing up and charging the jury.

The widow told a story of poverty. Her husband had died, friends had failed her, she had lost her job as a waitress. Her defence was that she had killed her two-year-old boy at a time when despair had left her temporarily insane. She had walked into police headquarters carrying the lifeless body of her child.

But the jury of farmers and artisans delivered a verdict of guilty, which made sentence of death in the electric chair mandatory. Spectators and officials were alike astonished. A recommendation to mercy—insisted on by one juror—was the only let-out: the State governor would act on that to save the mother from execution.

Lately in England, when a young husband killed the wife who had confessed her unfaithfulness and taunted him, he was adjudged guilty of manslaughter only. He was sentenced to a year's imprisonment—and the judge seemed to regret that he had to make it as long.

ABOLITIONISTS have suggested degrees of murder with appropriate punishment in each case. They suggest that prisoners should get heavier punishment than, say, the gentleman who cuts his wife's throat in a drunken frenzy: and that there should certainly be a distinction between the woman who shoots a faithless lover and a Bluebeard like Landru, who offers marriage to women, gets their money, and then kills the useless victim and burns the corpse.

But it is argued that reform along this line presents some difficulty. The whole penal code is upset if you have a murder maximum equal to that of robbery with violence, and a second-degree murder penalty ranking with the penalty for forgery. How is one to construct a yardstick?

The French have no mandatory death sentence for murder. Once they abolished capital punishment. But as the next year saw a crop of peculiarly ferocious murders, they hastily restored Madame Guillotine, who is still with them. How do they get along? Apparently, as best they can. Here are three highlight examples of what happens to murderers in France.

Number one was a young butcher's assistant of Brittany. He married the sixteen-year-old daughter of a prosperous peasant. The parents objected, and persuaded the girl to leave her husband. She was overborne by her family and refused to return, whereupon he shot her dead and wounded himself.

Number two was a count who drowned his illegitimate child with no more compunction than if it had been an unwanted puppy.

Number three was the wife of a *lycée* professor who had a quarrel with her husband about money matters and settled it by killing him in cold blood.

Here are three murders. In each case the death sentence would have been passed in England. But number one might just possibly have been recommended to mercy and reprieved, if he was young and the parents made a bad impression on the jury. Number three, with luck, might have been found guilty but insane, and let out after a

long sojourn in Broadmoor. Number two would have been hanged.

But lacking a law calling for the imposition of the death penalty in every case of wilful murder (unless the culprit is insane) what sentences could or would be passed? The French judges did not impose the death sentence in any of these cases. The first got fifteen years (whereupon the public in court protested loudly). The second got ten years and the third five years.

SIR JOHN SIMON once did what all agreed was a masterly piece of work. It was in the Central Criminal Court in 1917. A young British officer had left the trenches on getting certain news about the attentions a Russian civilian was paying to his wife. After hearing more, the officer went round to the Russian's rooms. What happened then is a matter of surmise. But a shot was heard, and the Russian was found with a bullet through his heart and the officer's revolver beside him. The officer meantime surrendered to the police and was charged with murder.

It looked a clear case, and the Public Prosecutor treated it as such. In England there are no degrees of murder, and there is no appeal to the so-called unwritten law. A murder is a murder and calls for the death penalty, which must be imposed by the judge. Lawyers did not see what could be done. They were even more perplexed when it became known that Sir John Simon had been briefed. Simon? It was years since he had defended in a criminal case, anyway. What could he do with "a crime of passion"? Now, Marshall Hall. . . .

But there were no dramatic scenes, and no emotion. Simon arose and coolly stated that he had no intention of putting his client in the box. There had been a quarrel which resolved itself into a question of one man's life or the other's, and the Crown must disprove his theory of a stand-up fight and a slaying in self-defence before the trial could go further. He submitted that the Crown had failed. In a stupor the jury filed out. A few minutes later they returned. They had lost their stupor. No case. The officer was exonerated and restored to the service of the King.

Some people say that the death sentence is a deterrent: that knowledge that the judge must pass the death sentence, on a verdict of guilty being returned in a murder case, keeps many persons, criminals especially, from committing murder. But this is doubtful. Those who kill in passion, or when insane, pay no heed to consequences; and, for the rest, they do not murder unless they are sure they will never be found out (and many of them, discovered or suspected, collapse and commit suicide).

Some—who certainly would be hanged if found—never are discovered. There is the murderer who, on June 6, 1934, took a trunk to Brighton railway station which contained the torso of a young woman. On June 7, he took to King's Cross station a suitcase containing the legs. But these relics were not discovered for ten days. With that start, the murderer covered his tracks. He had killed the woman about a week before he deposited the pieces of the body at the station cloakrooms.

A year later somebody murdered a fair-haired young man, 5 ft. 7 ins. in height and taking a size nine shoe, and several days after the crime cut the body up and deposited the legs under the carriage seat of a train which journeyed between Hounslow and Waterloo, and dumped a sack containing the torso into the canal at Brentford. The legs were found almost at once; the torso forty days later. The head was never found: nor was the killer. This killer made an expert job of the cutting up: the 1934 murderer appeared not to have the slightest knowledge of anatomy.

It is difficult to know what could be done with a murderer of this description in a country where capital punishment had been abolished, but public opinion rejected the alternative of imprisonment for life (actually for life, not the fifteen years of the British "life" sentence), which replaces capital punishment in Italy and Belgium.

In a debate not long ago an English woman abolitionist, pressed to say what she would do with a particularly unpleasant murderer, with a long prison record behind him (he had just been hanged for killing a policeman), hesitated and suggested "life segregation."

She was promptly presented with the apparently insuperable obstacle of public opinion. Public opinion will tolerate the death penalty, but not the real life sentence. There is something in the idea of perpetual imprisonment which appals the island race. What! Deprive a man of liberty without hope of release until he dies? Impossible! Besides, why make him a charge on the public purse for maybe fifty years? No! Better to kill him.

At the other extreme to the abolitionists and sentimentalists we find a French-born American scientist, Dr. Alexis Carrel, head of the research department of the Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research—a man who probably views with mingled horror and contempt the excesses of Nazi Germany and Communist Russia, yet who goes farther than any Stalin or Hitler would dare to go in his suggestions for the treatment of the criminal element.

The great experimental surgeon and research-worker brushes aside capital punishment for murder, and treats the criminal as a mass-production manufacturer would treat a botched or imperfect job. He would not execute a criminal for a crime: he would scrap him as a bad job, in order that the good jobs could go on unhampered with their work, and pave the way for better jobs. Man, in his view, should husband his energies and resources for the best among his species, not waste time, money, energy, and sentiment, on seeking to preserve and perpetuate the weak and warped members.

The scientist would use pain, scientifically, to teach petty criminals not to succumb to temptation—as judges used the cat-o'-nine-tails to persuade violent robbers that, if they had to rob, they had better rob without violence, since violence added to robbery meant pain for the robber.

And if pain failed, and the weak brother erred again? The early Anglo-Saxon in England had that problem and handled it thus in their statute: "At the second time let there be no other bot if he be foul than that his hands be cut off, or his feet, or both, according as the deed may be, and if then he have wrought yet greater wrong, then let his eyes be put out or his nose and his ears and the upper lip be cut off; or let him be scalped . . . so that punishment be inflicted and also the soul be preserved."

Dr. Carrel would not be so barbarous. He would merely put the habitual or violent criminal in a gas chamber and painlessly exterminate him.

But not all murderers are "botched jobs," useless human beings, enemies of society. The Turkish Government has found that out, and acts accordingly. The rulers of that strategically-situated state of sixteen millions refuse to execute automatically an able-bodied but culturally-backward citizen for the crime of killing another during a drunken fight or a dispute over property.

Out of 16,000 convicts in Turkish prisons now, half are in for murder. But these Turkish murderers are not to be confused with the murderer in a highly-civilised, and especially a Western industrialised state. A fourth of those 8,000 are killed in blood feuds. Crimes of passion account for another 1,660 killings. There are then disputes about boundaries of agricultural properties and water rights which reach a pitch of fury unknown in Anglo-Saxon communities. The number of murders under that head is 1,138.

One might as well shoot a dog for engaging in a fight with another dog, as hang a Turk from the more backward areas for killing in the course of a blood feud or a drunken brawl. These killers are not inherently vicious. They are just children of nature. Thus argues the criminologist director of Turkish prisons, Mutahhah Ferif Bofoglu. He has established model prisons where murderers are taught trades, and self-control.

Probably the most interesting penal settlement on earth is the "murderers' island" of Imrali, near (*Continued on page* 100)

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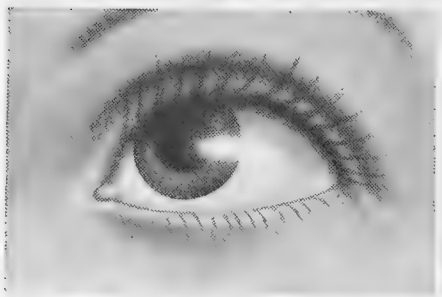

Watering

Smarting

Your eyes are the most delicate, the most sensitive, the most easily harmed of all your features. And yet you probably never do anything at all to help them or protect them from the thousand and one dangers to which they are exposed. Studying books and papers and pictures; poring over writing and needlework; staring through a windscreen, straining to see in artificial light, constantly focussing and re-focussing. So it goes on, until the time comes when your eyes rebel—they start to ache and smart and water, the rims become red, the lashes crusted, and possibly styes and more serious complaints develop.

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Mudania, where a community of 400 convicts, most of them murderers, are guarded by two policemen, while they live a barracks life for the period of their sentences. They work for pay. They are taught to become fishermen, farmers, gardeners, printers, rope-makers, carpenters. They learn to read and write. They build their own cabins. They are trusted to make no attempt to escape, and none do escape. The murderers return to civil life with savings, and a new outlook on life.

The whole point here, however, is that these killers are not criminals born of degenerate parents, or made incurably vicious and anti-social through criminal associations, or warped by a city underworld environment. They are just backward men with a wild streak or a violent temper, and they can be turned into good citizens by proper handling. To execute them would be merely waste in a regenerated State where it is important to preserve healthy, vigorous stock.

In Russia, eight years in prison is the punishment for murder. But a crime against the State is punished by death. In Germany, highway robbery has lately been added to the list of crimes for which the culprit has his head axed off by a gentleman in ceremonial evening dress. The free use of the axe has not brought down the German murder rate; and in Italy the fact that there is no capital punishment has done nothing to reduce the murder rate, the world's highest after America.

The Netherlands has the lowest homicide record in Europe. During five years (1926 to 1930), an average of only three persons in every million were killed. The American rate was twenty-nine times that. In no region of the British Empire did the rate approach that in the United States, where the nation loses 12,000 citizens by murder every year, or about twice as many as are killed on the British roads in a year, and twelve times as many as perish annually in Britain's coal mines.

A Life for a Death

One of the curious things about the murder phenomenon—and one which the current tendency of the murder rate has not yet affected, so far as one can tell—is that age and sex are significant in murder recapitulation. Murder involves men far oftener than women. In the last year of record, for instance, 9,700 men and about 2,200 women were slain in the United States. A survey of the murder data relating to Britain, France, Germany, Australia and Sweden shows a roughly similar percentage—about nine to two.

Age makes a great difference in all civilised countries. In the early ages the homicide rates are small and about the same for both sexes. After fifteen, however, they begin to diverge widely, and from fifteen to nineteen the rate of murders of men becomes twice that of women. The heaviest murder rates occur in early adult life, and reach a statistical peak in the group from twenty-six to thirty-six years old.

Murder can never be entirely eliminated. There will always be a certain number of killings by reckless or unbalanced persons, persons blinded by passion, and habitual criminals.

But there is no doubt that a high degree of certainty of detection and arrest, followed by swift conviction and execution, exercises a restraining effect on the potential murderer in countries of advanced civilisation. There is ample evidence that men and women do sometimes contemplate murder—and shrink from it as the shadow of the State executioner falls athwart their fevered or coolly calculating minds. They do not cross that rubicon, because what they glimpse on the other side makes them afraid. They embezzle, swindle, commit robberies, forgeries, burglaries—but they do not kill.

END

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Fingers of Satan

(Continued from page 15)

Enthused, his faculties wakened and animated, the whole man was transfigured. A flame leaped in the large black eyes. He was concentrated, tense, engaged in what for him was the hardest labour of all—thought.

Then, abruptly, Paganini flung back his head in a burst of mirth; harsh, raucous mirth, for laughter lay interred with his lost youth.

"Corpo di Baccho! You shall dance for me, and I shall play for you! Is it agreed? Then swear it, here and now!"

The woman assented in wondering astonishment. He rose, shaking back his hair. His hand went to his side, and he grimaced.

This damp English air has spoiled my coiffure; I must get it recurled to-morrow. Well, write down where to reach you—this address. Write in English. You'll hear from me in the morning, and shall leave this vile hole forever. Remember, you're sworn to do as I say! I'll provide costume, stage, everything. You shall do two dances—what music do you wish?"

Writing, she glanced up and shrugged. "Cherubini—no! Two movements from Gardel's ballet, if you like."

"Set down the titles in English. I don't know a word of the language."

She obeyed. He seized the paper, folded it, tucked it into his waistcoat pocket—and became rigid. His hand seemed glued to his side. He caught his breath sharply. Into his face darted a livid, frightful pallor, and his eyes dilated.

A choking word escaped him. He took two staggering steps, collapsed against a chair, and came to the floor with a resounding crash. He lay senseless, one hand pressed to his side, coat open; in the candle-light, the golden seals of his fob glittered.

Came a rush of hasty steps. Into the room burst the padrone, a hairy fellow reeking of garlic and cheap wine. Graciella, kneeling in panic beside the fallen man, looked up.

"Help me, Antonio. . . ."

"So you've had luck at last—a miracle!" bawled Antonio with coarse laughter. Then he leaned forward. "Ha! Gold! Here's a bird worth plucking! Did you knife him?"

"Don't be a fool," snapped Graciella. "He's a friend of mine. Look at his face—the great Paganini! He became suddenly ill."

"Paganini? Tell that to the pigeons, you slut! Paganini? The King of England, perhaps! At least you've got a fine gentleman in for the plucking! Come, get away from him. I'll make sure of him, then we can strip him and throw him out into the street."

His hand flicked out a stiletto, a thin, pointed Corsican blade. With a cry of horror, Graciella caught his arm. At this moment the eyes of Paganini opened. He looked up, perfectly conscious yet incapable of any motion; a sweat of agony bedewed his cadaverous features.

"Stop, Antonio, stop!" cried the young woman frantically. "He's a friend of mine——"

With one furious blow across the face, Antonio sent her sprawling.

"That'll teach you to remember your place," he sneered, and dropped to one knee. A cry of rage and surprise escaped him. "Hello! The rascal's awake! Take this, you rogue, and shut your mouth for ever——"

He drove down a blow. Graciella, writhing half erect, caught the hairy arm and deflected it. She clung frantically. With his free hand, the padrone struck her again and again.

She struggled. A moan of utter despair broke from her and she sank down. Antonio, with a final blow knocked her clear and broke her hold; but he himself, still on one knee, lost balance. With a torrent of hot Italian curses, he toppled over and fell. It so happened that he fell half across the outflung left

arm of Paganini. And, instead of scrambling up, he stayed as he was.

The guttering candle flickered upon a singularly inactive scene where nothing apparently was happening. The woman, dazed, half senseless, wiping her face and moaning piteously. Paganini, asprawl, motionless, one hand against his side, black eyes aflame. And the bulky, hairy Antonio, lying as though held down by some invisible force, his breath gurgling, his features purpling, his eyes bulging. He made ineffectual, frantic motions.

A convulsion shook him. He writhed and twisted half around. The light fell upon something gripped to his throat. He had fallen with his throat across the left hand of Paganini; the fingers had closed. Those long, demoniac fingers, fibered with steel from constant work on the fingerboard, sank in with inexorable clutch.

The stiletto fell, tinkling upon the boards. Antonio shuddered and beat at the air with clawing hands. The gripping left hand spurned him, let him loose; groaning and gasping, he rolled under the table. Paganini moved, came to one knee, and rose. He went to the moaning Graciella, caught her arm and lifted her.

"Come. Help me, I'll help you." He was still agasp with inward agony. "Leave here now, with me."

He pinched out the candle flame. Their scuffling feet sounded in the darkness, then the slam of the door; and the room was silent.

Next morning, in his rather ornate office in Drury Lane Theatre, lately rebuilt after the disastrous fire of a few years back, Alfred Bunn sat in a rather uncomfortable discussion. The impresario looked his prosperity; in another three years, indeed, he was to guarantee the danseuse, Taglioni, six thousand pounds for an engagement. At this moment, however, he was dealing with someone who had an even sharper eye on the shekels.

This was Laporte, interpreter, friend and manager of the great violinist. Laporte announced his terms and budged not. Paganini, who did not understand a word of what was going on, sprawled in a chair before the screened fireplace. Mr. Bunn, who was doing his best to get more favourable terms, shook a newspaper at the imperturbable Laporte.

"Look at this article!" he exclaimed. "Look at these calculations—three thousand guineas is what you make from a single performance, at the prices you charge! You rent the house from me for a miserable hundred pounds, put the tickets at outrageous prices, and become rich!"

"That," said Laporte, comfortably taking a pinch of snuff, "is the whole point of our engagement, Mr. Bunn. It would be odd if we desired only to make you rich! A hundred quid is the usual price for your house; we pay it, or take Covent Garden or another."

Paganini, aware of dispute, leaned forward and spoke.

"Tell him," he snapped in Italian, "to sign this moment, or we leave. Also, I have a further piece of business to settle with him. Then I have an engagement with the Marchesa di Genova, so there's no time to waste in talking."

He gripped the impresario with his burning eyes. Poor Bunn, with a gasp, received the ultimatum, and with a sigh approved the contract for the 5th. Then Paganini tapped the arm of Laporte.

"Now, tell him that I want his theatre on Thursday night, the 8th."

"Eh?" Laporte gaped at him. "But, maestro, you've just decided on the 5th for the concert! People won't come again, three days later. They're already saying that you've given too many concerts this season."

"Shut up, imbecile! Do as I say," snarled Paganini grimly. "This has nothing to do with you; it's my own affair. Tell him! He's to make a contract with me personally, not with you, for the use of the house on the 8th. Tell him! I'll pay the same figure; tell the shoulder of mutton quickly!"

Laporte obeyed, Mr. Bunn, happily unaware of the names Paganini applied to him, heard the good (*Continued on page* 102)

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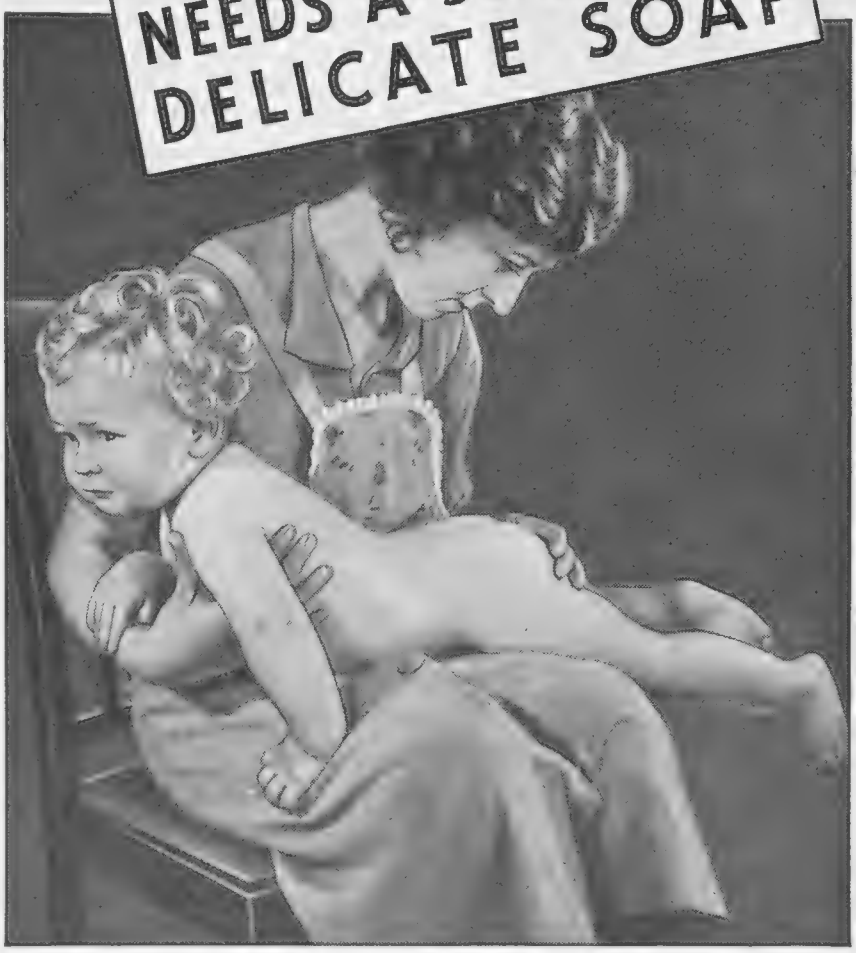

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news with reviving heart. A hundred pounds was, after all, a hundred pounds, and as long as he got the artist down in black and white, he was content.

"This day week, eh? Very well." He drew up paper and dipped a quill. "But, Mr. Laporte, he must find his own performers. I cannot engage artists at the price——"

Assured no artists were to be engaged, he nodded and went on writing. Presently Laporte picked up the agreement, sanded it, and translated it to Paganini.

> "I agree to give One Hundred Pounds for the use of Drury Lane Theatre, for a concert, for One Night (Thursday, 8th August). Mr. Bunn to find Servants, Lights, Printing, Advertisements, and the usual Band, with all the expenses of the Theatre, except Performers. August 1, 1833."

With a nod of approval, Paganini spread out the paper, took the proffered quill, and affixed his painful scrawling signature, adding the date in Italian. Then he leaned back and produced a dirty, scribbled scrap of paper. He handed this to Laporte, who was obviously mystified by the entire affair but dared not protest.

"Tell him that these two selections, and no more, are to be played by the orchestra—or band, as he calls it. Good God, what a name for honest musicians! The Marchesa di Genova is to dance to the music. When she's through, the orchestra may leave. Understood?"

Not at once. This departure from programme usage horrified Mr. Bunn, who liked to do things as they were usually done. Also, Mr. Bunn wanted to know more about the Marchesa, and Laporte had never heard of her.

Paganini enlightened them both. He told them a great deal that was not true, and hinted at marvellous things, and at romance. The unknown Marchesa began to assume mystery and therefore importance, in the agile mind of Mr. Bunn.

"Now," pursued Paganini, pulling at his underlip, "tell the side of beef that no one is to be admitted to see the Marchesa dance. After her dance, I myself will play for her, but no tickets are to be issued, no advertisements are to be given the newspapers. The concert is to be private."

Laporte was positively shocked at this whimsy of casting good coin to the winds. He protested, whereat Paganini uprose with a roar of curses that speedily set him on the right track. Mr. Bunn, who was firmly convinced that the gaunt violinist was a madman, shrugged and assented.

Besides, Mr. Bunn was thinking about something else. The Marchesa was a noble Italian gentlewoman in distress. She always danced masked, never showing her features even to her pupils—ha! The press was full of stories about the gallantries and romantic escapades of Paganini, usually giving them a much coarser name, and Mr. Bunn was already licking his lips when the gaunt violinist took his departure.

Relieved of that Satanic presence, Mr. Bunn eagerly pressed queries upon Laporte, who concealed his worried ignorance with a show of very becoming reticence. The upshot was that Mr. Bunn still licked his lips, and was like to burst with secrets repressed. Not the wildest of wild horses could have kept him, and certain of his noble patrons, out of Drury Lane Theatre the following Thursday night.

It was a drizzling night, swirling with fog from the river. The front of the theatre was dark, the hoardings were empty; inside, it was different. Here, all was a glow of light, upon a cavernous empty house, except for the orchestra pit, where a dozen musicians strummed and pitched into tune.

IN the dressing-room of the Marchesa, a masked woman held out her hands to the lean grasp of Nicolo Paganini. He, as usual, was in his eternal black, a high white stock contrasting with his long curled locks; but

she was in a glitter of gauze, with paste gems shimmering, and about her throat a necklace of glorious blood-red coral.

"Nicolo! It is like a dream, a dream!" Her voice, from beneath the mask, was vibrant and musical, rich with tremulous emotion. "See, how cold my hands! I am afraid; I'm no longer young, Nicolo. Perhaps I've forgotten all I knew."

"Fear not," said he gravely, and bent his lips to her fingers, very courteously. "Genius like ours, little angel, has no youth or age; it is immortal."

"Are there many people in the house?" she demanded.

"Don't think of that; think only that whispers have spread all through London about the mysterious danseuse, the masked Marchesa di Genova. Come! The orchestra is ready. Allow me to escort you to the entrance."

AS he led her to the wings, he ignored the gawking servants and stage hands, made a gesture to the waiting Laporte, and the music swept up. Out on the empty stage, before the footlights and the reflectors, floated the white vision, to sink down gracefully in low obeisance and then lift like a soaring bird.

"I knew it, I knew it!" muttered Paganini, as he watched. His hand gripped the arm of Laporte. "Look at her, man! Behold true grace, the ecstasy of motion that comes only with inborn genius! Where is that side of beef, that shoulder of mutton?"

"Signor Bunn?" Laporte gestured vaguely toward the yawning emptiness of the house. "Out there, somewhere; I think some fine gentlemen were with him."

The raucous laugh of Paganini sounded softly, very softly.

He watched keenly, intently. The number was nearly over when he saw her startled realisation, saw her eyes, incredulous, focus on the empty seats. To the concluding strains, she tripped into the wings and nearly fell into his arms with a swift outbreak of words.

"Nicolo! What does it mean? The house is empty, empty!"

"Little angel, it is on the contrary full to the doors!" he exclaimed with sonorous assurance. "It is full of old memories of the Genoa wharves, of whispers in the night, of a boy's sobs, of voices saying: Poveretto Nicoletto! Listen! Do you hear them? That is the applause other ears cannot hear, for those sounds are echoes from the heart, little Graciella. Now! There is the cue. You're dancing divinely—encore!"

Her second number ran its course. When it finished, half a dozen voices burst forth from the recesses of the boxes—acclaiming voices, vociferous, ringing with enthusiastic plaudits. Graciella curtsied low, then left the stage.

PAGANINI was not in the wings. Instead, Laporte was waiting with a huge dark cloak; he flung it about her shoulders, uttering excited words.

"The maestro was right; you're divine, signora! These English have seen something this night! But come; he ordered me to escort you to a box."

The musicians, disgruntled and muttering, were leaving. He escorted Graciella, who was radiant but bewildered, to a box above the stage.

Into the glow of the lights came Paganini, violin in hand—suddenly, with that long gliding step men said was borrowed from the devil. Long curls about his face, he settled the instrument between jutting chin and the apparently malformed left shoulder; and then he played.

None of his tricks here. None of his string-breaking, his fantastic striving for effect, none of his bewildering pyrotechnics; but, under those white fingers, the Stradivarius sang.

The cloaked figure in the box leaned forward, intent, absorbed. Through the hushed darkness lifted no melody, but an improvisation more wonderful than any melody, holding a multitude of things which only one listener could recognise. The choked treble sobbing of a boy, the lilting chants of fishermen about the wharves, the strident clangour of church bells, the lift and surge of waves; the tremulous sobbing again, and upon it the soft angelic voice that recurred and recurred in golden liquid notes, until it evoked one startled gasp of recognition from the figure in the box.

"Poveretto Nicoletto!" Her gasp was like a moan. Paganini glanced up, smiled, and suddenly the music shook with life and laughter, in an ecstatic swinging dance that fairly swirled with intoxicating rhythm.

Laporte, though he had listened unmoved to concert after concert, stood in the wings, lost in utter amazement; sweat streamed on his face and he stared like a man bemused. On and on rose that swaying, rippling flood of music, ever lifting and lifting until it swung into a great triumphant that swelled almost intolerably—and was ended, abruptly, upon one crashing organ chord from all four strings. And then the strong white fingers plucked at the strings and broke them asunder, with a jarring clang.

Paganini bowed to the box, and was gone.

She found him in his dressing-room, limply sprawled in a chair, head drooping in exhaustion, while Laporte carefully wrapped and packed the violin. Graciella came to him with hands outstretched, with tears glittering below the edge of her mask, with voice heart filled and unsteady.

"Nicolo, ah, Nicolo! Now I understand. It was beautiful and glorious, beyond all words! How can I ever thank you? How can I ever repay you?"

He rose and bowed above her fingers.

"By dancing for others as you danced for me; by remembering my one urgent advice—never remove your mask. By advancing the opportunities now before you. Repay me, little angel? Never! The debt was all mine."

He broke off, to look over her shoulder at the figures crowding in the passage. A laugh shook him.

"But there; leave me, Marchesa, and go to those who await you. I think the worthy Signor Bunn has offers for you. His noble patrons will be at your feet, too."

"Nicolo!" She caught at him. "Listen to me! You speak as though we weren't to meet again!"

"Dear Marchesa," he said gravely, "in half an hour I leave by the Dover coach. I must be in Paris for a concert three days from now. Farewell, and may you ever remember gently the man who is so like to you in many ways—and so far beneath you. Addio!"

HE took the arm of Laporte and together they passed out to the street. But Laporte, as the swirls of fog closed around them, was lamenting the three thousand golden guineas lost that night, to the ghastly croaking laughter of Nicolo Paganini.

END

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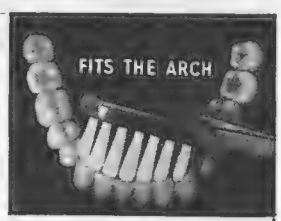

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Imperial Birthday

(Continued from page 27)

Majesty has been signing his imperial name for more than an hour, and he is tired. His hand is stiff, his head aches. "Nickolaus" . . . "Nickolaus." The last twenty signatures have lost their bold, impetuous contours. The handwriting has become stilted, jerky. But the faun smile remains: frozen, carved in alabaster.

"*Danke-schön, Majestät, danke-schön . . .*"

"How much longer?" Richard inquires silently. He knows there is a battering ram behind the high wall of Nicky's forehead. He knows by the disturbing whiteness underneath the enamel-blue eyes, and the knowledge brings a wave of depression in its train, coupled with a surging animosity against these people who are the cause of Nicky's fatigue. He whispers furiously:

"Why didn't you take my advice? Why didn't you bring that rubber stamp? The one with your signature on it."

The King's smile remains, but Richard's shins receive a savage kick beneath the table. He smothers a cry of: "Hell"!

And now comes a child, boldly thrusting two photographs before the King. He sighs, says wearily: "*Zwei, Puppchen? Es ist verboten!*" signs both the photographs, pulls one of her fair pigtails, taps her cheek.

Richard mutters: "Little devil!"

Still they come: young girls, middle-aged women, old men, students, old women, children. "*Danke-schön, Majestät, danke-schön . . .*"

Richard can bear it no longer. He turns to the King, whispers angrily:

"I shall scream if you don't stop!"

The threat is ignored. The numb right hand pursues its jerky course.

"*Nickolaus!*"

A face is turned towards him, a white face of exasperation, of weariness, of frantic fury.

"Silence, Richard! *Gehen zum Teufel!*"

NOW it is all over.

They have gone to their various homes, hugging their precious picture post-cards, and an uncomfortable silence reigns over the Lustplatz.

His Majesty's hands are on the steering wheel. The *König des Autos* starts soundlessly. But His Majesty is angry.

And Richard knows himself to be an exile. He has been banished. A voice within him speaks: "A king does not fail his subjects because his head aches. His friends do not lose their tempers and say: I shall scream if you don't stop! These things are not done in Freudenburg.

He fumbles in the pockets of his flannel trousers, finds, and extricates, a small glass bottle, the label of which is very grubby. He looks at it dubiously, then holds it out—over the thousand-miles gulf.

"Nicky. Will you have some aspirin?"

No answer. Nickolaus does not see and Nickolaus does not hear.

Richard thinks: Better try again, and clears his throat.

"Nicky. Will you have some aspirin?"

Silence.

Searing, white-hot shame envelops Richard. He puts the bottle back into his pocket. He has behaved abominably, outraged the laws of Freudenburg—Nicky's laws; and Nicky has chosen the worst form of punishment.

Now they have left the little town behind them. The *König des Autos* slides along the straight white road at seventy miles an hour. Wild, sunlit heath stretches as far as the sky-line on either side of them, and ahead, in the blue distance, is Freudenwald: the great forest which covers a quarter of Nicky's kingdom. And Freudenwald has been chosen as the setting for Nicky's birthday picnic.

I've spoilt everything, thinks Richard, miserably. There is only one thing to be done: apologise. But what can I say? I can't face that HOW-DARE-YOU-OFFER-ME-ASPIRIN expression. It paralyses my brain.

Five minutes . . . ten minutes . . . they stop at the edge of the forest. The King takes a luncheon basket out of the back of the car, strides firmly, arrogantly, towards the trees.

This is indeed bitter. Richard, on previous similar occasions, has always carried the luncheon basket.

He follows, mutters: "I am certainly his shadow to-day," stumbles over a boulder, curses, recovers, and has to run in order to overtake the King.

On they stride. Not once does the King turn his head. Eventually, they come to a circular clearing among the trees; a shimmering arena. The King places the basket on the ground beneath a veteran cedar, flings himself on to a bed of soft, dry moss, continues to stare straight ahead.

The silence has lasted for half an hour. Richard's mind is made up. He will commit suicide! He starts to stride across the clearing.

"Richard!"

He stands perfectly still.

"Richard! *Komm herunter!*"

That was Nicky's "military voice." It was like the sharp report of a rifle.

He turns, walks back again, stands beside the gleaming white figure.

The King regards him calmly.

"Where do you go?"

"To the river."

"The river is many miles away."

"That makes no difference. I can walk."

"So!"

There is a pause in which the King slowly, deliberately unbuttons his tunic, lays it on the ground beside him.

"And when you have walked to the river? What will you do?"

Richard grows pink, replies:

"Drown myself!"

The King nods.

"Pity!"

So he is not going to say: All is forgiven, dear Richard. Please do not drown yourself. Richard turns away, but—just as he moves—strong fingers clutch his ankles; he spins, falls flat on his face, suddenly feels the great weight of Nickolaus descend upon his back. He shouts: "Damn you, Nicky! Damn your knees!" But he is powerless, pinned to the ground, and the King's laughter rings about his head like a victorious carrillon. His buttocks receive a resounding, stinging smack, then another . . . another . . . and another. Smack! Smack! The King has a heavy hand. But Nicky is laughing, thinks Richard, between the smacks. The vision of a grey sky, a bundle of clothes beside a willow, ever-widening rings on the once smooth surface of ink-black water, fades. The grass smells sweet at his nostrils. But the King is now employing both hands. The rhythmic, thunderous tattoo gains double force. Richard grinds his teeth together, resolves to bear this additional onslaught like an English gentleman, even though his position robs him of all dignity.

Thump! Smack!

Nicky is enjoying himself.

Smack! Thump! Smack!

AFTER lunch they wander along an avenue of guardian oaks and beeches. The wine from the King's vineyard—mellow, soothing, amber-coloured Freudenburg wine—still caresses their senses. They are very quiet. The silence, no longer tense and nerve-racking, rocks lazily between them, like a cradle song. Richard can hear the tiny tinkling tune—far away, but very distinct. He will remember it. Some day he will write it down.

And now they come to a cottage.

"It is quite astounding," says the King. "I do not know this cottage. Knock on the door, Richard."

Richard obeys, cries:

"*Befehl des Königs!*"

There is no answer.

He bangs again.

"*Befehl des Königs!*"

"Open it!" says the King, sharply.

He strides past Richard into the cottage. Richard follows.

The small room is flooded in sea-green light, for the sun's rays have been dyed while passing through the leaves which cluster round the window. A bunch of pale wood anemones stands in a little jug beside a portrait of the King. On a table lies a white muslin dress, embroidered with a pattern of minute moss roses.

They stare at it, and the King picks it up, examines it, laughs.

"See! She must be small—very small. My hands will meet round her waist."

Richard smiles.

"Be careful! There's a needle in the sleeve."

The King lays the dress on the table again.

"It is charming—quite charming."

He turns to Richard, smiles mischievously.

"I wonder if she is pretty?"

Richard retorts:

"Wait and see."

And the King replies:

"So! We wait!"

But there is always an end to waiting.

She stands in the doorway, her lips parted a little, in surprise. Then she sinks to the stone floor in a deep curtsy.

"*Majestät.*"

The King was right. She is small—very small. She is like a bird: her voice, her tiny restless fingers, nervously clutching the brown dress which falls on either side of her like the wings of a starling. She is exquisite.

The King regards her amusedly.

"Your name?"

"Margarethe, *Majestät.*"

"You live here?"

The tiny head nods.

"Your parents?"

"My sainted parents are dead, *Majestät.*"

"So!"

He turns to Richard, smiling, says quietly:

"Margarethe! A lovely name, eh? A name that is fit for a queen."

Then, to the kneeling figure:

"Your age?"

"Nineteen, *Majestät.*"

He chuckles quietly, says:

"Have you not two eyes, Margarethe?"

She raises her head with a quick bird-like movement. Her eyes are large and serious, grey as clouds in winter, but there is a radiance behind the shadows as she gazes at the tall, magnificent figure of the King which towers above her: a white pillar of mystery in the sea-green light.

Richard, watching, thinks:

The clouds will burst. She is in love with Nickolaus. Soon she will know.

It is that moment when we find ourselves face to face with the one great answer to all our feverish questionings—the reason of sun and moon, night and day, flowers, shadows cast on the wall by candlelight, sudden pain when the first swallows skim across the river, when the first mist of green appears about the once bare branches; a gnawing, perplexing ache which, try as we may, we cannot trace. Then one day we are in the presence of the Beloved. The pain is banished, never to return again. And whether the Beloved be king or crossing-sweeper, milliner or countess, it is all the same: they place the book in our hands and bid us learn. We open it, begin to read slowly, carefully, the first words of the poem. And the words are difficult, the language strange. We turn back the pages, memorise, lovingly, every letter of the text, until finally we come to the end. We have gained understanding. We have found our creed, our high song, and all our thoughts and deeds are synchronised to that ringing, victorious melody which is, to each of us, the promise of life everlasting.

So, to Margarethe, the words are blurred. Her eyes, feeling the first fierce impact of the King's reflection, fill with stinging tears. But she is very young. She will learn.

And now the King speaks:

"Margarethe, come . . . come with us."

But the small voice replies:

"Not yet, *Majestät.* Please, not yet."

The King frowns.

"Not yet? Why?"

"My new dress, (*Continued on page* 106)

HIGHLY-STRUNG SENSITIVE CHILDREN have a better chance in life

But there are ***dangers*** *that have to be watched during childhood*

RIGHT from birth on, you can see whether a child is the highly-strung, sensitive type or not. He seems to live more intensely. Everything makes a far deeper impression on him. As he grows up he learns more easily, is quicker in his reactions and makes headway much faster than other children.

But though these qualities give him a better chance in life, they bring with them *dangers that have to be watched.* Parents need far greater insight in handling such children. Many highly-strung, sensitive children have grown up to be utter failures — weak, nervous, over-sensitive — because their parents did not fully understand certain health warnings during childhood.

These health warnings may start at any age. The child goes off his food, is finicky at meals; he gets pale, puffy under the eyes; you find he tires easily, becomes listless; he sleeps restlessly, twitches during sleep. All these are serious signs that something is wrong.

It usually means that the child is using up his nervous energy more quickly than he's replacing it. *And it is at night, during sleep,* that these stores of nervous energy should be replaced. If they are not replaced the nervous strain on the child gets worse and worse. He's suffering from Night Starvation.

At the first sign of any one of these symptoms, start your child on Horlicks, a cupful regularly every night. Horlicks strengthens his nerves and builds his appetite by guarding him against Night Starvation. Soon you'll find he'll eat well and look strong and healthy. He'll grow up to make the fullest use of his special gifts and capabilities without the terrible handicap of nervous exhaustion that sometimes accompanies them.

* * *

Give your child Horlicks tonight. Prices from 2/-. At all chemists and grocers. Mixers 6d. and 1/-.

IF You Have Indigestion

Alkalize stomach instantly this amazing *NEW* way

DR. SMITH TOLD US TO USE "MILK OF MAGNESIA". IT ALKALIZES AN ACID CONDITION ALMOST IMMEDIATELY
ACID INDIGESTION HAS SPOILED MANY A GOOD TIME FOR ME. I'M GLAD TO KNOW HOW YOU OBTAINED RELIEF

On every side to-day people are being urged to *alkalize* the stomach to ease the symptoms of "acid indigestion," nausea and stomach upsets. For the vast majority of stomach upsets come from an excess of acidity.

To gain quick alkalization, just do this: Take two teaspoonfuls of 'Milk of Magnesia' after eating. OR — take two 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets, which have the same antacid effect.

Relief comes almost at once. Nausea; flatulence — fulness after eating and "acid indigestion" quickly disappear. You feel like a new person. Try this way. You'll be surprised at the results. Get either the liquid preparation or the remarkable new 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets. They're delightful to take and easy to carry with you.

Sold by all Chemists

'Milk of Magnesia' 1/3 and 2/6 (*Treble Size*) Also Milk of Magnesia' Tablets 6d., 1/-, 2/- and 3/6.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA' (Regd.)

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' Preparation of Magnesia.

NEW CREAM DEODORANT

safely stops perspiration

1. **Keeps armpits dry and fresh for 3 days**
2. **Doesn't burn the skin, even after shaving**
3. **Doesn't stain or rot dresses**
4. **Vanishing, greaseless, sweet-smelling**
5. **Easier to use — no waiting to dry**

Arrid *6d. and 1/11 a jar*

FROM CHEMISTS, STORES AND WOOLWORTHS

Imperial Birthday

Majestät. It is not finished. I would like to wear my new dress."

The King smiles, says to Richard:

"She is still a child."

To Margarethe:

"For two days you shall sew your pretty moss roses, Margarethe. Then you will come to me."

And the small voice replies:

"In two days I shall be with you."

THE banquet is ended. The Queen Mother has gone to bed. The King has cast aside his splendid uniform. The valets, Dietel and Berger, fold it reverently, with such tenderness as only a lover bestows upon his new mistress.

The Imperial Birthday is almost ended.

The Queen Mother replaces the receiver, adjusts her delicate lace boudoir cap, thumps her pillows, rings a gigantic brass bell which stands beside the telephone at her bedside, murmurs: "How exciting! How sweet of the dear boy to ring me up to-night, bless him," furiously clangs the bell a second time.

Her Lady-in-Waiting, the Countess Nana, appears.

The Countess is small, withered, deaf, and in a state of constant terror.

"Nana, my angel," burbles the Queen Mother, "Nicky has found a bride, a child of the woods! So *romantic*! Our people will be delighted. Bring up a bottle. We'll celebrate!"

The Countess nods violently, produces a terrified smile, makes no attempt to obey the Queen. It is obvious that she has not heard one word.

The Queen Mother squares her shoulders majestically, takes a deep breath, prepares to use her "garden-fête" voice, shrieks the great news in telegram form:

"NICKY FOUND BRIDE STOP CHILD OF WOODS STOP ROMANTIC STOP PEOPLE DELIGHTED STOP BRING BOTTLE STOP CELEBRATE STOP!"

The Countess Nana claps her hands together in terrified delight, makes twittering noises in her wizened throat, retreats hastily.

The Queen Mother sinks back against the pillows, sighs.

"Darling Nana! She has a heart of gold. Only the devil could have sent her to me."

Then she remembers the great news, cries gaily to the glittering chandelier:

"*No more Cat Shows!*"

HIS Majesty, King Nickolaus Konstantin Alberich Theodor August Dionysius of Imperial Freudenburg is asleep. He dreams of a lovely girl. She is like a bird. His hands will meet round her waist—she is so small.

His sleep is happy.

"In two days I shall be with you."

It is the song of a blackbird: a joyous roulade, heralding the first day of another year.

END

A "Quality" Light Car

(*Continued from page 77*)

system of his design is always powerful, light in action and yet free from any tendency to "snatch." (Should Mr. Girling happen to read this, I would really be grateful to know what his recipe is.)

There are a number of other good chassis features, notably the automatic system of lubrication—a very luxurious feature for a small car to possess. There is also an easy jacking system, enabling the wheels to be raised without any grovelling. Avon Duo-tread tyres are fitted as standard.

The coachwork, besides being roomy and attractively proportioned, has most luxurious interior equipment, many fittings being of highly polished wood. There is also a rear luggage compartment of satisfactory size. Naturally, a car of this type cannot be manufactured cheaply; but there must be many motorists who will not begrudge the cost of its numerous "quality" features. The saloon model was loaned by Henlys Ltd., the well-known Rover distributors.

ONLY 10/- DOWN

A brand new Remington Home Portable—the world's most popular portable typewriter—for only 10/- down and 20 monthly payments of 10/-. The perfect writing machine—invaluable to business and professional men, teachers, students—and in every home! Has every essential feature of the big office typewriters—standard 4-bank keyboard, back-spacer, etc. Weight only 11 lb., size only 12½in. by 12in. by 5in., complete with case. Easy to carry from room to room—convenient for travelling. For full details, send Coupon TO-DAY or apply to your local Dealer or Stationer.

REMINGTON HOME PORTABLE

Assembled in Gt. Britain by British Labour

10/- Monthly or £9.9.0 Cash

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER Co., Ltd.
100 Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.3
(Phone: MANsion House 3333)

Please send me (free and without obligation) full particulars of the Remington Home Portable.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

..... CC753

Schools, Buses, Trains — all places where children may pick up germs. Protect their throats with Allenburys Pastilles —children like their blackcurrant flavour.

Allenburys
GLYCERINE & BLACKCURRANT
PASTILLES
FROM ALL CHEMISTS 8d. & 1/3

Hair combed this way stays arranged

After you've spent many minutes arranging your hair wouldn't you like to feel sure it would stay in place all day without another "pat" or another thought! A little 'Danderine' on your hair before you comb it will do this for you, it's a special boon after a shampoo.

'Danderine' isn't a sticky dressing yet it keeps every hair in place. Its delicate, appealing fragrance creates a marvellous effect of freshness and cleanliness.

Just try this:

Use 'Danderine' every day—every time you comb your hair—to be sure of your hair all day long! To have the satisfaction of knowing not only that it *is clean* but that it really *looks* clean. To know that it will stay as you arranged it and that no dandruff will appear.

You will be delighted with the improvement in the general condition and appearance of your hair and scalp which 'Danderine' will bring. Just try it. You can buy 'Danderine' at all chemists and stores 1/3, 2/6 and 4/6.

'Danderine'

FOR THE HAIR

To while away a long winter evening
For the convalescent
For the children

There's nothing like a JIG-SAW PUZZLE!

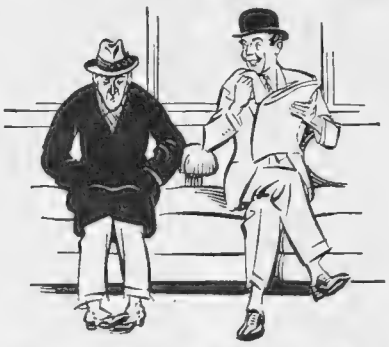
From the pages of the world-renowned ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS have been selected a number of magnificent colour drawings by the most eminent artists of the day. The subjects have been reprinted as jig-saw puzzles measuring 16 in. × 12 in. and are magnificently printed and mounted on plywood.

The following subjects—Price 3s. 6d. each—(postage abroad 2s. 6d. extra) are available—*A Present from Caesar*, by Fortunino Matania, R.I. *Neferitti*, by Fortunino Matania, R.I. *Cleopatra*, by Fortunino Matania, R.I. *References*, by Charles E. Brock. *A Christmas Incident in a Surrey Farmhouse*, by Fortunino Matania, R.I. *H.M. The King, Riding in Windsor Park with T.R.H. Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose.*

Orders with remittance should be sent to:

LONDON ELECTROTYPE AGENCY LTD.
23/24 Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4

BUY ALL YOUR MEDICINES FROM YOUR CHEMIST



Keep Colds away with VAPEX

BRAND TRADE MARK
INHALANT

Colds and 'flu affect the entire system; physically and mentally they impair your efficiency. Avoid them by using Vapex regularly—or, if you already have a cold, Vapex will quickly put you right by dealing direct with the *cause* of your distress.

VAPEX KILLS THE GERMS

Vapex stops colds and 'flu by destroying the germs where they lurk and breed in the warm recesses of nose and throat. Put a drop on your handkerchief and breathe the pleasant germicidal vapour frequently.

Each breath you take in this way will assist Nature to throw off infection. You feel the benefit immediately—respiration becomes easier, the bronchial passages are cleared, head stuffiness vanishes and the whole system is stimulated to increased resistance.

SAFETY Vapex is perfectly harmless. It contains no habit-forming drugs which require increased dosage to obtain effect. It does not merely "bottle up" the germs—it helps you to get rid of them safely. Vapex has a natural action—assisting the body to repel cold germs without affecting the delicate membranes of the nose and throat.

Use Vapex as a protection against colds and 'flu. Office-workers, schoolchildren, cinema-goers all need Vapex as a safeguard from germs, which are particularly rife in closed rooms, offices, etc.

A single sprinkling on the handkerchief will last all day, because Vapex has the unusual property of gaining strength when exposed to the air.

Breathe the antiseptic vapour deeply and often.

From your Chemist 2/- & 3/-

V188 THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

LET "RANEE" READ YOUR CHARACTER FROM YOUR HANDWRITING

"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the readers of "Britannia and Eve" in the belief that her character reading will be found instructive and entertaining.

All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting, (2) your name and address in full, (3) the day and month of your birth, (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee" c/o "Britannia and Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a *stamped, addressed envelope for reply.*

In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

The Quints Ltd. (*Continued from page 29*)

Not the least of their problems was to find out how the water incubator worked, for, in his haste, Charlie had forgotten to bring the book of instructions. Looked at in retrospect there is a humorous touch to the situation—the sort of crazy thing you might expect of a newspaper man—but on that afternoon in May, 1934, it had all the earmarks of ironic tragedy. All four—the Doc and the three newspaper men—stood on the verandah of the Dionne house trying to puzzle the thing out. Inside the house, the three weakest of the sisters were battling desperately for life—their minute bodies blue with cold. At their side was Nurse Leroux, almost at the end of her tether, after two sleepless days and nights, but still fighting against almost overwhelming odds with an old-fashioned hot-water bottle, warm olive-oil, and as much of a rum, milk and syrup mixture as she dare administer. It was almost a matter of minutes, and there, outside, mocking them in its apparent uselessness, was an incubator they could not make work.

They solved the problem. None of them now remember how, and that night the three near-to-death mites were gradually turning pink again, while the two stronger sisters had the hot-water bottle and dog basket to themselves. The Doc and Nurse Leroux, worn out but happy, had a night's rest, while Charlie Blake and Keith Munro went down to Callander's general store and gave palpitations to the owner by running up a fifty dollar bill in telephone charges to their papers.

THUS the Quints, still almost shapeless morsels of mewling humanity; weighing but a shade over ten pounds the five, were edged on to the front page of the world's news, and Canada had, unwittingly and unknowingly, gained a new industry.

But if Canada was yet unaware of the fact, there were others very much alive to the potentialities of this novel team of sisters, and particularly Mr. Ivan I. Spear, a Fair showman on the lookout for a Chicago World Fair attraction to compete with Sally Rand, then at the height of her fame as a nude fan dancer. While the Doc and his nurses were straining every nerve to keep the Quints alive, Papa Dionne was down at the local store talking over the wire to Chicago about a contract that, in the optimistic words of Mr. Spear, "Couldn't fail to net him at least fifty thousand dollars." The figures sounded like telephone numbers to Dionne, who had never seen a hundred dollars in one lump all his life, and so the services of the local priest, Father Dan Routhier, were called in.

The final result of the negotiations was a contract by which Mr. and Mrs. Dionne were to receive twenty-three per cent of the net, after all expenses had been paid, Father Routhier seven per cent, and Mr. Spear and associates seventy per cent. All rights of exploitation were included in the contract, and the babies were to be moved to Chicago as soon as Dr. Dafoe gave the word.

But Mr. Spear and Papa Dionne had reckoned without the Doc. The terms of the contract were passed on to him and what he told Dionne and the local priest had more of the flavour of a lumber camp than the niceties of medical jargon. Roundly refusing to give permission for the Quints' removal, then or even in the future, he nipped Mr. Spear's contract in the bud and promptly appealed to the Provincial Government of Ontario to undertake temporary guardianship of the children. The heat of that moment has never quite evaporated, for even to-day the relations between the Doc and the Dionne parents are strained, and the enraged Mr. Spear still has a million-dollar suit pending, in the Illinois courts, against the Dionnes, the Doc and the Toronto government.

Thus were the foundations of Canada's baby industry laid. At the head of the corporation, *in loco parentis* for the sisters, are the guardians appointed by the Province of Ontario, who include Dr. Dafoe, a retired judge, a government appointee and finally Papa Dionne, who had resentfully refused to attend any of the meetings. Fittingly, Charlie Blake, Keith Munro and Fred Davies stayed on to write themselves into the business; the former taking care of the film and advertising tie-ups, as well as Dr. Dafoe's personal management; the latter two becoming business manager and sole photographer to the Quints respectively

And now, with fifty-four months gone by since those crazy, hectic days of 1934, let us survey the statistical and financial picture that backgrounds the five Dionne sisters—Yvonne, Annette, Cecile, Emilie and Marie.

LAST year (and figures will be increased this year), some 350,000 Americans travelled 56,250,000 passenger car miles; staying 1,200,000 nights and spending £4,000,000 in the Province of Ontario, for the sole purpose of paying a five-minute visit to the Quints, who, after an interminable wait in a seemingly endless queue, are but glimpsed through wire netting in warm weather, and through glass when it is cold. Figures for the thousands of unregistered Canadian visitors are impossible to obtain, but they must easily account for as many again.

The repercussion of this yearly invasion is felt by hotels, restaurants and petrol service stations for at least 200 miles each side of Callander, and has enabled local authorities, as a result of increased receipts from the petrol tax, to build over a hundred miles of paved highway into Callander.

"Easy with an ESSE Cooker"

The ESSE makes life easier for you. Especially in households where there is one maid or none for the ESSE Fairy, latest member of the famous ESSE family, answers the popular demand for an ESSE Heat Storage Cooker for smaller homes. It has all the advantages of the larger ESSE Cookers—continuous-burning, very low fuel costs (solid smokeless fuel, preferably anthracite) quick boiling, thermostatic control, better food flavour. For those who like to do their own cooking, the ESSE offers every facility and every convenience.

The ESSE FAIRY Heat Storage Cooker

LET THE ESSE BUY ITSELF

ESSE HEAT STORAGE COOKERS—ESSE FAIRY for smaller homes, ESSE MINOR and PREMIER ESSE for larger residences, and the ESSE MAJOR for large scale catering, are so economical to run compared with other methods of cooking that the saving can more than pay for the ESSE. It becomes an investment without capital outlay. As example—the ESSE FAIRY, cash price £32 delivered, can be secured from 17/- per month, by banker's order or otherwise.

Payment by Banker's Order.

ESSE MINOR for medium households (up to 10 persons)	from 26/6 per month
PREMIER ESSE for large residences (up to 20 persons)	from 37/6 per month
ESSE MAJOR for greater needs	from 46/6 per month

Note—ESSE Cookers can be supplied combined with Water Heater.

We shall be pleased to arrange for a demonstration and to quote comparative running costs with your present method of cooking upon receipt of your full particulars. Please state number catered for.

ESSE Cooker Company

Proprietors: Smith & Wellstood, Ltd. Est. 1854.

HEAD OFFICE AND WORKS - BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND

DEMONSTRATION KITCHENS AND LONDON SHOWROOMS
63 CONDUIT ST., W.1 & 11 LUDGATE CIRCUS, E.C.4

LIVERPOOL: 20 Canning Place
EDINBURGH: 17 Greenside Place GLASGOW: 11 Dixon St., C.1

Nearer home—in Callander and its neighbouring city, North Bay—the Quints have influenced a veritable Eldorado. North Bay, at the time of the Quints' birth, was a bankrupt city, and Callander, a small shack town with a tumbledown hotel that, in the summer fishing season, squeezed seventy-five guests into its rooms. The taxes, in both the city and adjoining town, were hopelessly in arrears and Callander had 800 of its citizens on relief.

To-day, both North Bay and Callander are flourishing, with all taxes paid and, apart from the aged and infirm, not a single person on relief. Callander's shack hotel has given way to a magnificent structure housing 1,500 guests, and its one-time dirt track roads are now concrete highways. A strip of land worth £40 in 1933 was recently sold for £1,000, and between Callander and North Bay at least two million pounds have been invested in automobile road camps, petrol service stations and restaurants. In North Bay the residents automobile registrations have leapt from 3,600 in 1933 to 8,166 last year—and the total population is 17,000!

CONTRARY to the popular idea that the Quints themselves are millionaires in their own rights, the five famous sisters have shared to an extremely modest proportion in the wealth their existence has created. According to the latest figures, the children's receipts, up to the beginning of this year, have not exceeded £150,000, of which £120,000 is invested in gilt-edged securities, and the balance is represented by cash in hand and capital expenditure; the latter including the cost of building their own quarters, known as the Dafoe Nursery.

Their yearly expenditure, which totals just over £5,000, includes salaries for a staff of fourteen, amongst whom are two nurses, three policemen, two maids, a teacher, a housekeeper, a cook, Keith Munro, the *Toronto Star* reporter who has become their business manager, an office staff, and finally their own Doc Dafoe whose salary is £40 a month. Incidentally they also contribute £60 a month to their parents, and are paying for the schooling of their elder brothers and sisters.

No charge is made to view the Quints, and their own little fortune is made up from receipts from motion pictures, still pictures and advertising endorsements. The motion picture tie-up with Twentieth Century Fox Pictures has netted them £60,000 to date, and, without figuring on any renewal of the contract, will bring in another £10,000, plus royalty payments, in the next two years. In addition, £2,000 a year is paid for the newsreel rights. Still pictures, all exclusively taken by Fred Davies, have brought in £15,000 so far, and the contract is up for renewal in a year or so.

Advertising endorsements have made up the balance of their income, as, for instance, the payment of £11,000 for a soap and dentifrice tie-up, and £5,000 for the use of their name in connection with a breakfast food. In this particular field they could, undoubtedly, have earned fabulous thousands had not Dr. Dafoe and the guardians rigidly refused the endorsement of any product not actually used by the children.

AN idea of their advertising value may be gathered from the fact that a chance remark, innocently made by one of the nurses, to the effect that a few drops of a certain brand of corn syrup had been added to their first week's nourishment, increased the sales of that syrup to such an extent that a new plant had to be built to cope with orders. Though, and in spite of an acrimonious legal battle which grew out of the situation, no figures have been disclosed as to the actual sales increase involved, the value of the Quints' name in advertising may be judged from the syrup company's advertising expenditure which rose from a mere £2,100 in 1933 to £49,200 in 1936!

And in case anyone feels that the progenitors of this phenomena have been left out in the cold, let it be remarked that, apart from the ample monthly cheque paid by the Quints to their parents, Papa Dionne owns a restaurant and souvenir store, adjacent to the nursery, from which he is reputed to be clearing at least £5,000 a year. In three hours the writer watched him autograph at least 500 postcards of the Quints at a shilling a time. For half that sum you can have one already autographed on the cheque-writing machine he has purchased, whereby twenty cards are signed at one go.

BY the time the Quints reach the age of eight, the guardians hope to have a million dollars—£200,000—invested; the income from which, they say, will give the Quints enough money to retire from the limelight and become normal children. Unless Canada walls in a reservation for them, and polices it with a small army of guards, it is very much doubted whether the Quints can ever hope to keep out of the public eye. Ironically enough they were ballyhooed into prominence at the beginning so that sufficient funds could be found to keep them alive, and now that their future as normal children depends on eventual freedom from such prominence, the early, life-saving ballyhoo is likely to prove a Frankenstein monster. Apart from the unlikely willingness of the public to leave them alone, Ontario will not easily give up its flourishing £100,000,000 enterprise.

Only one happening can save the Quints from being a sideshow attraction for the rest of their lives, but the chances of its occurring are too slight to be considered; for though Nature has played many pranks in her time, the probability of her bestowing sextuplets on a human mother is almost negligible.

END

The Quints Ltd.

MANY SHADES FROM ONE STICK

When your pastel frock says LIGHT RED
When your town costume says MEDIUM RED
When your evening gown says DARK RED

You get them all from this

Black Lipstick

that changes to your red

It's called BLACK MAGIC

4/6

Many devastating, totally different shades of red . . . all from *one* lipstick. See what you can do with *one single* stick of **Black Magic!** Smooth it on *well-moistened* lips . . . and watch this magic *black* lipstick change to a lovely *light* red! On *slightly* moistened lips it's a captivating *medium* red! On *dry* lips it's a warm, dashing, *dark* red! There are the other in-between shades, too, depending on how much you moisten your lips . . . and any shade you create **never changes once it's on your lips.** Whether you're blonde, brunette or redhead **Black Magic** gives you your own personal shades from one single stick. It's a South Sea Island secret of glamour, stolen from love-wise maidens, you'll find *only* in **Black Magic!** Greet **Black Magic** . . . your super-lipstick!

TATTOO

NOW SIX glamorous, alluring Tattoo shades . . . all with the same secret stay-on stain instead of greasy coating . . . the new Black Magic • Coral • Exotic • Natural Pastel • Hawaiian . . . 4/6 (refills 3/6).

OTHER Tattoo Products: Compact Rouge, Face Powder, Cream and Cake Mascara, each 2/6. All stay on longer and are designed to harmonize. Have you found *your* correct shade of each?

Report on a Fugitive (*Continued from page 51*)

On the fourth day we located her at the Polyglot Café in Soho. She had been seeking work, but as an alien with no labour permit, this was impossible in any ordinary place. She was in distress, wet, and weak from want of food. She had been afraid to go near any charitable refuge because of the continued hue and cry.

Duborg, café proprietor, took her in and gave her kitchen work. Duborg is a fellow national and, having been warned, should have reported this to us without delay. He did so only on the second day, after insistent pressure from his wife. The wife is not necessarily a patriot, but it must be remembered that the girl is attractive.

Your subordinate instructed Duborg to treat the girl kindly and to win her confidence. The wife, who was present, urged that she should be entrusted with this task rather than her husband. Your subordinate did not agree.

Your subordinate then sent for Operator F96 to warn him to be prepared for action as we expected to obtain the necessary information soon from "Morand's" daughter. His reaction was that the sooner this was done the better. Your subordinate then asked him if he would care to help to interrogate the girl. It was explained that we were absolutely sure of getting her to speak with the methods at our disposal, but that it was desired to use the gentlest means possible. From the girl's dossier it appeared that she came from the same district as himself, and as there was a certain local feeling and a tie of dialect, it was suggested that he might employ this to our advantage. Your subordinate had in mind his attractiveness and youth, and thought he might well be able to win her confidence by posing as a fellow refugee.

This F96 refused to do, and thereupon your subordinate showed him the identification photo of the girl.

F96 showed signs of surprise and shock. Your subordinate questioned him at once concerning any previous knowledge of this girl. F96 admitted that he had known her in their native province but denied any further relationship. He had never known her people, and this was his first knowledge that she was suspect by the State. He claimed that this connexion would not affect the resolute performance of his duty.

He enquired if she were a dangerous enemy liable to severe measures. Your subordinate told him that for the time being she was regarded as a minor offender only, and that further decisions would depend on her behaviour within the next few hours. At this F96 betrayed considerable relief.

It was mentioned that if she were amenable and surrendered the information asked for, it would be possible to deal with her case sympathetically. If not, she would undoubtedly be placed in the class of major criminals against the State.

F96 then agreed to co-operate.

Your subordinate caused F96 to prepare a note to Anna Lind. This stated he was a refugee in London, at enmity with the State and in hiding. It was signed with his own name, Karl. It was conveyed by Duborg, café proprietor, who reports that the girl's reaction was promising. She was overjoyed and at once eager to see the writer of the note. The meeting was arranged and will take place to-night. The girl has been impressed by Duborg with the need for secrecy.

Your subordinate has every confidence:

(*a*) That Anna Lind has the information we require;

(*b*) That it will be obtained from her without reserve owing to her confidence in F96, known to her as "Karl";

(*c*) That Karl, despite any previous relationship with the girl (which is obviously deeper than he admits) will work with complete integrity in order, as he thinks, to mitigate the severity of the measures to be taken against her if her conduct is unsatisfactory.

After obtaining the necessary information, F96 will proceed to execute his instructions against the persons concerned. At his request, your subordinate has prepared for him a confidential list of our active Party agents in various parts of England whom he may rely upon for help.

Your subordinate is seeing him after his meeting with the girl. This will be done with the usual secrecy and thereafter he will not communicate direct.

A report will follow. Your subordinate respectfully suggests that despite certain regrettable insinuations it may be awaited with the usual (and hitherto unquestioned) confidence.

For the Glory of our Cause.

(Signed) KRAUT
Supervisor, London.

FROM: F96, KARL ———, SPECIAL SERVICE, LONDON.
TO: DIRECTOR OF POLITICAL CONTROL, IRONIA.

Report on the Interrogation of the fugitive Anna Lind and subsequent action arising therefrom.

10th September, ——.

I ACKNOWLEDGE with respectful thanks your message of commendation, conveyed by Supervisor Kraut, for the successful execution of my orders in respect of the fugitive Paul Lind, *alias* Morand.

At the same time I received instructions concerning one Anna Lind, whom I interviewed last night under arrangements made by Supervisor Kraut.

The meeting was (*Continued on page 112*)

You can help your family to enjoy Summer fitness even though Summer seems far away. You can give them plenty of New Zealand Butter . . . butter from a land of year-long sunshine and fresh green pasturelands. This delicious *Summer* butter comes to you rich in *natural* health-giving vitamins to ward off Winter's ailments . . . "solid sunshine" — when growing children are most in need of the sun.

NEW ZEALAND BUTTER

ASK FOR IT BY NAME

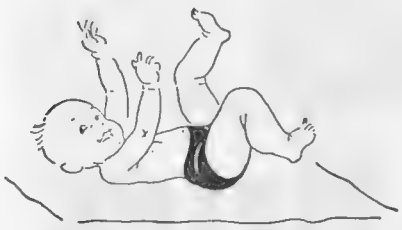
NZ131

WHY CHILDREN ARE FRETFUL

Just think how harmful it is for a child to carry about a lot of poisonous waste matter in his bowels! No wonder children sometimes are "little devils" for no apparent reason! The safest way to give your child a thorough internal cleansing is 'California Syrup of Figs.' It sets up a natural movement that carries away all the clogging, hard waste-matter and leaves the little inside sweetened and clean.

A dose of delicious 'California Syrup of Figs' once a week keeps kiddies regular, happy and well. Get a bottle to - day, but be sure to ask for 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Of all chemists, 1/3 and 2/6.

IMPORTANT TO WOMEN—
'California Syrup of Figs' is also the ideal remedy for constipation in your own case, since it ensures complete bowel action without the risk of disturbing functional regularity, which often happens when strong laxatives are taken.



For Baby's "Health & Beauty"

There's nothing, except Nature's way, to equal Allenburys Progressive System of Infant Feeding for making babies grow up Healthy and Beautiful. Interested? Fill in the coupon and we'll send full particulars.

Allenburys Foods are obtainable from all good chemists.

COUPON FOR OUR BABY BOOK AND SAMPLE
Allen & Hanburys Ltd. (Dept. A.)
37 Lombard St., London, E.C.3
Please be sure to fill in your baby's birthday

Mrs. .....

of .....

.....

Baby's Birthday was .....

Baby is expected about .....

F21A

The National Gallery on a rainy day

Whenever you see a bright reflection you immediately think of the quick, brilliant polish which 'Mansion' gives to floors and furniture.

MANSION POLISH

Tins 6d., 10½d. and 1/9. Large Household Tin containing 2 lbs. net 3/-.

FOR FLOORS, FURNITURE & LINOLEUM

Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4.

MP/GV/8

HORMONE CREAM

FOR THE REJUVENATION OF THE SKIN

The formation of new skin tissue is controlled by certain glands in the human system, and scientists have found that by the introduction of specific glandular extracts (Hormones) it is possible to stimulate the action of those glands, thereby accelerating the process of skin renewal.

Taking advantage of these facts, Leichner produced a cream which is now placed before you as Leichner Hormone Cream, which cream has the special function of stimulating the formation of new and perfect cellular tissues, which means nothing less than the rejuvenation of the skin.

The regular application of this cream will produce a decided improvement, relaxing tissues will tighten up, lines and wrinkles will be suppressed, and the freshness of the complexion revived.

Leichner Hormone Cream

is absolutely harmless and may be applied without fear of the slightest ill effects. It is a biological product of absolute purity; every detail of its preparation is under constant expert supervision.

From all leading Stores and Chemists

Per Jar 21/- and 12/6

LEICHNER
MAKE-UP & BEAUTY SERVICE
89, Regent Street, London, W.1.
Expert advice on any question of make-up or the care of the skin, free of charge.

LEICHNER

Laboratories and Offices
LEICHNER HOUSE, ACRE LANE, S.W.2

"TAKE TO PIECES" MODEL IN COLOUR OF

R.M.S. "QUEEN MARY"

From the designs of G. H. Davis special artist of "The Illustrated London News," have been produced movable deck models of R.M.S. *Queen Mary*. Deck by deck the ship's wonderful interior may be examined—correct and to scale. The decks are numbered and all details can be identified easily by reference to a guide supplied.

Details are:—Length 12 inches, price 3/6 (postage and packing, inland 9d. extra, abroad 2/6 extra).

THE LONDON ELECTROTYPE AGENCY LTD.
23-24 FETTER LANE :: LONDON, E.C.4

Report on a Fugitive

private and took place in a room near the kitchen of the Polyglot Café where she is employed. Precautions were observed covering my arrival and departure. The girl was brought to me by the proprietor, who then withdrew.

I found her attitude towards me satisfactory. I could not at first observe her closely, as she ran to me at once, keeping her face pressed against me, but averted. She said nothing but my name, using several times the word "Karolyi," a childish nickname which I do not now use. She then wept for a short time.

I was later able to make a better observation. She seemed scarcely older than when I had last seen her at our native town, over three years before. She showed signs of strain and the fear inevitable in all who oppose the will and purpose of our State.

Her obvious relief and joy were based less, I think, on any considered hope that her difficulties were now over, than on the sense of being no longer alone. I had no cause to doubt her confidence in me. I was surprised that not only no suspicion seemed to have occurred to her, but she appeared to take it as a natural thing that I should be in opposition to the State, which she called the enemy of human liberty. As a student of the College of Political Assertion I found such statements difficult to endure, and was compelled to use considerable self-control to avoid betraying a contrary opinion.

I suggest, however, that the embittered attitude of this girl was due to the effects of her experiences. Speaking of her father's death, she made no attempt to hide her grief at this (to her) tragic occurrence. At this point it became necessary to console her.

I felt at liberty to do so with sincere personal compassion, bearing in mind that she was not necessarily accountable for her father's criminal acts.

In this mood she revealed to me the events surrounding her meeting with her father. They were mostly in accordance with Supervisor Kraut's deductions. She described their reunion (clearly a long-awaited moment) on the night before his death, its interruption by the telephone call from our headquarters, her father's immediate concern. In that communication he had recognised great significance and danger. He had told her to return at once to her English friends and to make no attempt to see him. She was to telephone him daily. He considered it unsafe for him to make any outward calls as these might be traced to her.

Fearing immediate action against himself, he had entrusted to her certain messages, and the names and hiding places of his close political associates to whom she might turn for help. He had made her memorise this information so that she should have no written evidence on her person. They had parted tenderly but in great haste. As you are aware, his anticipations were fulfilled next day, shortly after my arrival.

She seemed relieved to be able to speak of these things. She would have told me of her second visit to the hotel, and her discovery of her father's body. I avoided this. I felt the description to be irrelevant and (in my case) unnecessary and I did not wish to hear it.

Being now convinced that she possessed the information we required, I proceeded to the next stage of my instructions.

I was assisted by the girl's emotional state, arising from the recollections of her father's death. To help her regain her self-possession, I professed a corresponding sentiment and a determination to avenge him. I wished, I said, to make contact with his friends, as a step towards this end.

She did not concur. She seemed unconscious of any natural desire for revenge. On the contrary, she declared herself averse to the thought of taking human life for any purpose whatsoever.

She was also deeply anxious for my safety and unwilling that I should become involved in the perils that surrounded her.

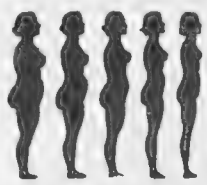
She was so clearly overwrought that I felt it inadvisable to press further for

AGE 30 *but the* SCALES *say* 40

A woman is as young as her figure. You may be thirty or less, but if you allow ugly, unnecessary fat to accumulate, you will look much more. Look around and you will see that it is the slim, youthful-looking woman who gets on. For people, quite rightly, believe there is some relation between slimness and vitality. Fat, doctors say, is unnatural, a crippling burden that overloads the heart and liver and must be got rid of. And here is the easiest way to slim safely.

SEE HOW EXCESS FAT GOES WHILE YOU EAT

Between the first and the last of the little black figures there is 42 lbs. difference in weight. 42 lbs. of unhealthy, burdensome, figure-spoiling, unnecessary FAT! These figures show the progress of your slimming with Natex. It gets rid of fat, safely and surely, while you eat. We must say quite clearly that Natex is not a drug. It is a tonic slimming food that acts by re-invigorating the thyroid gland with the organic food it needs to help the absorption of fat. That is why Natex is the *sensible* and *natural* way to slim.



23 EDITRESSES OF WOMEN'S MAGAZINES RECOMMEND NATEX. THOUSANDS OF LETTERS FROM DELIGHTED USERS TESTIFY THAT NATEX:

1. Reduces fat at the safe rate of 2–4 lbs. weekly.
2. Improves your Locks. Keeps your complexion clear, because it banishes poisons.
3. Increases your Vim. As you lose weight you gain vigour.

Why not start slimming with Natex right away? The sooner you start the sooner you will attain a younger, more graceful figure. And remember, the steady gradual removal of fat is permanent. Get your first packet of Natex to-day, from Chemists and Health Food Stores, 2/-, 5/6, 9/6, and 17/6 packets.

FREE! *The Truth about How to Slim and Stay Slim*

For further evidence of what Natex can do, send for free booklet. It tells exactly why Natex slims, and gives the experience of women in all walks of life. Write to Modern Health Products, Ltd., 367 Natex House, 38, Langham St., London, W.1

Natex
TONIC SLIMMING FOOD

Indian Agents: Messrs. Issa, Sons & Co., P.O. Box 830, Bombay. South African Agents: Messrs. L. Fatti & Co. Ltd., Johannesburg.

Please mention "Britannia & Eve"—our advertisers would like to know you!

FALLING HAIR
A PROVEN REMEDY

Are you a victim of falling hair? Is your hair rapidly thinning? If so, do not despair. Research Physicians have discovered a simple method which prevents Thinning and Falling Hair.

Recommended by *Doctors, Surgeons, Press and Public.* Delighted Patrons of all ages from 22 to 89½.

Send at once for our Illustrated Treatise entitled **"How to Acquire Perfect Hair Growth."** It will be sent to you post free and quite privately. Write to:—

THE LABORATORIES (DEPT. B.E.),
37 New Bond Street, London, W.1.

information. I thought it wise to leave her, suggesting that we meet again to-night. Anna Lind agreed, but insisted that to avoid danger to myself I should not again risk entering the Polyglot Café. She will come to me.

In my conversation with Anna Lind up to this point, I have gained a deepening impression that her loyalty to her father's cause arises mainly from the family tie and not from personal conviction. It is naturally intensified by his death, which she cannot yet regard as a just punishment but rather as a crime. I therefore feel that it has become my duty to try and use the influence which I undoubtedly have with her, to lead her to a different view.

I believe this can be done. I have every hope that she will not only surrender, to-night, all the information we require, but that under my instruction she will eventually become a loyal adherent of our great Cause. Such is my heartfelt wish.

Midnight.

I present you with the results of my completed duties in respect of Anna Lind.

As soon as it was dark she came to my hiding place at the rooms of Supervisor Kraut's assistant.

I think she had not slept since our parting overnight. She said that she had thought constantly of me, fearing that if the State knew of my arrival I might become the next victim of its vengeance. She begged me to use the utmost care. She spoke freely of her father's friends, in whom she thought we both might find some measure of protection.

Thus she told me names and places covering the identities of two active enemies of the State, Aldebar and Czetelli, against whom action is most urgently desired by Supervisor Kraut.

I thanked her. I said that when the time came, I should not fail to see these men. But first I questioned if there were not another way, nearer to our own hearts.

I explained to her my regret that she had become involved with political affairs and pointed out the dangers awaiting all who worked against the State. I said that for my own part I would welcome an opportunity to make peace with the State rather than carry on a hopeless struggle.

She was surprised at this admission and accused me of lacking courage. I answered that my fear was mainly for herself.

I thought it desirable to stress our former friendship and a certain bond of personal affection then existing. I explained that I had retained vividly the memory of that affection. I reminded her of a hope we had once shared (and had even symbolised in a somewhat childish way) concerning a matter outside the scope of this report.

The conversation then became entirely personal. Anna Lind remembered clearly the incident referred to. She spoke, however, in a wistful tone, fearing that what had once been hopes were now only dreams. She asked what use were dreams for persons without a home, or even a nationality. In the whole world there was no place for us to go.

I then suggested that if I could find a way to make peace with the State, our dreams might become hopes again and these eventually realised. She questioned this. I said that I had friends in good standing with the State who would speak for me, for I had once served them well. I declared that I might even now return to them and that, for her sake, I would do so. I said finally, if she would recant, I could then plead for clemency for her and an amnesty for us both.

In this way I urged the prospect of a life no longer fugitive, or homeless, or in jeopardy.

To Anna Lind these suggestions were undoubtedly a shock, but not to the extent that she rejected them. She even seemed to consider them. There is no doubt that the events of the past few days had been a lesson to this girl of the consequences of antagonism to the State.

I therefore waited with confidence, while observing the conflict between a purely sentimental loyalty to her father and the effects of weariness (*Continued on page* 114)

Now look at your shoes

Shoes that have a little Nugget *every* morning look and wear far better. Nugget gives a lasting brilliance and keeps the seams, welts and uppers in a well-preserved condition which greatly lengthens the life of shoes.

In Black, various shades of Brown and White. Tins 3d. and 6d. Large Household Tin 9d.

NUGGET

THE POLISH of SUPREME QUALITY

Burlington Lane, London, W.4. N/BP/3

"STAYBRITE"

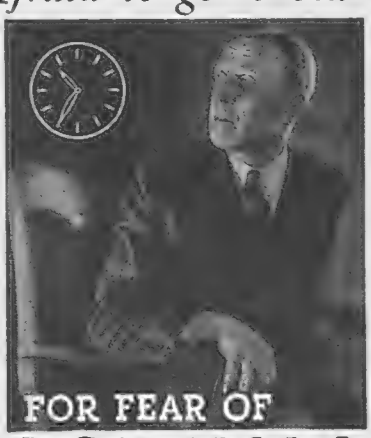
REG. TRADE MARK

STAINLESS STEEL

There seems no end to the number of things made nowadays from "Staybrite" Steel - so permanently stainless, everlastingly bright, enduringly beautiful. See the range at your local stores.

FIRTH-VICKERS STAINLESS STEELS LTD. SHEFFIELD

Afraid to go to bed—



FOR FEAR OF

ASTHMA

The case of the chronic asthmatic is pitiful... how he dreads evening . . . what an ordeal night brings . . . strangling paroxysms . . . unable to lie down . . . spasmodic sleep . . . nightly misery.

POTTER'S ENDS ALL THIS . . . gives sweet relief . . . clears breathing . . . gives peaceful healing sleep o'nights and marvellous comfort by day whatever age and occupation — ASTHMA YIELDS INSTANTLY TO POTTER'S.

INSTANT RELIEF IN Croup, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough Hay Fever. Influenza, etc. Thousands have taken it successfully on their doctor's advice.

Obtainable all chemists—1/6 a tin or 1/9 post free. Send for Booklet "Are You Asthmatic."

POTTER & CLARKE LTD.

60Q, Artillery Lane, LONDON, E.1.

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

A6

and fear. Her attitude revealed the trust she had in me. I felt reassured of success and happy for her sake, despite the pain she had endured.

But at this point an incident occurred to indermine the confidence which I had built up in Anna Lind. As she rested in my arms I heard the sound of music, coming from the street.

I recognised the tune. It was a popular and stupid tune. Anna Lind also recognised it, and she shivered. I expressed sympathy. I said I would have it stopped at once.

I released her and went to the window. I opened the window. Far below, a man was turning the handle of a box on wheels. I found a coin. I was about to shout to the man when Anna Lind recalled me.

She asked me in a low tone, why?

I felt that she had suffered enough, without the sad association of that tune. I told her so. She was looking at me strangely as she asked, how did I know it? How did I know that was the tune?

I said nothing. She was still staring at me. Then her expression changed. It became bad, and suddenly she screamed at me. She screamed that I had killed her father.

I had not realised in time the fact she now made clear. Besides herself, only two persons could have known that tune was playing in the room when her father died. Of these two, one had been her father. She had been the first to find him, and she had stopped the record with her own hands.

I explain my error only by a lack of concentration due to my sympathetic feelings at the time.

Owing to her agitated state it now became impossible to reason with her.

I did my best. I used every argument at my command, based on the principles laid down by the College of Political Assertion.

Report on a Fugitive

I endeavoured to explain that the sentence executed on her father was a matter for which only he and his own actions were responsible. I promised that my influence as a member of the Special Service Corps would be utilised on her behalf to remove the stigma otherwise attaching through her unfortunate relationship.

But I regret that she now appeared to regard me with extreme horror and loathing and I entirely failed to influence her further.

I must also state that it will be impossible to arrange for her to be sent back under escort to Ironia, as Supervisor Kraut intended, as Anna Lind is now dead, having fallen from the window while I was still trying to explain the situation.

I was unable to prevent this as she kept as far from me as possible during the conversation.

I am in possession of the information which she gave me relating to her father's friends. It is not embodied in this report.

I am proceeding at once to make contact with the persons named, to offer them my services and the benefit of certain information revealed to me by Supervisor Kraut. I do not anticipate returning to my native land during the present regime, and therefore notify my resignation from the Special Service Corps.

I am handing this report to Supervisor Kraut, at the secret interview which he has arranged to give me to-night, after my meeting with the girl Anna Lind. At the same time, I am handing in the special automatic pistol which was issued to me at the beginning of this assignment, complete with its ammunition, subject to the following account of rounds expended :

One round used on Paul Lind, *alias* Morand, according to instructions.

One round not yet used, but which will be found in the body of Supervisor Kraut.

(Signed) KARL ————
Sometime Operator
F96, Department of
Political Control.

END

Washable Bedroom

(*Continued from page* 40)

a bedroom needs carpeting. However, if you are determined to carry this thing through to the end, paint the floor boards and have washable rugs in contrasting colours. Very pretty indeed for a child's or a young girl's room.

Marquisette is the perfect fabric for the washable scheme. Windows can be made to look divinely pretty with looped-up curtains, deeply frilled. The marquisette can be cream, pastel coloured, flowered or spotted—whichever you wish.

It can be gathered over plain sateen to make a dressing table drape and used as a frilled valance for the bed with fitted bedcover over it of quilted chintz. Needless to say, it washes like the proverbial "rag."

IF you want the old-world charm of flowered chintz in your bedroom scheme you can have it. The new printed sateens are almost indistinguishable from crisp glazed chintz and they remain just as crisp and fresh after washing and ironing.

Some of the loveliest flower designs obtainable are now being used on these very inexpensive fabrics (2/11 yd. is the average price), for washable bedspreads, curtains, table drapes and eiderdown covers you could wish for nothing more lovely or more practical.

If you would like a washable scheme in your own home, write to us for suggestions. Tell us briefly what furniture you have, what colourings you prefer and we shall be glad to help. Address your enquiries to Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 32–34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

END

Happy MOTHERHOOD

Dear Sirs,

In sending you the enclosed photograph of myself and Baby, I feel I must express my appreciation of your wonderful Baby Food. My son has never given me a moment's anxiety since being put on to Cow & Gate Milk Food. He has slept well, progressed steadily, and has always been a supremely happy and contented Baby. I hope that other Mothers will follow my example, because although Cow & Gate costs a little more than ordinary Dried Milks, the little extra expense in my case has been amply justified by the splendid progress my child has made on your product. Yours faithfully, MARGARET TRAUB

A happy, healthy Baby usually means a happy, healthy Mother . . . Be sure of health and happiness for yourself and Baby by using Cow & Gate—the finest food in the world when natural feeding fails. Remember, you will always have the satisfaction of knowing that you gave Baby the best . . . the food that seven Royal Babies have been reared on in the past few years. Your Baby's future is far too precious to risk by using any cheap substitute for the best. Only the best is good enough for your Baby. Buy Cow & Gate to-day and be sure. ©2380

By Appointment to H.M. the King of Yugoslavia

COW & GATE MILK FOOD

"THE FOOD OF ROYAL BABIES"

By Appointment to H.M. the King of Iraq

Pearls (*Continued from page 45*)

on here and explain in person. It's going to be difficult to get away and see you like this—for the time being, anyway. I was wondering if we couldn't—if we hadn't better not see each other for a bit"—he smiled awkwardly—"for the present, at any rate. Later on, we can see if——" His voice petered out on a vague, noncommittal note.

She knew that this was the end between them and that, as politely as possible, he was telling her so. She supposed she should be grateful that he had even bothered to tell her. He might so easily not have bothered. She sat very still, her hands clasped tightly and half-hidden in the white cuffs of her frock. Her stillness and her attitude deepened the nun-like effect of her frock. So might a young novitiate have sat in meditation.

At last she said, very slowly: "How did you come?"

"By car," he said jauntily. "A friend very kindly lent me his—it's a beauty—blue with silver fittings."

She knew then that she had been right about another woman. It was obvious now. Guy had again turned his charm to commercial account, found a woman with perhaps more money than her own, who lent him her silver and blue car and—might even now be waiting for him at the inn, ten miles away.

He came in the car of his new love, to wind up the *affaire* with his old, with but ten miles between them! But thoughts as to bad taste, or care as to their respective feelings, would not trouble him. Guy was not the person to attach importance to such trivialities.

She rose hurriedly and stood with her back against the table by the bed. Whatever happened, she must not make a scene, but let him go decently and without tears. That women should find him desirable was understandable. With his laughing blue eyes and youthful good looks, many must have found him so. Hadn't she known from the beginning that he was not to be held?

She said, "I'm sorry you had to come all this way to explain matters—a telegram would have—would have been easier." Was "kinder" the word? She wasn't sure.

"That's all right," he said heartily, "you're pretty enough for anyone to motor miles to see."

He came up to her then, with his greater weight pushing her away from the table, as he took her in his arms and kissed her.

She made no effort to resist him. She even clung to him while he kissed her. His was the only love she had ever known, and she took even the crumbs of it.

Soon after he left her.

It was not till he had been gone some time that she realised that the case with her pearls was missing. The table by the bed was empty.

In a frenzy she searched under the bed and under the table, but to no avail. The pearls were gone. She knew then that Guy had taken them. She remembered how he had missed them from around her neck and asked about them; how she had shown him where they were; the way he had pushed her from the table while he kissed her. . . . It all pointed to one conclusion—Guy had stolen her pearls.

That must have been the reason why he had come at all, when a telegram might so easily have done; why he had asked her to be sure to wear the black frock—the frock with which he knew she always wore her pearls. Then, while he kissed her good-bye, after all that had been between them, from behind his back he had stolen her pearls. His lips on hers, he had slipped the case from off the table, into his pocket.

The knowledge brought a great dreariness, a fatigue that was both mental and physical. It was as if the spring of life had snapped in her.

Guy had never loved her. It was not that he had loved and tired, but even in those early glorious days it was her money he had wanted and now when he left, her pearls. She had never been loved—not once—in all her life. . . .

The room was filled with the lurid glow of the setting sun. In the garden the heads of rhododendron flowers looked as though they were dipped in blood. She took the bottle from her dressing-case and uncorked it. In England the drug was marked *poison* and unable to be procured by the ordinary layman. But on the Continent it had never been difficult to buy the sleeping draught a French doctor had once recommended to her, taking it for granted she would not drink more than the prescribed dose.

Only the soul-deadening dreariness remained as she emptied the bottle into a glass and drank the contents.

The frightened chambermaid had called the housekeeper and with her the reception clerk and a doctor. They read her scrawled note: *I am too tired to live. No one is to blame for this*, together with her husband's address. Her pale gilt hair scarcely ruffled, she lay like a nun in her little black frock.

The doctor motioned to the housekeeper and chambermaid to cover her, and as they tried to do so, pulling one end of the blanket from under the mattress, something fell with a thud on the floor.

The housekeeper was the first to retrieve it. "It's a jewel case," she said; then as she opened the case: "It's her pearls, the poor thing! They must have slipped and stuck between the mattress and the bedpost."

END

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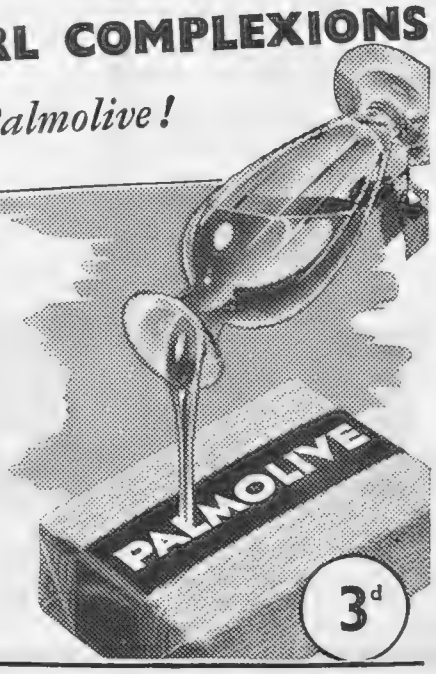
with SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXIONS

—thanks to Palmolive!

Long after the 'Quins' are schoolgirls, there'll be five lovely Dionne Schoolgirl Complexions. Dr. Dafoe, the Quins' own doctor, prescribed Palmolive, the *olive oil* soap, to protect the skins of these world-famous babies, and keep them lovely for life. Palmolive cleanses thoroughly but gently—it will do the same for you.



Old Jewellery (*Continued from page* 47)

solid and heavy. Indeed, solidity is the keystone of the decade.

Late Victorian, 1881—1901

The tendencies of symbolism develop to their logical conclusion. Brooches and earrings are shaped like horse-shoes and lucky stars, and sometimes contain such words as MIZPAH. Charms dangle from bracelets. Emblems of foreign nations and distant countries are adopted—the Trukish crescent, the Southern Cross, the Egyptian scarab beetle.

Sentimental flowers such as the pansy and the daisy are reproduced in marcasite, filigree, fine mosaic, and other materials. New *motifs* of the period are butterflies, dragon flies, and fans. Spanish piqué (tortoiseshell inlaid with gold) is very modish.

IN the Nineties, necks are nearly always covered, and there is a taste for close-fitting neck ornaments and splendid dog-collars.

To-day jewélled dog-collars are worn with naked *décolletagés*. Ear-rings are mostly studs, or very short.

Design for the setting of precious stones reverts to the rococo. Precious stones themselves are cut with much more brilliance than formerly, and a greater variety of them is in use.

Intending collectors frequently ask me how they can be sure that stones and metals are what they are represented to be. Unfortunately chemical tests are not easily carried out while shopping, and there is no hard and fast rule for detecting a fake at sight.

Until experience has given you the necessary intuition you will have to rely upon your dealer's word (which will be quite dependable if he is a name of reputation), or else consult someone with more knowledge than yourself.

One little ruse, however, is worth remembering. The most precious mineral stones are all, by reason no doubt of their density, much colder than their glassy imitations. Touch the gem with the tip of the tongue. If it has a striking chilliness, it is probably real. Another point is this—gem-stones of the more valuable kind are hard even when brittle and cannot be easily scratched.

Examine the surface carefully, and if it bears minute scratches like the lenses of well-worn spectacles, be very wary. Emeralds and sapphires, unluckily, are sometimes faked in the "doublet" fashion. That is, a thin layer of the genuine stone is stuck upon a piece of glass the appropriate colour.

But it is unlikely that you will buy emeralds or sapphires of sufficient size to make such a deception worth while without taking an expert's advice.

As soon as you have decided to collect, buy a jewel-case, a capacious box of some kind, with trays and a velvet lining. Nothing is worse for jewellery than to be kept in a state of tangled disorder; and a good case will not only give your treasures a proper home and display them to advantage, but it will encourage you to purchase with discrimination.

END

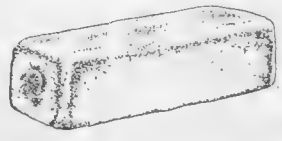
Bread is really a variety food

"The greater part of the work of the country", says Sir Daniel Hall, K.C.B., in his new book, 'Our Daily Bread' "is done upon bread, and if we had to cut down our food, the last thing to save upon would be our daily bread".

And bread — usable as it is in so many ways — need never be monotonous in itself. Look at the different sorts pictured here . . .

FOR THE TOASTING FORK

Toast supplies in perfection that much-advocated "scrunchiness" and the split-tin is the best of all for making toast. It's grand for teeth.

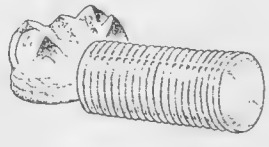


TO SLICE FOR SANDWICHES

The long square loaf that cuts so nicely to the right sandwich shape.

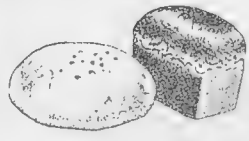
FOR TEETH & GOOD DIGESTION

French bread for instance—or Vienna bread—for then you get the lovely fresh flavour along with the easily-digested crust.



GRAND FOR YOUNG OR OLD

is the round loaf or maybe the Coburg with knobbly points.



TO TAKE AT TEA-TIME

The small brown loaf, or the hearth loaf, or currant bread makes a tasty and delightful change.

THE LOAF FOR ALL USES

For the family with a hearty appetite there is nothing more economical than the Cottage loaf. It goes so far and it cuts up into such large convenient slices.

MILK LOAVES FOR A CHANGE OF FLAVOUR

Bread and milk form the perfect diet and with milk bread you come near to the perfect food.

BREAD

for ENERGY

C.F.H.521

Hot Hors d'Œuvres

(*Continued from page* 68)

tails, scrape the skin off carefully and having dusted the sardines with pepper, wrap each one in a slice of streaky bacon from which you have removed the rind, of course. Tie securely with thread.

Melt a small piece of butter in the frying pan and cook the little parcels slowly, turning them over several times. When the bacon is cooked and slightly browned, remove and keep hot while you fry some pieces of crustless bread, just big enough to take one of the rolls.

Have these crisp and golden brown, place a sardine roll on each, a tiny pinch of cayenne pepper and serve with a piece of lemon for each person.

Petits Soufflés Ecossais

One medium-sized smoked haddock.
Three eggs, a coffee cupful of cream.
Milk, butter, salt, pepper, paprika.
Grated cheese.

Cook the haddock in your usual manner which is, I hope, with milk and butter. Take off all the flesh, flake it and pass it through a sieve into a bowl. Add the cup of cream, salt (very little), pepper and a good pinch of paprika. Mix well and add the eggs one by one, beating them in. Have ready some small individual soufflé dishes, buttered. Pour in the mixture and bake the little soufflés in a moderate oven, watching to see how they get on.

They will not rise like an ordinary soufflé, but should rise a little. You will have left room for this. Five minutes before they are ready, you can sprinkle a very little grated cheese on top of each, if you like, but this is not absolutely necessary.

Hot Potato Salad

Waxy potatoes.
White wine, olive-oil.
Herbs, shallots, salt and pepper.

Boil in their skins some yellow waxy type of potatoes, peel them as quickly as you can and cut into small pieces. While they are cooling you should have chopped together,

parsley and tarragon and peeled and chopped a shallot. Sprinkle these over the potatoes, also salt and pepper and olive-oil (the amount is a question of taste—I like a lot). Now mix thoroughly and just before serving, moisten with a little dry white wine such as Chablis. Stir again and serve as quickly as possible. This really is a most delicious *hors d'œuvre* and much more exciting than it sounds.

Croques au Jambon

One large slice of lean ham.
One egg, salt, pepper, butter, flour, milk.
Two ounces grated cheese, mustard.

Cut some lean ham into neat pieces (rounds or squares, about three or four inches) and put them on slices of crustless stale bread, cut to match. Spread with a little prepared mustard, or better, French tarragon mustard. Now prepare a little white sauce with butter, flour, milk, whip it smooth, add one egg, salt and plenty of pepper and two ounces of grated cheese. Mix thoroughly and spread some of the mixture thickly over the ham "croques." Fry in butter until golden brown, turning them once. Drain and serve piping hot with a dash of cayenne on each.

END

Now You Can Get these Fruits of the Earth all the Year Round

(*Continued from page* 69)

Cerises au Vin

One carton cherries.
Soft sugar, cinnamon stick.
A half bottle of red wine.
Red currant jelly.

First thaw the fruit and put it in a saucepan. Pour in the red wine (it can be claret or burgundy), add three or four tablespoonfuls of soft sugar and half a stick of cinnamon. Bring to the boil and simmer for about fifteen minutes, then remove from the fire. When the syrup begins to cool mix in a tablespoonful of red currant jelly.

Fraises a l'Orange

One carton of strawberries.
One orange, sugar, sweet almonds.

For this sort of fruit salad, thaw the berries and cut them in two with a silver spoon, putting them in the serving dish. Sprinkle with sugar and leave them. Peel an orange, remove all the pith very carefully with a very sharp knife. Divide in quarters and cut these again in small pieces, doing this in a bowl to keep the juice. If the inner skin of the orange is very tough, it is preferable not to use it. Mix this with the strawberries, stir well, taste, adding sugar if necessary. Now add a few sweet almonds, shredded.

END

Accessories

(*Continued from page* 41)

Coloured bed linen sheets and pillow cases daintily hemmed and embroidered, put the finishing touches to a bedroom scheme. When you are buying sheets and pillow cases choose those that will stand up to regular wear and laundering. Good quality linen looks smart and crisp and feels comfortable long after inferior kinds have grown limp and dingy. Horrockses sheets are a sound choice. The cotton used is selected and carefully blended, and only the most super yarns are utilised.

Coloured blankets, pretty rugs, even the hangers upon which you put your clothes should be selected with consideration for the ensemble. Cupboard shelves lined with flowered American cloth look gay and act as a protection from dust. Coloured cellophane containers for blouses, stockings and underclothes serve the same purposes.

Let your very own room be the reflection of your good taste and daintiness, remember that it is as you emerge from the bedroom that you appear to the world.

END

ORDEAL BY STAIRWAY

A HUSH falls over the gay chattering groups as she glides down the great staircase with cool, unhurried steps. She holds the centre of the stage — and she knows it. Only the confidence born of a very slender lissom figure could stand up to ordeal by stairway on an " Orders and Decorations " occasion like tonight. She takes no chances with that willowy figure of hers. If, through some rare oversight, her host fails to see that there is gin and Rose's Lime Juice — then she just sighs faintly and drinks nothing. He is a lucky host who sees her a second time at his parties after making such a gaffe. There are many, many parties, but only one Rose's.

MAGNESIA IS FOUND TO MAKE THE TEETH NOTICEABLY WHITER

Do you want whiter teeth? Thanks to the discovery of what 'Milk of Magnesia' does to the acid discoloration of tooth enamel, people with the dingiest teeth are making them gleaming white.

So get a dentifrice containing sufficient 'Milk of Magnesia,' and its use will immediately wash away every stain, including the deep yellow stains from tobacco. You can actually see the teeth whiten day by day, until they are a clear, natural white. Phillips' Dental Magnesia, containing 75% 'Milk of Magnesia' will do this every time. Be sure of the dentifrice you use, however; it must contain 'Milk of Magnesia.'

Plenty of people have made this discovery, because dentists have been recommending this new type of dentifrice to their patients. Not only because of its remarkable whitening action, but for acid mouth. Phillips' Dental Magnesia has been found the most effective neutralizer of the mouth acids which cause cavities and cause carefully-filled cavities to fall away from the filling. Even tartar cannot form when 'Milk of Magnesia' keeps the mouth alkaline; teeth are as clean and smooth at the gumline as on polished surfaces.

However, it's the amazing whitening properties of 'Milk of Magnesia' that won such a large portion of the populace to this new type of dentifrice. Women are particularly partial to it, because noticeably white teeth are a true beauty asset. The words 'Milk of Magnesia' referred to by the writer of this article constitute the trade mark distinguishing Phillips' preparation of Magnesia as originally prepared by The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. To obtain the dentifrice recommended ask for Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Price 6d., 10½d., 1/6 the tube, of all chemists and stores.

Copley's latest production is this thrilling new model in 2-ply "Excelsior" Shetland, with soft glamorous neck-line and long plain ribs. Starring in Salad Green, Gentian, Rhapsody Pink and Fuchsia Rose.
Ask for Leaflet 1051 (Bust 33/34 ins. and 35/36 ins.), 2d. at your woolshop, 3d. posted by makers. If any difficulty write:

L. COPLEY - SMITH & SONS., LTD., 47 Lower Mosley Street, Manchester 2, or 132-133 Cheapside, London, E.C.4.

Copley's KNITTING Wools
IN THE COLOURS OF FASHION

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All correspondence relating to the advertisements in "Britannia & Eve" should be addressed to: The General Manager, "Britannia & Eve," St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4

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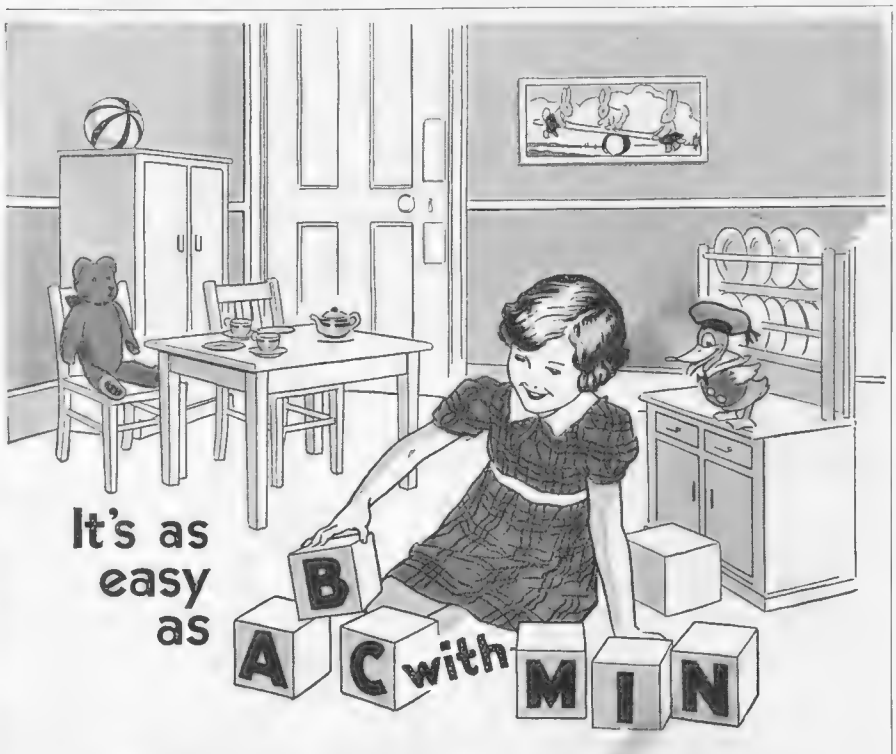


Next time you clean your enamel paint use 'Min.' You'll be delighted to see how easily it removes the dirt and makes your enamel paintwork look like new. Use 'Min' also on your highly polished furniture and see how quickly it gives a lovely and lasting gloss.

Tins 6d. & 1/-. Of all Dealers

MIN CREAM

FOR ALL HIGHLY POLISHED SURFACES

CHISWICK PRODUCTS LTD., LONDON, W.4 M/CG/6

for

FACE *and* HANDS

A fresh, glowing, exquisite complexion, hands and arms that are white, smooth, immaculate. That is beauty's reward for a little care and the regular use of Larola. This delightful skin tonic has a beneficial effect on the face, hands and arms from the very first application, speedily eliminating all roughness and redness. There is nothing to equal its soothing, beautifying, and protective qualities. Whatever the weather, Larola ensures a glorious, flawless skin and complexion, enchantingly clear and young, and it is the perfect base for powder.

Larola

1/6 and 2/6 per bottle

From Chemists and Stores or Post Free in U.K. direct from:
M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENG.
Write for free Larola booklet, "The Cult of Beauty."
Larola Soap: Boxes of 3 Tablets 2/-. Single Tablets 8d.

57

A Nottingham reader writes:

". . . In these days of appalling 'journalese' (for want of a better word) it is a delight to read 'A London Newsletter'; not only for its common sense but for its literary style. The paragraph this week about . . . . . is a model for readers and writers alike and I should very much like to know who the Old Stager is."

THE **SPHERE**

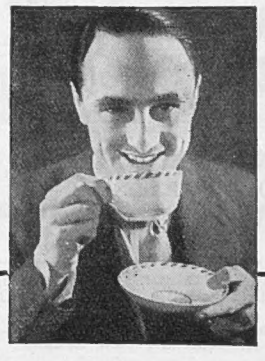
is world renowned for its sound comment on current affairs . . . its illustrations are both entertaining and highly informative

OF ALL NEWSAGENTS EVERY FRIDAY

Do you drink milk at night?

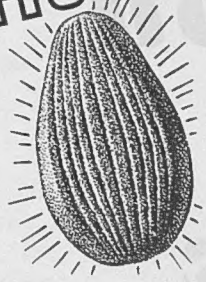
Here's something you ought to know . . . While you sleep your digestion, just as much as your body, needs to rest. But it needs nourishment too. Now, milk is nourishing but it forms into heavy curds which give your digestion work when it should be resting. And adding some flavouring to the milk doesn't help digest it. What you need is BENGER'S. There are active enzymes in BENGER'S which prevent the formation of indigestible curds. The milk is partially digested before you drink it — completely assimilated into the system without digestive strain. BENGER'S is, in itself, the most nourishing of foods. How much better you will sleep . . . .

And remember, Benger's today is as easy to make as a cup of cocoa. Its delightfully fresh taste is a welcome change from sickly sweet drinks. Start drinking Benger's tonight. Your chemist sells Benger's—from 1/4 a tin. A tin of Benger's lasts a long time. Ask your chemist for a copy of "The Truth about Bedtime Drinks."



THE BENGER LABORATORIES, HOLMES CHAPEL, CHESHIRE.

FIGS TRANSFIGURED



There are figs and super figs — there are the ordinary sticky kind and those glorified by Batger's into *Confectionery*—jellied, shaped and showered with sugar. 'Chinese' Figs! Non-stickyovals of sheer delight packed layer upon layer in handy drums. Per-FIG-ly delicious for parties. Always fresh, always in season. Insiston Batger's 'Chinese' Figs—the original and best.

Batger's ORIGINAL 'CHINESE' FIGS

MADE IN ENGLAND

Sold in Wooden Drums by all Grocers and Stores

READ

"RAPIER"

ON RACING

each week in

The illustrated SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS

AT ALL NEWSAGENTS AND BOOKSTALLS ONE SHILLING

South Africa: The Golden Land

"GO West, young man" was Horace Greeley's advice to American youth in his day, for in the rich lands stretching away to the Pacific he saw a brave new world of prosperity.

A generation later Cecil Rhodes, pointing northwards from the Cape, declared "There is your hinterland."

Both men spoke words of foresight and both were destined to be abundantly justified in their faith. California is to-day a mighty state accommodating a vast and prosperous population. South Africa, its counterpart in the antipodes, rivals it in material wealth and possesses, in no less degree, the advantages of a superb climate.

To see South Africa once is never to forget it. Go there for a month and you will want to go again and again, finding in its vast spaces a compelling magic that is not to be denied. It is a land rich in opportunity, rich in natural wonders, and wholly fascinating in the variety of its peoples. There, Dutchmen, Britons, Negroes and Indians live side by side in a strange and enthralling mixture of the sophisticated and the primitive.

Most people gain their first glimpse of South Africa as the liner steams into Table Bay and they behold the towering, majestic mass of Table Mountain rising sheer above the picturesque white houses of Cape Town, "the tavern of the Southern Seas."

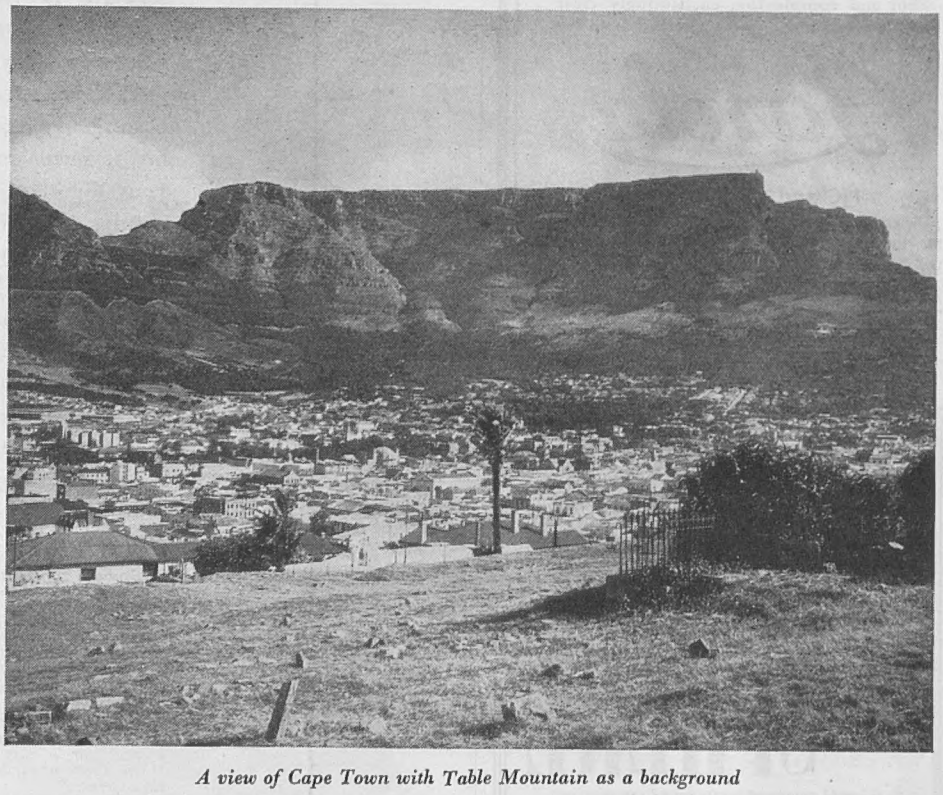
Cape Town is a city of dignity and beauty, of pleasant spacious homes, of good living, and of great historical associations. The Portuguese navigators, the English sea-rovers, French privateersmen, and Dutch merchants here all left their mark upon the place, so that to-day it has an individuality of character at once unique and unforgettable.

Weeks can be spent in Cape Town and the surrounding countryside. Climbing up Table Mountain by one of the innumerable routes, some easy enough and some capable of testing the most daring mountaineer; visiting Groote Schuur, once the home of Cecil Rhodes and now the Chequers of the Union; driving round Chapman's Peak; visiting the wine producing vineyards of Paarl; fishing at Hermanus, and bathing at Muizenburg are just a few of the pleasures awaiting the traveller. If the time available is short, however, a start must soon be made for the north. A short stop at Kimberley is certainly worth while *en route* to Johannesburg for its diamond mines, as all the world knows, have played almost as vital a part as gold in the economic development of the country.

Johannesburg is a truly astonishing city. Less than half a century ago it hardly existed. To-day, such is the magic power of gold, there stands upon the Witwatersrand a great commercial metropolis with huge skyscrapers and amenities rivalling, indeed in many cases outrivalling, those to be found in Europe and the United States. In its rarefied atmosphere, for it stands seven thousand feet above sea level, there is a fine zest, and in the first hour of his visit the traveller will not fail to notice the heightened tempo of life and feel himself invigorated.

The visitor will find there, too, a fund of good heartedness and friendliness, and one single introduction will often serve the purpose of gaining a whole circle of friends. One need never be lonely in this vast city; there is always something to do apart from the round of sightseeing. The greyhound track, the racecourses, the theatres, the cinemas, and the golf courses are all first-rate, while if cricket is your interest you have still time to get there before the summer closes and see some of the world's finest batsmen in action. While in the Transvaal Kruger National Park, with its wonderful stock of big game, and Pretoria, the administrative capital, should not be excluded except from the very shortest itinerary.

Coming south again a stop may be made at Bloemfontein, a city of quiet charm in the midst of the veldt, while last of all but not least there is Durban, the great seaport and holiday resort upon the shores of the Indian Ocean. Durban is sub-tropical, and with its large Indian population is distinctively eastern in atmosphere. Durban's luxurious hotels and beaches are beloved of all South Africans and, after the fatigue of travel, it is a haven indeed. The big mail liners make Durban their terminus so that this is the ideal place to conclude a tour of the Union.



A view of Cape Town with Table Mountain as a background

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